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Thomas Moore

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE.

WITH A MEMOIR

SIX VOLUMES IN THREE
VOL. II.



BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

18442.5.4 (2)



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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

COMPRISING VOLS. III. AND IV.

VOL. III.

	Page
PREFACE	1
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS	9
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND	329

VOL. IV.

	Page
PREFACE TO IRISH MELODIES	1
LETTER TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL	25
IRISH MELODIES	41
NATIONAL AIRS	197
SACRED SONGS	265
SET OF GLEES	307
BALLADS, SONGS, MISCELLANEOUS POEMS	317

[A more particular Index will be found at the end of the Third Volume.]

PREFACE.

IN one of those Notices, no less friendly than they are able and spirited, which this new Edition of my Poetical Works has called forth from a leading political journal, I find, in reference to the numerous satirical pieces contained in these volumes, the following suggestion : * “ It is now more than a quarter of a century since this bundle of political pasquinades set the British public in a roar ; and, though the events to which they allude may be well known to every reader,

Cujus octavum trepidavit setas
Clandere lustrum,’

there are many persons, now forming a part of the literary public, who have come into existence since they happened, and who cannot be expected, even if they had the leisure and opportunity to rummage the files of our old newspapers for a history of the perishable facts, on which Mr. Moore has so often

* *The Times*, Jan. 9, 1841.

rested the flying artillery of his wit. Many of those facts will be considered beneath the notice of the grave historian; and it is, therefore, incumbent on Mr. Moore—if he wishes his political squibs, imbued as they are with a wit and humour quite Aristophanic, to be relished, as they deserve to be relished, by our great grand-children—to preface them with a rapid summary of the events which gave them birth.”

Without pausing here to say how gratifying it is to me to find my long course of Anti-Tory warfare thus tolerantly, and even generously spoken of, and by so distinguished an organ of public opinion, I shall as briefly as I can, advert to the writer’s friendly suggestion, and then mention some of those reasons which have induced me not to adopt it.

To that kind of satire which deals only with the lighter follies of social life, with the passing modes, whims, and scandal of the day, such illustrative comments become, after a short time, necessary. But the true preserving salt of political satire is its applicability to future times and generations, as well as to those which had first called it forth; its power of transmitting the scourge of ridicule through succeeding periods, with a lash still fresh for the back of the bigot and the oppressor, under whatever new shapes they may present themselves. I can hardly flatter myself with the persuasion that any one of the satirical pieces contained in this Volume is likely to possess this principle of vitality; but I feel

quite certain that, *without* it, not all the notes and illustrations in which even the industry of Dutch commentatorship could embalm them would insure to these trifles a life much beyond the present hour.

Already, to many of them, that sort of relish — by far the least worthy source of their success — which the names of *living* victims lend to such sallies, has become, in the course of time, wanting. But, as far as their appositeness to the passing political events of the day has yet been tried — and the dates of these satires range over a period of nearly thirty years — their ridicule, thanks to the undying nature of human absurdity, appears to have lost, as yet, but little of the original freshness of its first application. Nor is this owing to any peculiar felicity of aim, in the satire itself, but to the sameness, throughout that period, of all its original objects; — the unchangeable nature of that spirit of Monopoly by which, under all its various impersonations, commercial, religious, and political, these satires had been first provoked. To refer but to one instance, the Corn Question, — assuredly, the entire appositeness, at this very moment, of such versicles as the following, redounds far less to the credit of poesy than to the disgrace of legislation: —

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all
The Peers of the realm about cheap'ning their corn,
When you know if one has n't a very high rental,
'T is hardly worth while to be very high-born.

That, being by nature so little prone to spleen or bitterness, I should yet have frequented so much the thorny paths of satire, has always, to myself and those best acquainted with me, been a matter of some surprise. By supposing the imagination, however, to be, in such cases, the sole or chief prompter of the satire — which, in my own instance, I must say, it has generally been — an easy solution is found for the difficulty. The same readiness of fancy which, with but little help from reality, can deck out “the Cynthia of the minute” with all possible attractions, will likewise be able, when in the vein, to shower ridicule on a political adversary, without allowing a single feeling of real bitterness to mix itself with the operation. Even that sternest of all satirists, Dante, who, not content with the penal fire of the pen, kept an Inferno ever ready to receive the victims of his wrath, — even Dante, on becoming acquainted with some of the persons whom he had thus doomed, not only revoked their awful sentence, but even honoured them with warm praise;* and probably, on a little further acquaintance, would have admitted them into his Paradiso. When thus loosely and shallowly even the sublime satire of Dante could strike its roots in his own heart and memory, it is easy to conceive how light and passing may be the feeling of hostility

* It his *Convito* he praises very warmly some persons whom he had before abused. — See Foscolo, *Discorso sul Testo di Dante*

with which a partisan in the field of satire plies his laughing warfare; and how often it may happen that even the pride of hitting his mark hardly outlives the flight of the shaft.

I cannot dismiss from my hands these political trifles,—

“ This swarm of themes that settled on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again,” —

without venturing to add that I have now to connect with them one mournful recollection — one loss from among the circle of those I have longest looked up to with affection and admiration — which I little thought, when I began this series of prefatory sketches, I should have to mourn before their close. I need hardly add, that, in thus alluding to a great light of the social and political world recently gone out, I mean the late Lord Holland.

It may be recollected, perhaps, that, in mentioning some particulars respecting an early squib of mine, — the Parody on the Prince Regent's Letter, — I spoke of a dinner at which I was present, on the very day of the first publication of that Parody, when it was the subject of much conversation at table, and none of the party, except our host, had any suspicion that I was the author of it. This host was Lord Holland; and as such a name could not but lend value to any anecdote connected with literature, I only forbore the pleasure of adding such an ornament to my page, from knowing that Lord

Holland had long viewed with disapprobation and regret much of that conduct of the Whig party towards the Regent, in 1812-13, of the history of which this squib, and the welcome reception it met with, forms an humble episode.

Lord Holland himself, in addition to his higher intellectual accomplishments, possessed in no ordinary degree the talent of writing easy and playful *vers de société*; and, among the instances I could give of the lightness of his hand at such trifles, there is one no less characteristic of his good-nature than his wit, as it accompanied a copy of the octavo edition of Bayle,* which, on hearing me rejoice one day that so agreeable an author had been at last made portable, he kindly ordered for me from Paris.

So late, indeed, as only a month or two before his lordship's death, he was employing himself, with all his usual cheerful eagerness, in translating some verses of Metastasio; and occasionally consulted both Mr. Rogers and myself as to different readings of some of the lines. In one of the letters which I received from him while thus occupied, I find the following postscript:—

“’T is thus I turn th’ Italian’s song,
Nor deem I read his meaning wrong.
But with rough English to combine
The sweetness that’s in every line,
Asks for your Muse, and not for mine.
Sense only will not quit the score;
We must have that, and — little *More*.”

* In sixteen volumes, published at Paris, by Desoer.

He then adds, "I send you, too, a melancholy Epigram of mine, of which I have seen many, alas, witness the truth :—

" A minister's answer is always so kind!
I starve, and he tells me he'll keep me in mind.
Half his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore:
Let him *keep* me — and, faith, I will ask for no more."

The only portion of the mass of trifles contained in this volume, that first found its way to the public eye through any more responsible channel than a newspaper, was the Letters of the Fudge Family in England, — a work which was sure, from its very nature, to encounter the double risk of being thought dull as a mere sequel, and light and unsafe as touching on follies connected with the name of Religion. Into the question of the comparative dulness of any of my productions, it is not for me, of course, to enter; but to the charge of treating religious subjects irreverently, I shall content myself with replying in the words of Pascal — "*Il y a bien de la différence entre rire de la religion et rire de ceux qui la profanent par leurs opinions extravagantes.*"

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

*Effare causam nominis,
Utrumne mores hoc tui
Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc
Secuta morum regula.* **AUSONIUS.**

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*,
(By name, and ah! by nature so)
As thou art fond of persecutions,
Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down — these little men did —
And having valiantly ascended
Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,
They did so strut! — upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins
Amus'd themselves with sticking pins

And needles in the great man's breeches :
 And how some *very* little things,
 That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings
 Got up, and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas ! that it should happen
 To mighty men to be caught napping !—
 Though different, too, these persecutions ;
 For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,
 While, *here*, the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,
 Is taken by the Lilliputians !



AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK AND
 GOVERNMENT.

BANK.

Is all then forgotten ? those amorous pranks
 You and I, in our youth, my dear Government
 play'd ;
 When you call'd me the fondest, the truest of Banks
 And enjoy'd the endearing *advances* I made !

When left to ourselves, unmolested and free,
 To do all that a dashing young couple should do,
 A law against *paying* was laid upon me,
 But none against *owing*, dear helpmate, on you.

And is it then vanish'd? — that "hour (as Othello
So happily calls it) of Love and *Direction*?"*
And must we, like other fond doves, my dear fellow,
Grow good in our old age, and cut the connexion?

GOVERNMENT.

Even so, my belov'd Mrs. Bank, it must be;
This paying in cash plays the devil with wooing; †
We've both had our swing, but I plainly foresee
There must soon be a stop to our *bill*-ing and
cooing.

Propagation in reason — a small child or two —
Even Reverend Malthus himself is a friend to;
The issue of some folks is mod'rate and few —
But *ours*, my dear corporate Bank, there's no
end to!

So — hard though it be on a pair, who've already
Disposed of so many pounds, shillings, and pence;
And, in spite of that pink of prosperity, Freddy, ‡
So lavish of cash and so sparing of sense —

* ——— "An hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction."

† It appears, however, that Ovid was a friend to the resump-
tion of payment in specie: —

——— "finem, *specie* cæleste *resumptâ*,
Luctibus imposuit, venitque salutifer urbi."

Met. l. 15. v. 743.

‡ Honourable Frederick Robinson.

The day is at hand, my Papyria * Venus,
 When — high as we once us'd to carry our capers —

Those soft *billet-doux* we're now passing between us,
 Will serve but to keep Mrs. Coutts in curl-papers:

And when — if we *still* must continue our love,
 (After all that has pass'd) — our amour, it is clear,
 Like that which Miss Danæe manag'd with Jove,
 Must all be transacted in *bullion*, my dear!

February, 1826.



DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A ONE POUND NOTE.

“O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres
 Agna lupos, capræque leones.” HON

SAID a Sovereign to a Note,
 In the pocket of my coat,
 Where they met in a neat purse of leather,
 “How happens it, I prithee,
 “That, though I'm wedded *with* thee,
 “Fair Pound, we can never live together?”

“Like your sex, fond of *change*,
 “With Silver you can range,

* So called, to distinguish her from the “Aurea” or *Golden Venus*.

" And of lots of young sixpences be mother ;
 " While with *me* — upon my word,
 " Not my Lady and my Lord
" Of Westmeath see so little of each other ! "

The indignant Note replied
 (Lying crumpled by his side),
" Shame, shame, it is *yourself* that roam, Sir —
 " One cannot look askance,
 " But, whip ! you're off to France,
" Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

 " Your scampering began
 " From the moment Parson Van,
" Poor man, made us *one* in Love's fetter ;
 " ' For better or for worse '
 " Is the usual marriage curse,
" But ours is all ' worse ' and no ' better. '

 " In vain are laws pass'd,
 " There's nothing holds you fast,
" Tho' you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you —
 " At the smallest hint in life,
 " You forsake your lawful wife,
" As *other* Sovereigns did before you.

 " I flirt with Silver, true —
 " But what can ladies do,
" When disown'd by their natural protectors ?

“And as to falsehood, stuff!
 “I shall soon be *false* enough,
 “When I get among those wicked Bank Directors.”

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
 Now swore, upon his honour,
 To be henceforth domestic and loyal;
 But, within an hour or two,
 Why — I sold him to a Jew,
 And he's now at No. 10, Palais Royal.



AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

“*Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?*” VIRGIL.

1826.

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all
 The Peers of the realm about cheapening their
 corn,*

When you know, if one hasn't a very high rental,
 'Tis hardly worth while being very high born?

Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,
 On a question, my Lord, there's so much to abhor
 in?

* See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednesday, March 1, 1826
 when Lord King was severely reproved by several of the noble
 Peers, for making so many speeches against the Corn Laws.

A question — like asking one, “How is your wife?” —

At once so confounded *domestic* and *foreign*.

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast;
But Peers, and such animals, fed up for show,
(Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately deceas'd,)
Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you
know.

You might see, my dear Baron, how bor'd and distress
trest

Were their high noble hearts by your merciless
tale,

When the force of the agony wrung ev'n a jest
From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord Lauderdale!*

Bright Peer! to whom Nature and Berwickshire
gave

A humour, endow'd with effects so provoking,
That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,
You may always conclude that Lord Lauderdale is
joking!

And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth —
Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms

* This noble Earl said, that “when he heard the petition
came from ladies' boot and shoemakers, he thought it must be
against the ‘corns’ which they inflicted on the fair sex.”

Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,
 'Twixt those who have *heir*-looms, and those
 who've but looms!

"To talk *now* of starving!"—as great Athol
 said — *

(And the nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all
 wonder'd,)

"When, some years ago, he and others had fed
 "Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hun-
 dred!"

It follows from hence — and the Duke's very words
 Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of this
 craft are —

That weavers, *once* rescued from starving by Lords,
 Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.

When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patricians
 Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each
row;

But not so the plan of *our* noble physicians,
 "No Bread and the Tread-mill's" the regimen
 now.

So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose,
 As I shall my poetry — *neither* convinces;

* The Duke of Athol said, that "at a former period, when
 these weavers were in great distress, the landed interest of Perth
 had supported 1,500 of them. It was a poor return for these
 very men now to petition against the persons who had fed them."

And all we have spoken and written but shows,
 When you tread on a nobleman's *corn*,* how he
 winces.

THE SINKING FUND CRIED.

* Now what, we ask, is become of this Sinking Fund — these eight millions of surplus above expenditure, which were to reduce the interest of the national debt by the amount of four hundred thousand pounds annually? Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself? — *The Times*.

TAKE your bell, take your bell,
 Good Crier, and tell
 To the Bulls and the Bears, till their ears are stunn'd,
 That, lost or stolen,
 Or fall'n through a hole in
 The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund!

O yes! O yes!
 Can any body guess
 What the deuce has become of this Treasury wonder?
 It has Pitt's name on't,
 All brass, in the front,
 And Robinson's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.

Folks well knew what
 Would soon be its lot,
 When Frederick and Jenky set hob-nobbing,†

* An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord L.'s joke.

† In 1824, when the Sinking Fund was raised by the imposition of new taxes to the sum of five millions.

And said to each other,
"Suppose, dear brother,
"We make this funny old Fund worth robbing."

We are come, alas!
To a very pretty pass —
Eight Hundred Millions of score, to pay,
With but Five in the till,
To discharge the bill,
And even that Five, too, whipp'd away!

Stop thief! stop thief! —
From the Sub to the Chief,
These *Gemmen* of Finance are plundering cattle —
Call the watch — call Brougham,
Tell Joseph Hume,
That best of Charleys, to spring his rattle.

Whoever will bring
This aforesaid thing
To the well-known House of Robinson and Jenkin,
Shall be paid, with thanks,
In the notes of the banks,
Whose Funds have all learn'd "the Art of Sinking.

O yes! O yes!
Can any body guess
What the dev'l has become of this Treasury wonder
It has Pitt's name on't,
All brass, in the front,
And Robinson's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.

ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES.

BY SIR THOMAS LETHBRIDGE.

"Legiferæ Ceresi Phœboque." VIRGIL.

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know,
(Among other odd whims of those comical bodies,)
Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show
Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's
Goddess.

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,
An eloquent 'Squire, who most humbly beseeches,
Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing does n't bore
thee),
Thou'lt read o'er the last of his — *never-last*
speeches.

Ah! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn
Now heap'd upon England's 'Squirearchy, so
boasted;
Improving on Hunt,* 'tis no longer the Corn,
'Tis the *growers* of Corn that are now, alas! roasted.

In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us —
Reviewers, economists — fellows, no doubt,

* A sort of "breakfast-powder," composed of roasted corn,
was about this time introduced by Mr. HUNT, as a substitute for
coffee.

That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,
And Gods of high fashion know little about.

There's Bentham, whose English is all his own
making, —

Who thinks just as little of settling a nation
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking
(What he, himself, calls) his "post-prandial vibra-
tion." *

There are two Mr. Mills, too, whom those that love
reading

Through all that's unreadable, call very clever; —
And, whereas Mill Senior makes war on *good*
breeding,

Mill Junior makes war on all *breeding* whatever !

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided
Between *ultra* blockheads and superfine sages ; —
With *which* of these classes we, landlords, have sided
Thou'lt find in my Speech, if thou'lt read a few
pages.

For therein I've prov'd, to my own satisfaction,
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting,
That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouth'd de-
traction

To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

* The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-dinner walk.

On the contrary, such the "*chaste* notions"* of food
 That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,
 They would scorn any law be it ever so good,
 That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear
 than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,
 When the Land and the Silk † shall, in fond combination,
 (Like *Sulky* and *Silky*, that pair in the play,‡)
 Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and
 Starvation!

Long life to the Minister! — no matter who,
 Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he
 Keeps the ports shut — and the people's mouths,
 too —
 We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.

And, as for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn
 To hate the whole crew who would take our rents
 from us,
 Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,
 That last, honest Uni-Corn § would be Sir Thomas!

* A phrase in one of Sir Thomas's last speeches.

† Great efforts were, at that time, making for the exclusion of foreign silk.

‡ "Road to Ruin."

§ This is meant not so much for a pun, as in allusion to the natural history of the Unicorn, which is supposed to be something between the Bos and the Asinus, and, as Rees's Cyclo-pædia assures us, has a particular liking for every thing "*chaste*."

A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

"*Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo.*"

AND now — cross-buns and pancakes o'er —
Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!
Thrice hail and welcome, Houses Twain!
The short eclipse of April-day
Having (God grant it!) pass'd away,
Collective wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick and thin, —
With Paddy Holmes for whipper-in, —
Whate'er the job, prepar'd to back it;
Come, voters of Supplies — bestowers
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,
At eighty mortal pounds the jacket!*

Come — free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares —
Ye Senators of many Shares,
Whose dreams of premium knew no boundary
So fond of aught like *Company*,
That you would even have taken *tea*
(Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry.†

* An item of expense which Mr. Hume in vain endeavoured to get rid of:—trumpeters, it appears, like the men of All-Souls, must be "*bene vestiti*."

† The gentleman, lately before the public, who kept his *Joint Stock Tea Company* all to himself, singing "*Te solo adoro*."

Come, matchless country-gentlemen ;
 Come, wise Sir Thomas — wisest then,
 When creeds and corn-laws are debated ;
 Come, rival ev'n the Harlot Red,
 And show how wholly into *bread*
 A 'Squire is *transubstantiated*.

Come, Lauderdale, and tell the world,
 That — surely as thy scratch is curl'd,
 As never scratch was curl'd before —
 Cheap eating does more harm than good,
 And working-people, spoil'd by food,
 The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, Goulbourn, with thy glib defence
 (Which thou'dst have made for Peter's Pence)
 Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter ;
 Two pipes of port (*old* port, 't was said
 By honest *Newport* *) bought and paid
 By Papists for the Orange Altar ! †

Come, Horton, with thy plan, so merry,
 For peopling Canada from Kerry —
 Not so much rendering Ireland quiet

* Sir John Newport.

† This charge of two pipes of port for the sacramental wine
 is a precious specimen of the sort of rates levied upon their
 Catholic fellow-parishioners by the Irish Protestants.

“The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine.”

As grafting on the dull Canadians
That liveliest of earth's contagions,
The *bull*-pock of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wond'rous men
Of wit and wisdom, come again;
Though short your absence, all deplore it —
Oh, come and show, whate'er men say,
That you can, *after* April-Day,
Be just as — sapient as *before* it.



MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1826.

THE Budget — quite charming and witty — no hearing,

For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were
in it; —

Great comfort to find, though the Speech isn't
cheering,

That all its gay auditors *were*, every minute.

What, *still* more prosperity! — mercy upon us,

"This boy'll be the death of me" — oft as, already,

Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,

For *Ruin made easy* there's no one like Freddy.

TUESDAY.

Much grave apprehension express'd by the Peers,
 Lest — calling to life the old Peachums and
 Lockitts —
 The large stock of gold we're to have in three years,
 Should all find its way into highwaymen's pock-
 ets!!*

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY.

Little doing — for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art
 To the seven-o'clock joys of full many a table —
 When *the Members* all meet, to make much of that
 part,
 With which they so rashly fell out, in the Fable.

It appear'd, though, to-night, that — as church-war-
 dens, yearly,
 Eat up a small baby — those cormorant sinners,
 The Bankrupt-Commissioners, *bolt* very nearly
 A mod'rate-siz'd bankrupt, *tout chaud*, for their
 dinners!†

Nota bene — a rumour to-day, in the City,
 “Mr. Robinson just has resign'd” — what a pity!

* “Another objection to a metallic currency was, that it pro-
 duced a greater number of highway robberies.” — *Debate in the
 Lords.*

† Mr. Abercromby's statement of the enormous tavern bills of
 the Commissioners of Bankrupts.

The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sobbing,
 When they heard of the fate of poor Cock *Robin*;
 While thus, to the nursery tune, so pretty,
 A murmuring *Stock*-dove breath'd her ditty:—

Alas, poor *Robin*, he crow'd as long
 And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow;
 But his *note* was *small*, and the *gold*-finch's song
 Was a pitch too high for Robin to go.
 Who'll make his shroud?

"I," said the Bank, "though he play'd me a prank,
 "While I have a rag, poor *Rob* shall be roll'd in't,
 "With many a pound I'll paper him round,
 "Like a plump rouleau — *without* the gold in't."

* * * * *



ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA.)

"The Public Debt is due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolves itself
 into a Family Account."— *Sir Robert Peel's Letter.*

Tune — *My banks are all furnish'd with bees.*

My banks are all furnish'd with rags,
 So thick, even Freddy can't thin 'em;
 I've torn up my old money-bags,
 Having little or nought to put in 'em.

My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,
But this is all nothing, they say ;
For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins, —
So, it's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,
As sages the matter explain ; —
Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy
Just owes it to Bob back again.
Since all have thus taken to *owing*,
There's nobody left that can *pay* ;
And this is the way to keep going, —
All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,
To put in Prosperity's budget ;
And though it were billions or trillions,
The generous rogues wouldn't grudge it.
'Tis all but a family *hop*,
'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay ;
Hands round ! — why the deuce should we stop ?
'Tis all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,
As any great man of the State does ;
And now the poor devils are put on
Small rations of tea and potatoes.
But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,
The King is your father, they say ;

So, ev'n if you starve for your Daddy,
'Tis all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,
My poor ones have nothing to chew,
And, ev'n if themselves do not grumble,
Their stomachs undoubtedly do.
But coolly to fast *en famille*,
Is as good for the soul as to pray;
And famine itself is genteel,
When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,
A secret for next Budget day;
Though, perhaps, he may know it already,
As *he*, too, 's a sage in his way.
When next for the Treasury scene he
Announces "the Devil to pay,"
Let him write on the bills, "*Nota bene*,
"Tis all in the family way."

BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that *whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest, should give way to the other.*" — *Extract from Mr. W. J. Bankes's Letter to Mr. Goulbourn.*

BANKES is weak, and Goulbourn too,
No one e'er the fact denied ; —
Which is "*weakest*" of the two,
Cambridge can alone decide.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Goulbourn of the Pope afraid is,
Bankes, as much afraid as he ;
Never yet did two old ladies
On this point so well agree.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,
Each the same conclusion reaches ;
Bankes is foolish in Reviews,
Goulbourn, foolish in his speeches.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,
When his own affairs have gone ill ;

Bankes he damneth Buckingham,
 Goulbourn damneth Dan O'Connell.
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh
 Fix'd the' election to a throne.
 So, whichever first shall *bray*,
 Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.
 Choose him, choose him by his bray,
 Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.

June, 1826.



MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

1826.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir, — Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roge Dodsworth from under an *avalanche*, where he had remained, *bien frappé*, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject. — Yours, etc.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

WHAT a lucky turn-up! — just as Eldon's withdrawing,
 To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the year
 Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thawing,
 To serve for *our* times quite as well as the
 Peer ; —

To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom alone
 Of our Ancestors, such as 't is found on our shelves,

But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and full-grown,
To shovel up one of those wise bucks themselves!

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home —
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way;
With his wisdom kept snug from the light let him
come,
And our Tories will hail him with "Hear!" and
"Hurra!"

What a God-send to *them*! — a good, obsolete man,
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a
reader; —

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can,
And the Lonsdales and Hertfords shall choose
him for leader.

Yes, Sleeper of Ages, thou *shalt* be their chosen;
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good men,
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,
So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it again.

And Eldon will weep o'er each sad innovation
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee.

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPITOSO DIABOLO, ENVOY
EXTRAORDINARY TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

St. James's Street, July 1, 1826.

GREAT Sir, having just had the good luck to catch
An official young Demon, preparing to go,
Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-leg despatch
From the Hell here, at Crockford's, to *our* Hell,
below —

I write these few lines to your Highness Satanic,
To say that, first having obey'd your directions,
And done all the mischief I could in "the Panic,"
My next special care was to help the Elections.

Well knowing how dear were those times to thy
soul,
When ev'ry good Christian tormented his brother,
And caus'd, in thy realm, such a saving of coal,
From all coming down, ready grill'd by each
other ;

Rememb'ring, besides, how it pain'd thee to part
With the Old Penal Code — that *chef-d'œuvre* of
Law,
In which (though to own it too modest thou art)
We could plainly perceive the fine touch of thy
claw ;

I thought, as we ne'er can those good times revive,
 (Though Eldon, with help from your Highness
 would try,)

'T would still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,
 Could we get up a thund'ring No-Popery cry; —

That yell which, when chorus'd by laics and clerics,
 So like is to *ours*, in its spirit and tone,
 That I often nigh laugh myself into hysterics,
 To think that Religion should make it her own.

So, having sent down for the' original notes
 Of the chorus, as sung by your Majesty's choir,
 With a few pints of lava, to gargle the throats
 Of myself and some others, who sing it "with
 fire," *

Thought I, "if the Marseillois Hymn could command

"Such audience, though yell'd by a *Sans-culotte*
 crew, [band,

"What wonders shall *we* do, who've men in our
 "That not only wear breeches, but petticoats too."

Such *then* were my hopes but, with sorrow, your
 Highness,

I'm forc'd to confess — be the cause what it will,
 Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or shy-
 ness, —

Our Beelzebub Chorus has gone off but ill.

* *Con fuoco* — a music-bock direction.

The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key,
 The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so various;
 And certain *base* voices, that look'd for a fee
 At the *York* music-meeting, now think it preca-
 rious.

Even some of our Reverends *might* have been
 warmer, —

Though one or two capital roarers we've had;
 Doctor Wise * is, for instance, a charming performer,
 And *Huntingdon* Maberley's yell was not bad!

Altogether, however, the thing was not hearty; —
 Even Eldon allows we got on but so so;
 And when next we attempt a No-Popery party,
 We *must*, please your Highness, recruit *from*
below.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his
 whip —

Excuse me, Great Sir — there's no time to be
 civil; —

The next opportunity shan't be let slip,

But, till then,

I'm, in haste, your most dutiful

DEVIL.

July, 1826.

* This reverend gentleman distinguished himself at the *Reading* election.

THE MILLENNIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE REVEREND MR.
IRVING "ON PROPHECY."

1826.

A MILLENNIUM at hand! — I'm delighted to hear
it —

As matters, both public and private, now go,
With multitudes round us all starving, or near it,
A good, rich Millennium will come *à-propos*.

Only think, Master Fred, what delight to behold,
Instead of thy bankrupt old City of Rags,
A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,
Sound bullion throughout, from the roof to the
flags —

A City, where wine and cheap corn * shall abound —
A celestial *Cocaigne*, on whose buttery shelves
We may swear the best things of this world will be
found,
As your Saints seldom fail to take care of them-
selves!

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures Elysian,†
Divine Squintifobus, who, plac'd within reach

* "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of
barley for a penny." — *Rev. vi*

† See the oration of this reverend gentleman, where he de

Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision,
Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each ; —

Thanks, thanks for the hope thou affordest, that we
May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubilee share,
Which so long has been promis'd by prophets like
thee,
And so often postpon'd, we began to despair.

There was Whiston,* who learnedly took Prince
Eugene
For the man who must bring the Millennium
about ;
There's Faber, whose pious productions have been
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out ; —

There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an Irish M.P.,
Who discours'd on the subject with signal *éclat*,
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see
A Millennium break out in the town of Armagh ! †

scribes the connubial joys of Paradise, and paints the angels
hovering round "each happy fair."

* When Whiston presented to Prince Eugene the Essay in
which he attempted to connect his victories over the Turks
with Revelation, the Prince is said to have replied that "he
was not aware he had ever had the honour of being known to
St. John."

† Mr. Dobbs was a member of the Irish Parliament, and, on all
other subjects but the Millennium, a very sensible person: he
chose Armagh as the scene of his Millennium, on account of the
name Armageddon, mentioned in Revelation.

There was also — but why should I burden my lay
 With your Brotherses, Southcotes, and names less
 deserving, [way
 When all past Millenniums henceforth must give
 To the last new Millennium of Orator Irving.

Go on, mighty man, — doom them all to the shelf, —
 And when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy
 sconce,
 Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself
 Art the Beast (Chapter iv.) that sees nine ways
 at once.



THE THREE DOCTORS.

Doctoribus lætamur tribus.

1826

THOUGH many great Doctors there be,
 There are three that all Doctors out-top,
 Doctor Eady, that famous M. D.,
 Doctor Southey, and dear Doctor Slop.*

The purger — the proser — the bard —
 All quacks in a different style;
 Doctor Southey writes books by the yard,
 Doctor Eady writes puffs by the mile! †

* The editor of the Morning Herald, so nick-named.

† Alluding to the display of this doctor's name, in chalk, on
 all the walls round the metropolis.

Doctor Slop, in no merit outdone
 By his scribbling or physicking brother,
 Can dose us with stuff like the one,
 Ay, and *doze* us with stuff like the other.

Doctor Eady good company keeps
 With "No Popery" scribes, on the walls;
 Doctor Southey as gloriously sleeps
 With "No Popery" scribes, on the stalls.

Doctor Slop, upon subjects divine,
 Such bedlamite slaver lets drop,
 That, if Eady should take the *mad* line,
 He'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,
 Doctor Southey attacks, like a Turk;*
 Doctor Eady, less bold, I confess,
 Attacks but his maid-of-all-work.†

Doctor Southey, for *his* grand attack,
 Both a laureate and pensioner is;

* This seraphic doctor, in the preface to his last work (*Vindicia Ecclesie Anglicanae*), is pleased to anathematize not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Catholics: "They have for their immediate allies (he says) every faction that is banded against the State, every demagogue, every irreligious and seditious journalist, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity."

† See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the Police-offices, in consequence of an alleged assault on his "maid-of-all-work."

While poor Doctor Eady, alack,
Has been *had up* to Bow-street, for his!

And truly, the law does so blunder,
That, though little blood has been spilt, he
May probably suffer as, under
The *Chalking Act*, *known* to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime
(With whose catalogue ne'er should I stop)
Of the three greatest lights of our time,
Doctor Eady, and Southey, and Slop!

Should you ask me, to *which* of the three
Great Doctors the preference should fall,
As a matter of course, I agree
Doctor Eady must go to *the wall*.

But as Southey with laurels is crown'd,
And Slop with a wig and a tail is,
Let Eady's bright temples be bound
With a swingeing "*Corona Muralis!*" *

* A crown granted as a reward among the Romans to persons who performed any extraordinary exploits upon *walls*, such as scaling them, battering them, etc. — No doubt, writing upon them to the extent Dr. Eady does, would equally establish a claim to the honour

EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

LAMENT, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,
For here lies one, who ne'er preferr'd
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,
Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,
Apollo for a *star* he'd quit,
And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard fate no peers afford,
He took, of course, to peers' relations;
And, rather than not sport a Lord,
Put up with ev'n the last creations.

Ev'n Irish names, could he but tag 'em
With "Lord" and "Duke," were sweet to
call;
And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum
Was better than no Lord at all.

Heav'n grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul! he'd rather be
Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke,
Than sav'd in vulgar company.

ODE TO A HAT.

————— "altum
Ædificat caput." JUVENAL.

1828.

HAIL, reverend Hat! — sublime 'mid all
 The minor felts that round thee grovel; —
 Thou that the Gods "a Delta" call,
 While meaner mortals call thee "shovel."

When on thy shape (like pyramid,
 Cut horizontally in two) *
 I raptur'd gaze, what dreams, unbid,
 Of stalls and mitres bless my view!

That brim of brims, so sleekly good —
 Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyans', down,
 But looking (as all churchmen's should)
 Devoutly upward — tow'rds the *crown*.

Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,
 So redolent of Church all over.
 What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim, —
 Some pig-tail'd, some like cherubim,
 With ducklings' wings — around it hover!

* So described by a Reverend Historian of the Church: "A Delta hat, like the horizontal section of a pyramid." — GRANT'S *History of the English Church*.

Tenths of all dead and living things,
That Nature into being brings,
From calves and corn to chitterlings.

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks,
The very cock most orthodox,
To *which*, of all the well-fed throng
Of Zion,* joy'st thou to belong?
Thou'rt *not* Sir Harcourt Lees's — no —

For hats, grow like the heads that wear 'em
And hats, on heads like his, would grow
Particularly *harum-scarum*.

Who knows but thou may'st deck the pate
Of that fam'd Doctor Ad—mth—te,
(The reverend rat, whom we saw stand
On his hind-legs in Westmoreland,)
Who chang'd so quick from *blue* to *yellow*,
And would from *yellow* back to *blue*,
And back again, convenient fellow,
If 'twere his interest so to do.

Or, haply, smartest of triangles,
Thou art the hat of Doctor Owen;
The hat that, to his vestry wrangles,
That venerable priest doth go in, —
And, then and there, amid the stare
Of all St. Olave's, takes the chair,

* Archbishop Magee affectionately calls the Church Establishment of Ireland "the little Zion."

And quotes, with phiz right orthodox,
 The' example of his reverend brothers,
 To prove that priests all fleece their flocks,
 And *he* must fleece as well as others.

Blest Hat! (whoe'er thy lord may be)
 Thus low I take off mine to thee,
 The homage of a layman's *castor*,
 To the spruce *delta* of his pastor.
 Oh may'st thou be, as thou proceedest,
 Still smarter cock'd, still brush'd the brighter,
 Till, bowing all the way, thou leadeest
 Thy sleek possessor to a mitre!

NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

1826.

DEAR Coz, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper
 When Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,
 But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends
 As you chance to pick up from political friends —
 Being one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down
 To transmit you the last newest news that's in town.

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things could n't
 look better —
 His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)

Has just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd off a letter
 To Daniel O'Connell, to make him Grand Master;
 Engaging to change the old name, if he can,
 From the Knights of St. John to the Knights of St.
 Dan; —
 Or, if Dan should prefer (as a still better whim)
 Being made the Colossus, 'tis all one to him.

From Russia the last accounts are that the Czar —
 Most gen'rous and kind, as all sovereigns are,
 And whose first princely act (as you know, I suppose,)
 Was to give away all his late brother's old clothes —*
 Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care,
 The late Emperor's nightcaps, and thinks of bestowing
 One nightcap apiece (if he has them to spare)
 On all the distinguish'd old ladies now going.
 (While I write, an arrival from Riga — the 'Brothers' —
 Having nightcaps on board for Lord Eldon and others.)

Last advices from India — Sir Archy, 'tis thought,
 Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught
 In N. Lat. 21) — and his Highness Burmese,
 Being very hard press'd to shell out the rupees,

* A distribution was made of the Emperor Alexander's military wardrobe by his successor.

And not having rhino sufficient, they say, meant
To pawn his august Golden Foot* for the payment.
(How lucky for monarchs, that thus, when they
choose,

Can establish a *running* account with the Jews!)
The security being what Rothschild calls "goot,"
A loan will be shortly, of course, set *on foot*;
The parties are Rothschild, A. Baring and Co.
With three other great pawnbrokers: each takes a
toe,

And engages (lest Gold-Foot should give us *leg-bail*,
As he did once before) to pay down *on the nail*.

This is all for the present — what vile pens and
paper!

Yours truly, dear Cousin — best love to Miss Draper.

September, 1826.



A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL.

"UP!" said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray
One hasty orison, whirl'd me away
To a Limbo, lying — I wist not where —
Above or below, in earth or air;
For it glimmer'd o'er with a *doubtful* light,
One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night;

* This potentate styles himself the Monarch of the Golden
Foot.

And 't was crost by many a mazy track,
One didn't know how to get on or back ;
And I felt like a needle that's going astray
(With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay ;
When the Spirit he grinn'd, and whisper'd me,
"Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery !"

Around me flitted unnumber'd swarms
Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms ;
(Like bottled up babes, that grace the room
Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home) —
All of them, things half-kill'd in rearing ;
Some were lame — some wanted *hearing* ;
Some had through half a century run,
Though they hadn't a leg to stand upon.
Others, more merry, as just beginning,
Around on a *point of law* were spinning ;
Or balanc'd aloft, 'twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,
Lead at each end, like a tight-rope dancer.
Some were so *cross*, that nothing could please
'em ; —

Some gulp'd down *affidavits* to ease 'em ; —
All were in motion, yet never a one,
Let it *move* as it might, could ever move *on*.
"These," said the Spirit, you plainly see,
"Are what they call suits in Chancery !"

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,
Like a chorus by fifty *Vellutis* sung ;
Or an Irish Dump ("the words by *Moore* ")
At an amateur concert scream'd in score ; —

So harsh on my ear that wailing fell
 Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell !
 It seem'd like the dismal symphony
 Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see ;
 Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook
 Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook,
 To cry all night, till life's last dregs,
 " Give us our legs ! — give us our legs ! "
 Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful scene,
 I ask'd what all this yell might mean,
 When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee,
 " 'Tis the cry of the Suitors in Chancery ! "

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,*
 With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.
 In his aged hand he held a wand,
 Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band,
 And they mov'd and mov'd, as he wav'd it o'er,
 But they never got on one inch the more.
 And still they kept limping to and fro,
 Like Ariels round old Prospero —
 Saying, " Dear Master, let us go,"
 But still old Prospero answer'd " No."
 And I heard, the while, that wizard elf
 Muttering, muttering spells to himself,
 While o'er as many old papers he turn'd,
 As Hume e'er mov'd for, or Omar burn'd.
 He talk'd of his virtue — " though some, less nice,
 (He own'd with a sigh) preferr'd his *Vice* " —

* The Lord Chancellor Eldon.

And he said, "I think" — "I doubt" — "I hope,"
 Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope;
 With many more sleights of tongue and hand
 I couldn't, for the soul of me, understand.
 Amaz'd and pos'd, I was just about
 To ask his name, when the screams without,
 The merciless clack of the imps within,
 And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din.
 That, startled, I woke — leap'd up in my bed —
 Found the Spirit, the imps, and the conjuror fled
 And bless'd my stars, right pleas'd to see,
 That I wasn't, as yet, in Chancery.



THE PETITION OF THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

1826.

To the people of England, the humble Petition
 Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing —
 That sad, very sad, is our present condition; —
 Our jobbing all gone, and our noble selves going; —

That, forming one seventh, within a few fractions,
 Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,
 We hold it the basest of all base transactions
 To keep us from murd'ring the other six parts; —

That, as to laws made for the good of the many,
 We humbly suggest there is nothing less true;

As all human laws (and our own, more than any)
Are made *by* and *for* a particular few ; —

That much it delights ev'ry true Orange brother,
To see you, in England, such ardour evince,
In discussing *which* sect most tormented the other,
And burn'd with most *gusto*, some hundred years
since ; —

That we love to behold, while old England grows
faint,
Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh coming to blows,
To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied Saint,
Ever truly and really pull'd the Dev'l's nose ;

Whether 'tother Saint, Dominic, burnt the Dev'l's
paw —
Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mo-
ther —* [draw
And many such points, from which Southey can
Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.

That 'tis very well known this devout Irish nation
Has now, for some ages, gone happily on,
Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,
One party in *Trans* and the other in *Con* ; †

* To such important discussions as these the greater part of
Dr. Southey's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* is devoted.

† Consubstantiation — the true reformed belief ; at least, the
belief of Luther, and as Mosheim asserts, of Melancthon also

That we, your petitioning *Cons*, have, in right
 Of the said monosyllable, ravag'd the lands,
 And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and
 night,
 Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for
Trans; —

'That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,
 For keeping us still in the same state of mind;
 Pretty much as the world us'd to be in those ages,
 When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind; —

When the words *ex* and *per** serv'd as well, to annoy
 One's neighbours and friends with, as *con* and *trans*
 now;
 And Christians, like Southey, who stickled for *oi*,
 Cut the throats of all Christians who stickled for
ou.†

That, relying on England, whose kindness already
 So often has help'd us to play this game o'er,
 We have got our red coats and our carabines ready,
 And wait but the word to show sport, as before.

* When John of Ragusa went to Constantinople (at the time this dispute between "ex" and "per" was going on), he found the Turks, we are told, "laughing at the Christians for being divided by two such insignificant particles."

† The Arian controversy. — Before that time, says Hooker "in order to be a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables or particles of speech they used."

That, as to the expense — the few millions, or so,
 Which for all such diversions John Bull has to
 pay —
 'Tis, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know,
 That to Orangemen's pockets 't will all find its way.
 For which your petitioners ever will pray,
 etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.



COTTON AND CORN.

A DIALOGUE.

SAID Cotton to Corn, t' other day,
 As they met and exchange'd a salute —
 (Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,
 Poor Cotton, half famish'd, on foot):

"Great Squire, if it is n't uncivil
 "To hint at starvation before you,
 "Look down on a poor hungry devil,
 "And give him some bread, I implore you!"

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,
 Perceiving he meant to make *free* —
 "Low fellow, you've surely forgotten
 "The distance between you and me!

"To expect that we, Peers of high birth,
 "Should waste our illustrious acres,

"For no other purpose on earth
 "Than to fatten curst calico-makers! —

"That Bishops to bobbins should bend —
 "Should stoop from their Bench's sublimity,
 "Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend
 "Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

"No — vile Manufacture! ne'er harbour
 "A hope to be fed at our boards; —
 "Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,
 "What claim canst *thou* have upon Lords?

"No — thanks to the taxes and debt,
 "And the triumph of paper o'er guineas,
 "Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,
 "May defy your whole rabble of *Jennys*!"

So saying — whip, crack, and away
 Went Corn in his chaise through the throng,
 So headlong, I heard them all say,
 "Squire Corn would be *down*, before long."

THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT
BUTTERWORTH.

"A Christian of the best edition."

RABELAIS.

CANONIZE him! — yea, verily, we'll canonize him;
Though Cant is his hobby, and meddling his bliss,
Though sages may pity, and wits may despise him,
He'll ne'er make a bit the worse Saint for all this.

Descend, all ye Spirits, that ever yet spread
The dominion of Humbug o'er land and o'er sea,
Descend on our Butterworth's biblical head,
Thrice-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint, and M. P.

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from thy sphere,
And bring little Shiloh — if 'tisn't too far —
Such a sight will to Butterworth's bosom be dear,
His conceptions and *thine* being much on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold
A world thou hast honour'd by cheating so many;
Thou'lt find still among us one Personage old,
Who also by tricks and the *Seals* * makes a penny.

* A great part of the income of Joanna Southcott arose from
the *Seals* of the Lord's protection which she sold to her followers.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee!*

Thy smiles to beatified Butterworth deign;

Two "lights of the Gentiles" are thou, Anne, and
he,

One hallowing Fleet Street, and t'other Toad
Lane!†

The Heathen, we know, made their Gods out of
wood,

And Saints may be fram'd of as handy materials; —
Old women and Butterworths make just as good
As any the Pope ever *book'd* as Ethereals.

Stand forth, Man of Bibles! — not Mahomet's pig-
eon,

When, perch'd on the Koran, he dropp'd there,
they say,

Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o'er religion
Such glory as Butterworth sheds every day.

Great Galen of souls, with what vigour he crams
Down Erin's idolatrous throats, till they crack
again,

* Mrs. Anne Lee, the "chosen vessel" of the Shakers, and
"Mother of all the children of regeneration."

† Toad Lane, Manchester, where Mother Lee was born. In
her "Address to Young Believers," she says, that "it is a matter
of no importance with them from whence the means of their de-
liverance come, whether from a stable in Bethlehem, or from
Toad Lane, Manchester."

Bolus on bolus, good man! — and then damns
Both their stomachs and souls, if they dare cast
them back again.

How well might his shop — as a type representing
The creed of himself and his sanctified clan —
On its counter exhibit “the Art of Tormenting,”
Bound neatly, and letter’d “Whole Duty of Man!”

Canonize him! — by Judas, we *will* canonize him;
For Cant is his hobby, and twaddling his bliss;
And, though wise men may pity and wits may de-
spise him,
He’ll make but the better *shop*-saint for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of Canters,
Convoke all the *serious* Tag-rag of the nation;
Bring Shakers and Snufflers, and Jumpers and
Ranters,
To witness their Butterworth’s Canonization!

Yea, humbly I’ve ventur’d his merits to paint,
Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to portray;
And they form a sum-total for making a Saint,
That the Devil’s own Advocate could not gainsay-

Jump high, all ye Jumpers, ye Ranters all roar,
While Butterworth’s spirit, uprais’d from your eyes
Like a kite made of foolscap, in glory shall soar,
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies!

AN INCANTATION.

SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT.

*Alt. — Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.*

COME with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go;
Bubbles, bright as ever Hope
Drew from fancy — or from soap;
Bright as e'er the South Sea sent
From its frothy element!
Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go.
Mix the lather, Johnny Wilks,
Thou, who rhym'st so well to *hिल्स*;^{*}
Mix the lather — who can be
Fitter for such task than thee,
Great M. P. for *Sudsbury*!
Now the frothy charm is ripe,
Puffing Peter,† bring thy pipe, —
Thou, whom ancient Coventry
Once so dearly lov'd, that she
Knew not which to her was sweeter,
Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter; —

* Strong indications of character may be sometimes traced in the rhymes to names. Marvell thought so, when he wrote

“Sir Edward Sutton,
The foolish Knight who rhymes to mutton.”

† The Member, during a long period, for Coventry.

Puff the bubbles high in air,
Puff thy best to keep them there.

Bravo, bravo, Peter Moore!
Now the rainbow humbugs * soar,
Glittering all with golden hues,
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews;—
Some, reflecting mines that lie
Under Chili's glowing sky,
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep
Cloister'd in the southern deep;
Others, as if lent a ray
From the streaming Milky Way,
Glistening o'er with curds and whey
From the cows of Alderney.
Now's the moment — who shall first
Catch the bubbles, ere they burst?
Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run,
Brogden, Teynham, Palmerston;—
John Wilks junior runs beside ye!
Take the good the knaves provide ye! †
See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,
Where the *Shareman*, ‡ Brogden, stands,

* An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who, in a poem against War, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier, thus apostrophizes him — "thou rainbow ruffian!"

† "Lovely Thais sits beside thee:
Take the good the Gods provide thee."

‡ So called by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the *ch*, in the word "Chairman."

Gaping for the froth to fall
 Down his gullet — *lye* and all.
 See! —

But, hark, my time is out —
 Now, like some great water-spout,
 Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,
 Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder!

[Here the stage darkens — a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra — the broken bubbles descend in a saponaceous but uncleanly mist over the heads of the Dramatis Personæ, and the scene drops, leaving the bubble-hunters — all in the suds.]



A DREAM OF TURTLE.

BY SIR W. CURTIS.

1826.

'T WAS evening time, in the twilight sweet
 I sail'd along, when — whom should I meet
 But a Turtle journeying o'er the sea,
 "On the service of his Majesty." *

When spying him first through twilight dim,
 I didn't know what to make of him;

* We are told that the passport of this grand diplomatic Turtle (sent by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to a certain noble envoy) described him as "on his majesty's service."

— dapibus supremi
 Grata testudo Jovis.

But said to myself, as slow he plied
His fins, and roll'd from side to side
Conceitedly o'er the watery path —
" 'Tis my Lord of Stowell taking a bath,
" And I hear him now, among the fishes,
" Quoting Vatel and Burgersdicius ! "
But, no — 't was, indeed, a Turtle, wide
And plump as ever these eyes descried ;
A Turtle, juicy as ever yet
Glu'd up the lips of a Baronet !
And much did it grieve my soul to see
That an animal of such dignity,
Like an absentee abroad should roam,
When he *ought* to stay and be ate at home.

But now " a change came o'er my dream,"
Like the magic lantern's shifting slider ; —
I look'd, and saw, by the evening beam,
On the back of that Turtle sat a rider —
A goodly man, with an eye so merry,
I knew 't was our Foreign Secretary, *
Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile,
Like Waterton on his crocodile ; †
Cracking such jokes, at every motion,
As made the Turtle squeak with glee,
And own they gave him a lively notion
Of what his *forc'd*-meat balls would be.

* Mr. Canning.

† *Wanderings in South America*. " It was the first and last time (says Mr. Waterton) I was ever on a Crocodile's back."

So, on the Sec. in his glory went,
 Over that briny element,
 Waving his hand, as he took farewell,
 With graceful air, and bidding me tell
 Inquiring friends that the Turtle and he
 Were gone on a foreign embassy —
 To soften the heart of a *Diplomate*,
 Who is known to doat upon verdant fat,
 And to let admiring Europe see,
 That *calipash* and *calipee*
 Are the English forms of Diplomacy.



THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS.

A FABLE.

————— "fessus jam sudat asellus,
 "Parce illi; vestrum delictum est asinus."

VIRGIL. *Opera.*

A DONKEY, whose talent for burdens was wond'rous,
 So much that you'd swear he rejoic'd in a load,
 One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,
 That — down the poor Donkey fell smack on the
 road!

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze —
 What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,
 So easy to drive, through the dirtiest ways,
 For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hail'd" as a
"brother"*)

Had just been proclaiming his Donkey's renown
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other —

When, lo, 'mid his praises, the Donkey came down !

But, how to upraise him? — *one* shouts, *t'other*
whistles,

While Jenky, the Conjuror, wisest of all,
Declared that an "over-production of thistles — †
(Here Ned gave a stare) — was the cause of his
fall."

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes —

"There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease ;
"The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,
"And this is his mode of '*transition to peace*.'"

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with learned grimaces,
Pronounc'd that too long without shoes he had
gone —

"Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal*
basis
(The wise-acres said), "and he's sure to jog on."

* Alluding to an early poem of Mr. Coleridge's, addressed to an Ass, and beginning, "I hail thee, brother!"

† A certain country gentleman having said in the House, "that we must return at last to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked Mr. T. "what food the gentleman meant?" — "Thistles, I suppose," answered Mr. T.

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,
 Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan ;
 And — what was still dolefuller — lending an ear
 To advisers, whose ears were a match for his own

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far
 As to see others' folly, roar'd out, as he pass'd —
 "Quick — off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,
 "Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his
 last !"

October, 1826.

ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.

1826.

GREAT Sultan, how wise are thy state compositions !
 And oh, above all, I admire that Decree,
 In which thou command'st, that all *she* politicians
 Shall forthwith be strangled and cast in the sea.

'T is my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster —
 A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts ;
 Who talks, with a lisp, of "the last new Westminster,"
 And hopes you're delighted with "Mill upon
 Gluts ;"

Who tells you how clever one Mr. Fun-blank is,
 How charming his Articles 'gainst the Nobility ;—
 And assures you that even a gentleman's rank is,
 In Jeremy's school, of no sort of *utility*.

To see her, ye Gods, a new

ART. 1. On the *Needle's* variations," by
Pl—e; *

ART. 2. — By her fav'rite Fun-blank † — "so amus-
ing!

"Dear man! he makes Poetry quite a *Law* case."

ART. 3. — "Upon Fallacies," Jeremy's own —

(Chief Fallacy being, his hope to find readers);—

ART. 4. — "Upon Honesty," author unknown;—

ART. 5. — (by the young Mr. Mill) "Hints to
Breeders."

Oh, Sultan, oh, Sultan, though oft for the bag

And the bowstring, like thee, I am tempted to call—
Though drowning's too good for each blue-stock-
ing
hag,

I would bag this *she* Benthamite first of them all!

And, lest she should ever again lift her head

From the watery bottom, her clack to renew —

As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,

I would hang round her neck her own darling
Review.

* A celebrated political tailor.

† This pains-taking gentleman has been at the trouble of
counting, with the assistance of Cooker, the number of meta-
phors in Moore's "Life of Sheridan," and has found them to
amount, as nearly as possible, to 2,285 — and some *fractions*.

CORN AND CATHOLICS.

Utrum horum

Dirius borum? Incerti Auctoris.

WHAT! *still* those two infernal questions,
 That with our meals, our slumbers mix—
 That spoil our tempers and digestions—
 Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?
 Nothing else talk'd of night or morn—
 Nothing *in* doors, or *out* of doors,
 But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests—
 While Ministers, still worse than either,
 Skill'd but in feathering their nests,
 Plague us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet
 Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,
 Whether, this year, 't was bonded Wheat,
 Or bonded Papists, they let out.

Here, landlords, *here*, polemics nail you,
 Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake up;
Prices and *Texts* at once assail you—
 From Daniel *these*, and *those* from Jacob.*

* Author of the late Report on Foreign Corn.

And when you sleep, with head still torn
 Between the two, their shapes you mix,
 Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn —
 Then Corn again seems Catholics.

Now, Dantsic wheat before you floats —
 Now, Jesuits from California —
 Now Ceres, link'd with Titus *Oats*,
 Comes dancing through the "*Porta Cornea*."*

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,
 And a whole crop of heads appears,
 Like Papists, *bearding* Church and State —
 Themselves, together *by the ears*!

In short, these torments never cease;
 And oft I wish myself transferr'd off
 To some far, lonely land of peace,
 Where Corn or Papists ne'er were heard of.

Yes, waft me, Parry, to the Pole;
 For — if my fate is to be chosen
 'Twixt bores and icebergs — on my soul,
 I'd rather, of the two, be frozen!

* The Horn Gate, through which the ancients supposed all
 true dreams (such as those of the Popish Plot, etc.) to pass.

A CASE OF LIBEL.

"The greater the truth, the worse the libel."

A CERTAIN Sprite, who dwells below,
(’Twere a libel, perhaps, to mention where,)
Came up *incog.*, some years ago,
To try, for a change, the London air.

So well he look’d, and dress’d, and talk’d,
And hid his tail and horns so handy,
You’d hardly have known him as he walk’d,
From C——e, or any other Dandy.

(His horns, it seems, are made t’ unscrew;
So, he has but to take them out of the socket,
And — just as some fine husbands do —
Conveniently clap them into his pocket

In short, he look’d extremely natty,
And ev’n contriv’d — to his own great wonder —
By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,
To keep the sulphurous *hogo* under.

And so my gentleman hoof’d about,
Unknown to all but a chosen few
At White’s and Crockford’s, where, no doubt,
He had many *post-obits* falling due.

Alike a gamester and a wit,
At night he was seen with Crockford's crew,
At morn with learned dames would sit —
So pass'd his time 'twixt *black* and *blue*.

Some wish'd to make him an M. P.,
But, finding Wilks was also one, he
Swore, in a rage, "he'd be d—d, if he
"Would ever sit in one house with Johnny.

At length, as secrets travel fast,
And devils, whether he or she,
Are sure to be found out at last,
The affair got wind most rapidly.

The Press, the impartial Press, that snubs
Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers —
Miss Paton's soon as Beelzebub's —
Fir'd off a squib in the morning papers :

"We warn good men to keep aloof
"From a grim old Dandy, seen about,
"With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof
"Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking out."

Now, — the Devil being a gentleman,
Who piques himself on well-bred dealings, —
You may guess, when o'er these lines he ran,
How much they hurt and shock'd his feelings.

Away he posts to a Man of Law,
 And 't would make you laugh could you have seen
 'em,
 As paw 'shook hand, and hand shook paw,
 And 't was "hail, good fellow, well met," between
 'em.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd —
 And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,
 When, asking about the Bench, he heard
 That, of all the Judges, his own was *Best*.*

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof
 That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil —
 Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoot,
 And Stultz to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury (saints, all snug and rich,
 And readers of virtuous Sunday papers)
 Found for the Plaintiff — on hearing which
 The Devil gave one of his loftiest capers.

For oh, 't was nuts to the Father of Lies
 (As this wily fiend is nam'd in the Bible)
 To find it settled by laws so wise,
 That the greater the truth, the worse the libel!

* A celebrated Judge, so named.

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED — Authors of all-work, to job for the season,

No matter which party, so faithful to neither ;
Good hacks, who, if pos'd for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like * * * * *, to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics ;
Your gaol is for Trav'lers a charming retreat ;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of schools —
He can study high life in the King's Bench community ;
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age
To have good "Reminiscences" (three-score or higher),
Will meet with encouragement — so much, *per page*,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with *what* their remembrance is stock'd,
So they'll only remember the *quantum* desir'd ; —

Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, oct.,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's requir'd.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu-d'esprits*
Like Dibdin, may tell of each farcical frolic;
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,*
That gingerbread-cakes always give them the
colic.

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,
By "Farmers" and "Landholders" — (worthies
whose lands
Enclos'd all in bow-pots, their attics adorn,
Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their
hands).

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,
Sure of a market;—should they, too, who pen
'em,
Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'Sullivan,†
Something *extra* allow'd for the' additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;—

* This lady also favours us, in her Memoirs, with the address
of those apothecaries, who have, from time to time, given her
pills that agreed with her; always desiring that the pills should
be ordered "*comme pour elle*."

† A gentleman, who distinguished himself by his evidence
before the Irish Committees.

To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance
 For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of *any*.

Nine times out of ten, if his *title* is good,
 The material *within* of small consequence is ; —
 Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
 Why — that's the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota Bene — an Essay, now printing, to show,
 That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)
 Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,
 When he wrote thus — “Quodcunque *in Fund is*,
assess it.” *



THE IRISH SLAVE.†

1827

I HEARD, as I lay, a wailing sound,
 “He is dead — he is dead,” the rumour flew ;
 And I rais'd my chain, and turn'd me round,
 And ask'd, through the dungeon-window, “Who ?”

I saw my livid tormentors pass ;
 Their grief 't was bliss to hear and see !
 For, never came joy to them, alas,
 That didn't bring deadly bane to me.

* According to the common reading, “quodcunque *infundia*
ascit.”

† Written on the death of the Duke of York.

Eager I look'd through the mist of night,
 And ask'd, "What foe of my race hath died?
 "Is it he — that Doubter of law and right,
 "Whom nothing but wrong could e'er decide —

"Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,
 "Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt
 "What suitors for justice he'd keep in,
 "Or what suitors for freedom he'd shut out —

"Who, a clog for ever on Truth's advance,
 "Hangs round her (like the Old Man of the Sea
 "Round Sinbad's neck *), nor leaves a chance
 "Of shaking him off — is't he? is't he?"

Ghastly my grim tormentors smil'd,
 And thrusting me back to my den of woe,
 With a laughter even more fierce and wild
 Than their funeral howling, answer'd "No."

But the cry still pierc'd my prison-gate,
 And again I ask'd, "What scourge is gone?
 "Is it he — that Chief, so coldly great,
 "Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon —

"Whose name is one of the' ill-omen'd words
 "They link with hate, on his native plains;

* "Yor fell, said they, into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious tricks" — *Story of Sinbad*.

"And why? — they lent him hearts and swords,
"And he, in return, gave scoffs and chains!

"Is it he? is it he?" I loud inquir'd,
When, hark! — there sounded a Royal knell;
And I knew what spirit had just expir'd,
And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had pledg'd a hate unto me and mine,
He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,
But seal'd that hate with a Name Divine,
And he now was dead, and — I *couldn't* rejoice!

He had fann'd afresh the burning brands
Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim;
He had arm'd anew my torturers' hands,
And *them* did I curse — but sigh'd for him.

For, *his* was the error of head, not heart;
And — oh, how beyond the ambush'd foe,
Who to enmity adds the traitor's part,
And carries a smile, with a curse below!

If ever a heart made bright amends
For the fatal fault of an erring head —
Go, learn *his* fame from the lips of friends,
In the orphan's tear be his glory read.

A Prince without pride, a man without guile,
To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,

For Worth he had ever a hand and smile,
And for Misery ever his purse and tear.

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,
I calmly sunk in my chains again ;
While, still as I said " Heaven rest his soul !"
My mates of the dungeon sigh'd " Amen !"

January, 1827.



ODE TO FERDINAND.

1827

QUIT the sword, thou King of men,
Grasp the needle once again ;
Making petticoats is far
Safer sport than making war ;
Trimming is a better thing,
Than the *being* trimm'd, oh King !
Grasp the needle bright with which
Thou didst for the Virgin stitch
Garment, such as ne'er before
Monarch stitch'd or Virgin wore.
Not for her, oh semster nimble !
Do I now invoke thy thimble ;
Not for her thy wanted aid is,
But for certain grave old ladies,
Who now sit in England's cabinet,
Waiting to be clothed in tabinet,

Or whatever choice *étoffs* is
Fit for Dowagers in office.
First, thy care, oh King, devote
To Dame Eld—n's petticoat.
Make it of that silk, whose dye
Shifts for ever to the eye,
Just as if it hardly knew
Whether to be pink or blue.
Or — material fitter yet —
If thou could'st a remnant get
Of that stuff, with which, of old,
Sage Penelope, we're told,
Still by doing and undoing,
Kept her *suitors* always wooing —
That's the stuff which I pronounce, is
Fittest for Dame Eldon's flounces.

After this, we'll try thy hand,
Mantua-making Ferdinand,
For old Goody Westmoreland;
One who loves, like Mother Cole,
Church and State with all her soul;
And has pass'd her life in frolics
Worthy of your Apostolics.
Choose, in dressing this old flirt,
Something that wo'n't show the dirt,
As, from habit, every minute
Goody Westmoreland is in it.

This is all I now shall ask,
Hie thee, monarch, to thy task;

Finish Eldon's frills and borders,
 Then return for further orders.
 Oh what progress for our sake,
 Kings in millinery make!
 Ribands, garters, and such things,
 Are supplied by *other* Kings —
 Ferdinand his rank denotes
 By providing petticoats.



HAT VERSUS WIG.

1827.

'At the interment of the Duke of York, Lord Eldon, in order to guard against the effects of the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole of the ceremony.'

— metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
 Subject pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

"TWIXT Eldon's Hat and Eldon's Wig
 There lately rose an altercation, —
 Each with its own importance big,
 Disputing *which* most serves the nation.

Quoth Wig, with consequential air,
 "Pooh! pooh! you surely can't design,
 "My worthy beaver, to compare
 "Your station in the state with mine.

"Who meets the learned legal crew?
 "Who fronts the lordly Senate's pride?
 "The Wig, the Wig, my friend — while you
 "Hang dangling on some peg outside.

"Oh, 'tis the Wig, that rules, like Love,
 "Senate and Court, with like *éclat* —
 "And wards below, and lords above,
 "For Law is Wig and Wig is Law! *

"Who tried the long, *Long* WELLESLEY suit,
 "Which tried one's patience, in return?
 "Not thou, oh Hat! — though, *could'st* thou do't,
 "Of other *brims* † than thine thou'dst learn

"'T was mine our master's toil to share;
 "When, like 'Truepenny,' in the play, ‡
 "He, every minute, cried out 'Swear,'
 "And merrily to swear went they; — §

"When, loth poor WELLESLEY to condemn, he
 "With nice discrimination weigh'd,
 "Whether 'twas only 'Hell and Jemmy,'
 "Or 'Hell and Tommy' that he play'd.

"No, no, my worthy beaver, no —
 "Though cheapen'd at the cheapest hatter's,

* "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below and gods above,
 For Love is Heav'n and Heav'n is Love." — SCOTT.

† "*Brim* — a naughty woman." — GROSE.

‡ "*Ghost* [beneath] — Swear!

"*Hamlet* — Ha, ha! say'st thou so? Art thou there, True
 penny? Come on."

§ His Lordship's demand for fresh affidavits was incessant.

“And smart enough, as beavers go,
“Thou ne’er wert made for public matters.”

Here Wig concluded his oration,
Looking, as wigs do, wondrous wise;
While thus, full cock’d for declamation,
The veteran Hat enrag’d replies:—

“Ha! dost thou then so soon forget
“What thou, what England owes to me?
“Ungrateful Wig!—when will a debt,
“So deep, so vast, be owed to thee?

“Think of that night, that fearful night,
“When, through the steaming vault below,
“Our master dar’d, in gout’s despite,
“To venture his podagric toe!

“Who was it then, thou boaster, say,
“When thou had’st to thy box sneak’d off,
“Beneath his feet protecting lay,
“And sav’d him from a mortal cough?

“Think, if Catarrh had quench’d that sun,
“How blank this world had been to thee!
“Without that head to shine upon,
“Oh Wig, where would thy glory be?

“You, too, ye Britons,—had this hope
“Of Church and state been ravish’d from ye,

" Oh think, how Canning and the Pope
 " Would then have play'd up 'Hell and Tom-
 my!'

" At sea, there's but a plank, they say,
 " 'Twixt seamen and annihilation ;
 " A Hat, that awful moment, lay
 " 'Twixt England and Emancipation !

" Oh!!!——"

At this " Oh!!! " *The Times'* Re-
 porter
 Was taken poorly, and retir'd ;
 Which made him cut Hat's rhetoric shorter,
 Than justice to the case requir'd.

On his return, he found these shocks
 Of eloquence all ended quite ;
 And Wig lay snoring in his box,
 And Hat was — hung up for the night.

THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

* To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of Salmagundi, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 ryals, besides the revenue of the *Locusts* and *Periwinkles*, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,485,768," etc. etc. — RABELAIS.

"HURRA! hurra!" I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Laird of Salmagundi went,
To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich,
Or *thought* they were — no matter which —
For, every year, the Revenue *
From their Periwinkles larger grew;
And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick
And legerdemain of arithmetic,
Knew how to place, 1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,
Such various ways, behind, before,
That they made a unit seem a score,
And prov'd themselves most wealthy men!
So, on they went, a prosperous crew,
The people wise, the rulers clever —
And God help those, like me and you,

* Accented as in Swift's line —

"Not so a nation's revenues are paid."

Who dar'd to doubt (as some now do)
That the Periwinkle Revenue
Would thus go flourishing on for ever.

“Hurra! hurra!” I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Great Panurge in glory went
To open his own dear Parliament.

But folks at length began to doubt
What all this conjuring was about;
For, every day, more deep in debt
They saw their wealthy rulers get:—
“Let's look (said they) the items through,
“And see if what we're told be true
“Of our Periwinkle Revenue.”

But, lord! they found there wasn't a tittle
Of truth in aught they heard before;
For, they gain'd by Periwinkles little,
And lost by Locusts ten times more!

These Locusts are a lordly breed
Some Salmagundians love to feed.
Of all the beasts that ever were born,
Your Locust most delights in *corn*;
And, though his body be but small,
To fatten him takes the dev'l and all!
“Oh fie! oh fie!” was now the cry,
As they saw the gaudy show go by.
And the Laird of Salmagundi went
To open his Locust Parliament!

NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

BATCH THE FIRST.

"His 'prentice han'
He tried on man,
And then he made the lasses."

1827.

"AND now," quoth the Minister, (eas'd of his panics,
And ripe for each pastime the summer affords,)
"Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics,
"By way of *set-off*, let us make a few Lords.

"Tis pleasant — while nothing but mercantile
fractures,
"Some simple, some *compound*, is dinn'd in our
ears —
"To think that, though robb'd of all coarse manu-
factures,
"We still have our fine manufacture of Peers; —

"Those *Gobelin* productions, which Kings take a
pride
"In engrossing the whole fabrication and trade of;
"Choice tapestry things, very grand on *one* side,
"But showing, on t'other, what rags they are
made of."

The plan being fix'd, raw material was sought, —
No matter how middling, if Tory the creed be;

And first, to begin with, Squire W——, 'twas
thought,

For a Lord was as raw a material as need be.

Next came, with his *penchant* for painting and pelf,
The tasteful Sir Charles,* so renowned, far and
near,

For purchasing pictures, and selling himself—

And *both* (as the public well knows) very dear.

Beside him Sir John comes, with equal *éclat*, in ;—

Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we
measure ye ;

Both connoisseur baronets, both fond of *drawing*,

Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles, on the Treas-
ury.

But, bless us !— behold a new candidate come —

In his hand he upholds a prescription, new written ;

He poiseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and thumb,

And he asketh a seat 'mong the Peers of Great
Britain !!

“ Forbid it,” cried Jenky, “ ye Viscounts, ye Earls !—

“ Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall disenchanted,

“ If coronets glisten'd with pills 'stead of pearls,

“ And the strawberry-leaves were by rhubarb
supplanted !

* Created Lord Farnborough.

"No — ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor Holford —

"If nought but a Peerage can gladden thy life,

"And young Master Holford as yet is too small for't,

"Sweet Doctor, we'll make a *she* Peer of thy wife.

"Next to bearing a coronet on our *own* brows,

"Is to bask in its light from the brows of another ;

"And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,

"As o'er Vesey Fitzgerald 'twill shine through
his mother." *

Thus ended the *First* Batch — and Jenky, much tir'd

(It being no joke to make Lords by the heap),

Took a large dram of ether — the same that inspir'd

His speech 'gainst the Papists — and pros'd off to
sleep.

* Among the persons mentioned as likely to be raised to the
Peerage are the mother of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, etc.

SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA * QUESTION.

BY LORD ELDON.

"*Vos inumbrelles video.*" † — *Ex Juvenil.* GEORGE CANNING.

1827.

My Lords, I'm accus'd of a trick that, God knows, is
The last into which, at my age, I could fall —
Of leading this grave House of Peers, by their noses,
Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all.

My Lords, on the question before us at present,
No doubt I shall hear, "T is that cursed old fellow,
"That bugbear of all that is lib'ral and pleasant,
"Who wo'n't let the Lords give the man his um-
brella!"

God forbid that your Lordships should knuckle to
me;

I am ancient — but were I as old as King Priam,

* A case which interested the public very much at this period. A gentleman of the name of Bell, having left his umbrella behind him in the House of Lords, the doorkeepers (standing, no doubt, on the privileges of that noble body) refused to restore it to him; and the above speech, which may be considered as a *pendant* to that of the Learned Earl on the Catholic Question, arose out of the transaction.

† From Mr. Canning's translation of Jekyl's —

"I say, my good fellows,
As you 've no umbrellas."

Not much, I confess, to your credit 't would be,
To mind such a twaddling old Trojan as I am.

I own, of our Protestant laws I am jealous,
And, long as God spares me, will always maintain,
That, *once* having taken men's rights, or umbrellas,
We ne'er should consent to restore them again.

What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers,
If thus you give back Mr. Bell's paraplue,
That he may n't, with its stick, come about all your
ears,
And then — *where* would your Protestant periwigs
be?

No, heav'n be my judge, were I dying to-day,
Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a medlar that's
mellow,
"For God's sake" — at that awful moment I'd say —
"For God's sake, *don't* give Mr. Bell his um-
brella."

["This address," says a ministerial journal, "delivered with amazing emphasis and earnestness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in the House. Nothing since the memorable address of the Duke of York has produced so remarkable an impression."]

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY JOHN BULL.

Dublin, March 12, 1827.—Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic Question, in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridge to the different garrisons round the country.—*Freeman's Journal.*

I HAVE found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely content her ;—
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing !
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,
But ill she her wants understood ;—
Ball cartridges, morning and night,
Is a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives
But we read, in some amiable trials,
How husbands make love to their wives
Through the medium of hemp and of phials.

One thinks, with his mistress or mate
A good halter is sure to agree—
That love-knot which, early and late,
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While *another*, whom Hymen has bless'd
With a wife that is not over placid,

Consigns the dear charmer to rest,
With a dose of the best Prussic acid.

Thus, Erin! my love do I show —
Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!
And, as poison and hemp are too slow —
Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be shaken,
Ask Roden, that mildest of saints;
He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,
Alone can remove thy complaints; —

That, blest as thou art in thy lot,
Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant
But being hang'd, tortur'd, and shot,
Much oft'ner than thou art at present.

Even Wellington's self hath averr'd
Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,
And I lov'd him the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,
Dear partner, I herewith inclose;
'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills,
From Cromwell to Eldon, propose.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,
How I wish that, before you set out,

The *Devil* of the Freischutz could know,
The good work you are going about.

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,
Into such supernatural wit,
That you'd all of you know, as you sped,
Where a bullet of sense *ought* to hit.



A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE.*

Regnis ex-sul ademptis.

VIRG.

1827.

To Swanage — that neat little town, in whose bay
Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver slippers —
Lord Bags † took his annual trip t' other day,
To taste the sea breezes, and chat with the dippers.

There — learn'd as he is in conundrums and laws —
Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft plays the
wag on),

“Why are chancery suitors like bathers?” — “Be-
cause

“Their *suits* are *put off*, till — they have n't a rag
on.”

* A small bathing-place on the coast of Dorsetshire, long a
favourite summer resort of the ex-nobleman in question, and,
~~in~~ *this season*, much frequented also by gentlemen of the church.

† The Lord Chancellor Eldon.

Thus on he went chatting — but, lo, while he chata,
 With a face full of wonder around him he looks ;
 For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel hats,
 Who used to flock round him at Swanage like rooks.

“How is this, Lady Bags? — to this region aquatic
 “Last year they came swarming, to make me their
 bow,
 “As thick as Burke’s cloud o’er the vales of Carnatic,
 “Deans, Rectors, D. D.’s — where the dev’l are
 they now?”

“My dearest Lord Bags!” saith his dame, “*can*
 you doubt?
 “I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant;
 “But *do n’t* you perceive, dear, the Church have
 found out
 “That you’re one of the people call’d *Ex*’s, at
 present?”

“Ah, true — you have hit it — I *am*, indeed, one
 “Of those ill-fated *Ex*’s (his Lordship replies),
 “And, with tears, I confess — God forgive me the
 pun! —
 “We *X*’s have proved ourselves *not* to be *Y*’s.”

WO! WO!*

Wo, wo unto him who would check or disturb it—
That beautiful Light, which is now on its way;
Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bogs of Belturbet,
Now brightens sweet Ballinafad with its ray!

Oh Farnham, Saint Farnham, how much do we owe
thee!

How form'd to all tastes are thy various employs!
The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know thee,
The young, as an amateur scourger of boys.

Wo, wo to the man, who such doings would
smother! —

On, Luther of Cavan! On, Saint of Kilgroggy!
With whip in one hand, and with Bible in 't other,
Like Mungo's tormentor, both "preachee and
floggee."

Come, Saints from all quarters, and marshal his way;
Come, Lorton, who, scorning profane erudition,
Popp'd Shakspeare, they say, in the river, one day,
Though 't was only old Bowdler's *Velluti* edition.

* Suggested by a speech of the Bishop of Chester on the subject of the New Reformation in Ireland, in which his Lordship denounced "Wo! Wo! Wo!" pretty abundantly on all those who dared to interfere with its progress.

Come, Roden, who doubtest — so mild are thy
views —

Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;
Who leav'st to poor Paddy no medium to choose,
"Twixt good *old* Rebellion and *new* Reformation.

What more from her Saints can Hibernia require?
St. Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful daughter,
Supplied her, 'tis said, with perpetual fire,*
And Saints keep her, *now*, in eternal hot water.

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,
Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to await us,
When, bless'd with an orthodox crop every year,
We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast as *pota-*
toes.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,
Had been trying their talent for many a day;
Till Farnham, when all had been tried, came to
show,
Like the German flea-catcher, "anoder goot way."

And nothing's more simple than Farnham's re-
ceipt; —

"Catch your Catholic, first — soak him well in
poteen — †

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare.

† Whiskey.

"Add *salary* sauce,* and the thing is complete
 "You may serve up your Protestant, smoking and
 clean."

"Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh at such
 cookery!"

Thus, from his perch, did I hear a black crow †
 Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery
 Open'd their bills, and re-echo'd "Wo! wo!"

TOUT POUR LA TRIPE.

"If, in China or among the natives of India, we claimed civil advantages which were connected with religious usages, little as we might value those forms in our hearts, we should think common decency required us to abstain from treating them with offensive contumely; and, though unable to consider them sacred, we would not sneer at the name of *Fot*, or laugh at the imputed divinity of *Vishnou*." — *Courier*, Tuesday, Jan. 16.

1827.

Come, take my advice, never trouble your cranium,
 When "civil advantages" are to be gain'd,
 What god or what goddess may help to obtain you
 'em,
 Hindoo or Chinese, so they're only obtain'd.

* "We understand that several applications have lately been made to the Protestant clergymen of this town by fellows, inquiring 'What are they giving a head for converts?'" — *Wesford Post*.

† Of the rook species — *Corvus frugilegus*, i. e. a great consumer of corn.

In this world (let me hint in your organ auricular)
 All the good things to good hypocrites fall;
 And he, who in swallowing creeds is particular,
 Soon will have nothing to swallow at all.

Oh place me where *Fo* (or, as some call him, *Fot*)
 Is the god, from whom "civil advantages" flow,
 And you'll find, if there's any thing snug to be got,
 I shall soon be on excellent terms with old *Fo*.

Or were I where *Vishnu*, that four-handed god,
 Is the quadruple giver of pensions and places,
 I own I should feel it unchristian and odd
 Not to find myself also in *Vishnu's* good graces.

For, among all the gods that humanely attend
 To our wants in this planet, the gods to *my* wishes
 Are those that, like *Vishnu* and others, descend
 In the form, so attractive, of loaves and of fishes!*

So, take my advice — for, if even the devil
 Should tempt men again as an idol to try him,
 'Twere best for us Tories, even then, to be civil,
 As nobody doubts we should get something by
 him.

* *Vishnu* was (as Sir W. Jones calls him) "a pisciform god,"
 — his first Avater being in the shape of a fish.

ENIGMA.

Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.

COME, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,
And tell me what my name may be.
I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,
And therefore no chicken, as you may suppose ; —
Though a dwarf in my youth (as my nurses have
told),
I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrowing my
clothes ;
Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I stand,
That, if folks were to furnish me now with a suit,
It would take ev'ry morsel of *scrip* in the land
But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot.
Hence, they who maintain me, grown sick of my
stature,
To cover me nothing but *rags* will supply ;
And the doctors declare that, in due course of na-
ture,
About the year 30 in *rags* I shall die.
Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated around,
An object of *in'trest*, most painful, to all ;
In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I'm found,
Holding citizen, peasant, and king in my thrall.
Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree,
Come, tell me what my name may be.

When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er his
book,

Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw,
O'er his shoulders with large cipher eyeballs I look,
And down drops the pen from his paralyz'd paw!
When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Waterloo,
And expects through *another* to caper and prank it,
You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out "Boo!"
How he hides his brave Waterloo head in the
blanket.

When mighty Belshazzar brims high in the hall
His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's overthrow,
Lo, "*Eight Hundred Millions*" I write on the wall,
And the cup falls to earth and — the gout to his
toe!

But the joy of my heart is when largely I cram
My maw with the fruits of the Squirearchy's
acres,
And, knowing who made me the thing that I am,
Like the monster of Frankenstein, worry my
makers.

Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,
And tell, if thou know'st, who *I* may be.

DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY A DANDY KEPT IN TOWN.

"*Vox elefantis in deserto.*"

1827.

SAID Malthus, one day, to a clown
Lying stretch'd on the beach, in the sun, —
"What's the number of souls in this town?" —
"The number! Lord bless you, there's none.

"We have nothing but *dabs* in this place,
"Of *them* a great plenty there are; —
"But the *soles*, please your rev'rence and *grace*,
"Are all t'other side of the bar."

And so 'tis in London just now,
Not a soul to be seen, up or down; —
Of *dabs* a great glut, I allow,
But your *soles*, every one, out of town.

East or west, nothing wond'rous or new,
No courtship or scandal, worth knowing;
Mrs. B——, and a Mermaid* or two,
Are the only loose fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,
That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?

* One of the shows of London.

Where, Eldon, art thou, with thy tears?
And thou, with thy sense, Londonderry?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May'r,
In the dog-days, with *thee* must be puzzled! —
It being his task to take care
That such animals shan't go unmuzzled.

Thou, too, whose political toils
Are so worthy a captain of horse —
Whose amendments * (like honest Sir Boyle's)
Are "*amendments*, that make matters *worse*;" †

Great Chieftain, who takest such pains
To prove — what is granted, *nem. con.* —
With how mod'rate a portion of brains
Some heroes contrive to get on.

And, thou, too, my Redesdale, ah, where
Is the peer, with a star at his button,
Whose *quarters* could ever compare
With Redesdale's five quarters of mutton? ‡

* More particularly his Grace's celebrated amendment to the Corn Bill; for which, and the circumstances connected with it, see Annual Register for A. D. 1827.

† From a speech of Sir Boyle Roche's, in the Irish House of Commons.

‡ The learning his Lordship displayed, on the subject of the butcher's "fifth quarter" of mutton, will not speedily be forgotten.

Why, why have ye taken your flight,
 Ye diverting and dignified crew?
 How ill do three farces a night,
 At the Haymarket, pay us for you!

For, what is Bombastes to thee,
 My Ellenbro', when thou look'st big?
 Or, where's the burletta can be
 Like Lauderdale's wit, and his wig?

I doubt if ev'n Griffinhoof* could
 (Though Griffin's a comical lad)
 Invent any joke half so good
 As that precious one, "This is too bad!"

Then come again, come again, Spring!
 Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;
 And — of all things the funniest — bring
 These exalted Grimaldis again!

* The *nom de guerre* under which Colman has written some
 of his best farces.

THE "LIVING DOG" AND "THE DEAD
LION."

1828.

NEXT week will be publish'd (as "Lives" are the
rage)

The whole Reminiscences, wond'rous and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog, that liv'd once in the cage
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"
'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;
And few dogs have such opportunities had
Of knowing how Lions behave — among friends;

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog
thinks

That the Lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well — this the puppy
allows —

It was all, he says, borrow'd — all second-hand
roar;

And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Oynic* could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits

Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)
With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,
And — does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their
kitchen, [dead.
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when
T. PIDCOCK.

Exeter 'Change.



ODE TO DON MIGUEL.

Et tu, Brute!

1828.*

WHAT! Miguel, *not* patriotic? oh, fy!
After so much good teaching 't is quite a *take-in*,
Sir; —
First school'd, as you were, under Metternich's eye,
And then (as young misses say) "finish'd" at
Windsor! †

* At the commencement of this year, the designs of Don Miguel and his partisans against the constitution established by his brother had begun more openly to declare themselves.

† Don Miguel had paid a visit to the English court, at the close of the year 1827.

I ne'er in my life knew a case that was harder ; —
 Such feasts as you had, when you made us a call !
 Three courses each day from his Majesty's larder, —
 And now, to turn absolute Don, after all !!

Some authors, like Bayes, to the style and the matter
 Of each thing they *write* suit the way that they
dine,
 Roast sirloin for Epic, broil'd devils for Satire,
 And hotchpotch and *trifle* for rhymes such as mine.

That Rulers should feed the same way, I've no
 doubt ; —
 Great Despots on *bouilli* serv'd up à la Russe,*
 Your small German Princes on frogs and sour crout,
 And your Vice-roy of Hanover always on *goose*.

Some Dons, too, have fancied (though this may be
 fable)
 A dish rather dear, if, in cooking, they blunder
 it ; —
 Not content with the common *hot* meat on a table,
 They're partial (eh, Mig?) to a dish of *cold* under
 it ! †

* Dressed with a pint of the strongest spirits — a favourite dish of the Great Frederick of Prussia, and which he persevered in eating even on his death-bed, much to the horror of his physician Zimmerman.

† This quiet case of murder, with all its particulars — the hiding the body under the dinner-table, etc. etc. — is, no doubt well known to the reader.

No wonder a Don of such appetites found
 Even Windsor's collations plebeianly plain ;
 Where the dishes most *high* that my Lady sends
 round
 Are her *Maintenon* cutlets and soup *à la Reine*.

Alas ! that a youth with such charming beginnings,
 Should sink, all at once, to so sad a conclusion,
 And, what is still worse, throw the losings and win-
 nings
 Of worthies on 'Change into so much confusion !

The Bulls, in hysterics — the Bears just as bad —
 The few men who *have*, and the many who've *not*
 tick,
 All shock'd to find out that that promising lad,
 Prince Metternich's pupil, is — *not* patriotic !



THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

1828.

OFt have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,
 Some well-rouged youth round Astley's Circus ride
 Two stately steeds — standing, with graceful straddle,
 Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,
 While to soft tunes — some jigs, and some *an-*
dantes —
 He steers around his light-paced Rosinantes.

So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant,
 That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present; —
Papist and *Protestant* the coursers twain,
 That lend their necks to his impartial rein,
 And round the ring — each honour'd, as they go,
 With equal pressure from his gracious toe —
 To the old medley tune, half "Patrick's Day"
 And half "Boyne Water," take their cantering way
 While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks
 His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubtful hacks.

Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art!
 How blest, if neither steed would bolt or start; —
 If *Protestant's* old restive tricks were gone,
 And *Papist's* winkers could be still kept on!
 But no, false hopes — not ev'n the great Ducrow
 'Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an overthrow:
 If *solar* hacks play'd Phaëton a trick,
 What hope, alas, from hackneys *lunatic*?

If once my Lord his graceful balance loses,
 Or fails to keep each foot where each horse chooses;
 If Peel but gives one *extra* touch of whip
 To *Papist's* tail or *Protestant's* ear-tip —
 That instant ends their glorious horsemanship!
 Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief free,
 And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea!

THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

A DREAM.

"Cio che si perde qui, là si raguna." ARIOSO.

"—— a valley, where he sees
Things that on earth were lost." MURON.

1828.

KNOW'ST thou not him * the poet sings,
Who flew to the moon's serene domain,
And saw that valley, where all the things,
That vanish on earth, are found again —
The hopes of youth, the resolves of age,
The vow of the lover, the dream of the sage,
The golden visions of mining cites,
The promises great men strew about them;
And, pack'd in compass small, the wits
Of monarchs, who rule as well without them! —
Like him, but diving with wing profound,
I have been to a Limbo under ground,
Where characters lost on earth, (and *cried*,
In vain, like H—rr—s's, far and wide,)
In heaps, like yesterday's orts, are thrown,
And there, so worthless and fly-blown,
That even the imps would not purloin them,
Lie, till their worthy owners join them.

* Astolpho.

Curious it was to see this mass
 Of lost and torn-up reputations ; —
 Some of them female wares, alas,
 Mislaid at *innocent* assignations ;
 Some, that had sigh'd their last amen
 From the canting lips of saints that would be ;
 And some once own'd by "the best of men,"
 Who had prov'd — no better than they should be.
 'Mong others, a poet's fame I spied,
 Once shining fair, now soak'd and black —
 "No wonder" (an imp at my elbow cried),
 "For I pick'd it out of a butt of sack!"

Just then a yell was heard o'er head,
 Like a chimney-sweeper's lofty summons ;
 And lo ! a dev'l right downward sped,
 Bringing, within his claws so red,
 Two statesmen's characters, found, he said,
 Last night, on the floor of the House of Commons
 The which, with black official grin,
 He now to the Chief Imp handed in ; —
Both these articles much the worse
 For their journey down, as you may suppose ;
 But *one* so devilish rank — "Odd's curse !" —
 Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose.

"Ho, ho !" quoth he, "I know full well
 "From whom these two stray matters fell ;" —
 Then, casting away, with loathful shrug,
 The' uncleaner waif (as he would a drug

The' Invisible's own dark hand had mix'd),
 His gaze on the other * firm he fix'd,
 And trying, though mischief laugh'd in his eye,
 To be moral, because of the *young* imps by,
 "What a pity!" he cried — "so fresh its gloss,
 "So long preserv'd — 'tis a public loss!
 "This comes of a man, the careless blockhead,
 "Keeping his character in his pocket;
 "And there — without considering whether
 "There's room for that and his gains together —
 "Cramming, and cramming, and cramming away,
 "Till — out slips character some fine day!

"However" — and here he view'd it round —
 "This article still may pass for sound.
 "Some flaws, soon patch'd, some stains are all
 "The harm it has had in its luckless fall.
 "Here, Puck!" — and he call'd to one of his train —
 "The owner may have this back again.
 "Though damag'd for ever, if us'd with skill,
 "It may serve, perhaps, to *trade on* still;
 "Though the gem can never, as once, be set,
 "It will do for a Tory Cabinet."

* Huskisson.

HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

Qui facit per alium facit per se.

MONG our neighbours, the French, in the good olden
time

When Nobility flourish'd, great Barons and Dukes
Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,
But ne'er took the trouble to write their own
books.

Poor devils were found to do this for their betters ; —
And, one day, a Bishop addressing a *Blue*,
Said, "Ma'am, have you read my new Pastoral
Letters?"

To which the *Blue* answer'd—"No, Bishop, have
you?"

The same is now done by *our* privileg'd class ;
And, to show you how simple the process it needs,
If a great Major-General* wishes to pass
For an author of History, thus he proceeds : —

First, scribbling his own stock of notions as well
As he can, with a *goose*-quill that claims him as *kin*,
He settles his neckcloth — takes snuff — rings the
bell,
And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.

* Or Lieutenant-General, as it may happen to be.

The Subaltern comes — sees his General seated,
 In all the self-glory of authorship swelling; —
 "There, look," saith his Lordship, "my work is
 completed, —
 "It wants nothing now, but the *grammar* and
 spelling."

Well used to a *breach*, the brave Subaltern dreads
 Awkward breaches of syntax a hundred times
 more;
 And, though often condemn'd to see breaking of
 heads,
 He had ne'er seen such breaking of Priscian's
 before.

However, the job's sure to *pay* — that's enough —
 So, to it he sets with his tinkering hammer,
 Convinc'd that there never was job half so tough
 As the mending a great Major-General's grammar.

But, lo, a fresh puzzlement starts up to view —
 New toil for the Sub. — for the Lord new expense:
 'Tis discover'd that mending his *grammar* wo'n't do,
 As the Subaltern also must find him in *sense*!

At last — even this is achieved by his aid;
 Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and — the story;
 Drums beat — the new Grand March of Intellect's
 play'd —
 And off struts my Lord, the Historian, in glory!

IMITATION OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

"Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali
 Di quà, di là, di giù, di su gli mena." *Inferno, canto 5.*

I TURN'D my steps, and lo, a shadowy throng
 Of ghosts came fluttering tow'rds me — blown along
 Like cockchafers in high autumnal storms,
 By many a fitful gust that through their forms
 Whistled, as on they came, with wheezy puff,
 And puff'd as — though they'd never puff enough.

"Whence and what are ye?" pitying I inquir'd
 Of these poor ghosts, who, tatter'd, tost, and tir'd
 With such eternal puffing, scarce could stand
 On their lean legs while answering my demand.
 "We once were authors" — thus the Sprite, who led
 This tag-rag regiment of spectres, said —
 "Authors of every sex, male, female, neuter,
 "Who, early smit with love of praise and — *pewter*,*
 "On C—lb—n's† shelves first saw the light of day,
 "In ———'s puffs exhal'd our lives away —
 "Like summer windmills, doom'd to dusty peace,
 "When the brisk gales, that lent them motion, cease
 "Ah, little knew we then what ills await
 "Much-lauded scribblers in their after-state ;

* The *classical* term for money.

† The reader may fill up this gap with any one of the *disreputable* publishers of London that occurs to him.

"Bepuff'd on earth — how loudly Str—t can tell —
 "And, dire reward, now doubly puff'd in hell!"

Touch'd with compassion for this ghastly crew,
 Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind sung through
 In mournful prose, — such prose as Rosa's * ghost
 Still, at the' accustom'd hour of eggs and toast,
 Sighs through the columns of the *Morning Post*, —
 Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who stood
 Foremost of all that flatulential brood,
 Singling a *she*-ghost from the party, said,
 "Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z.,†
 "One of our *letter'd* nymphs — excuse the pun —
 "Who gain'd a name on earth by — having none;
 "And whose initials would immortal be,
 "Had she but learn'd those plain ones, A. B. C.

"Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry and neat,
 "Wrapp'd in his own dead rhymes — fit winding-
 sheet —

"Still marvels much that not a soul should care
 "One single pin to know who wrote 'May Fair;'—
 "While this young gentleman," (here forth he drew
 A dandy spectre, puff'd quite through and through,
 As though his ribs were an Æolian lyre
 For the whole Row's soft *trade*-winds to inspire,)

* Rosa Matilda, who was for many years the writer of the
 political articles in the journal alluded to, and whose spirit still
 seems to preside — "regnat Rosa" — over its pages.

† Not the charming L. E. L., and still less, Mrs. F. H., whose
 poetry is among the most beautiful of the present day.

"This modest genius breath'd one wish alone,
 "To have his volume read, himself unknown;
 "But different far the course his glory took,
 "All knew the author, and — none read the book.

"Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,
 "Who rides the blast, Sir Jonah Barrington; —
 "In tricks to raise the wind his life was spent,
 "And now the wind returns the compliment.
 "This lady here, the Earl of ——'s sister,
 "Is a dead novelist; and this is Mister —
 "Beg pardon — *Honourable* Mister Lister,
 "A gentleman who, some weeks since, came over
 "In a smart puff (wind S. S. E.) to Dover.
 "Yonder behind us limps young Vivian Grey,
 "Whose life, poor youth, was long since blown
 away —
 "Like a torn paper-kite, on which the wind
 "No further purchase for a puff can find."

"And thou, thyself" — here, anxious, I exclaim'd —
 "Tell us, good ghost, how thou, thyself, art named."
 "Me, Sir!" he blushing cried — "Ah, there's the rub —
 "Know, then — a waiter once at Brooks's Club,
 "A waiter still I might have long remain'd,
 "And long the club-room's jokes and glasses drain'd
 "But, ah, in luckless hour, this last December,
 "I wrote a book,* and Colburn dubb'd me 'Member' —

* "History of the Clubs of London," announced as by "a Member of Brooks's."

" 'Member of Brooks's ! ' — oh Promethean puff,
 " To what wilt thou exalt even kitchen-stuff !
 " With crumbs of gossip, caught from dining wits,
 " And half-heard jokes, bequeath'd, like half-chew'
 bits,
 " To be, each night, the waiter's perquisites ; —
 " With such ingredients, serv'd up oft before,
 " But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd o'er,
 " I manag'd, for some weeks, to dose the town,
 " Till fresh reserves of nonsense ran me down ;
 " And, ready still even waiters' souls to damn,
 " The Devil but rang his bell, and — here I am ; —
 " Yes — ' Coming *up*, Sir,' once my favourite cry,
 " Exchang'd for ' Coming *down*, Sir,' here am I ! "

Scarce had the Spectre's lips these words let drop,
 When, lo, a breeze — such as from ——'s shop
 Blows in the vernal hour, when puffs prevail,
 And speeds the *sheets* and swells the lagging *sails* —
 Took the poor waiter rudely in the poop,
 And, whirling him and all his grisly group
 Of literary ghosts — Miss X. Y. Z. —
 The nameless author, better known than read —
 Sir Jo. — the Honourable Mr. Lister,
 And, last, not least, Lord Nobody's twin-sister —
 Blew them, ye gods, with all their prose and rhymes
 And sins about them, far into those climes
 " Where Peter pitch'd his waiscoat " * in old times,

* A *Dantesque* allusion to the old saying, " Nine miles beyer-
 Well, where Peter pitched his waistcoat."

Leaving me much in doubt, as on I prest,
 With my great master, through this realm unblest,
 Whether Old Nick or Colburn puffs the best.

LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD
 BATHURST'S TAIL.*

ALL *in* again — unlook'd for bliss !
 Yet, ah, *one* adjunct still we miss ; —
 One tender tie, attach'd so long
 To the same head through right and wrong.
 Why, Bathurst, why didst thou cut off
 That memorable tail of thine ?
 Why — as if *one* was not enough —
 Thy pig-tie with thy place resign,
 And thus, at once, both *cut* and *run* ?
 Alas, my Lord, 'twas not well done,
 'Twas not, indeed — though sad at heart,
 From office and its sweets to part,
 Yet hopes of coming in again,
 Sweet Tory hopes ! beguil'd our pain ;
 But thus to miss that tail of thine,
 Through long, long years our rallying sign —
 As if the State and all its powers
 By tenancy *in tail* were ours —

* The noble Lord, it is well known, cut off this much respected appendage, on his retirement from office some months since.

To see it thus by scissors fall,
This was "the' unkindest *cut* of all!"
 It seem'd as though the' ascendant day
 Of Toryism had pass'd away,
 And, proving Samson's story true,
 She lost her vigour with her *queue*.

Parties are much like fish, 'tis said —
 The tail directs them, not the head;
 Then, how could *any* party fail,
 That steer'd its course by Bathurst's tail?
 Not Murat's plume, through Wagram's fight,
 E'er shed such guiding glories from it,
 As erst, in all true Tories' sight,
 Blaz'd from our old Colonial comet!
 If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,
 (As Wellington will be anon)
 Thou might'st have had a tail to spare;
 But no, alas, thou hadst but one,
 And *that* — like Troy, or Babylon,
 A tale of other times — is gone!

Yet — weep ye not, ye Tories true —
 Fate has not yet of all bereft us;
 Though thus depriv'd of Bathurst's *queue*,
 We've Ellenborough's *curls* still left us; —
 Sweet curls, from which young Love, so vicious,
 His shots, as from nine-pounders, issues;
 Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,
 Surcharg'd with all a nation's fate,

His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God did,*
 And oft in thundering talk comes near him;—
 Except that, there, the *speaker* nodded,
 And here, 'tis only those who hear him.
 Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil
 Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,
 With plenty of Macassar oil,
 Through many a year your growth to nourish
 And, ah, should Time too soon unsheath
 His barbarous shears such locks to sever,
 Still dear to Tories, even in death,
 Their last, lov'd relics we'll bequeath,
 A *hair*-loom to our sons for ever.

THE CHERRIES.

A PARABLE.†

SEE those cherries, how they cover
 Yonder sunny garden wall;—
 Had they not that network over,
 Thieving birds would eat them all.

So, to guard our posts and pensions,
 Ancient sages wove a net,

* "Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod."

POPE's *Homer*.

† Written during the late discussion on the Test and Corporation Acts.

Through whose holes, of small dimensions,
Only *certain* knaves can get.

Shall we then this network widen?
Shall we stretch these sacred holes,
Through which, ev'n already, slide in
Lots of small dissenting souls?

"God forbid!" old *Testy* crieth;
"God forbid!" so echo I;
Every ravenous bird that flieth
Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,
And, behold, what bebies break in;—
Here, some curst old Popish crow
Pops his long and lickerish beak in;

Here, sly Arians flock unnumber'd,
And Socinians, slim and spare,
Who, with small belief encumber'd,
Slip in easy anywhere;—

Methodists, of birds the aptest,
Where there's *pecking* going on;
And that water-fowl, the Baptist—
All would share our fruits anon;

Ev'ry bird, of ev'ry city,
That, for years, with ceaseless din,

Hath revers'd the starling's ditty,
Singing out "I can't get in."

"God forbid!" old *Tasty* snivels;
"God forbid!" I echo too;
Rather may ten thousand d-v-ls
Seize the whole voracious crew!

If less costly fruit wo'n't suit 'em,
Hips and haws and such like berries,
Curse the corm'rants! stone 'em, shoot 'em,
Any thing — to save our cherries.



STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF
DEFEAT.*

1828.

Go seek for some abler defenders of wrong,
If we *must* run the gantlet through blood and ex-
pense;
Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude strong,
Be content with success, and pretend not to sense.

If the words of the wise and the gen'rous are vain,
If Truth by the bowstring *must* yield up her breath,
Let Mutes do the office — and spare her the pain
Of an Inglis or Tyndal to talk her to death.

* During the discussion of the Catholic question in the House of Commons last session.

Chain, persecute, plunder — do all that you will —
 But save us, at least, the old womanly lore
 Of a Foster, who, dully prophetic of ill,
 Is, at once, the *two* instruments, AUGUR* and
 BORE.

Bring legions of Squires — if they'll only be mute —
 And array their thick heads against reason and
 right,
 Like the Roman of old, of historic repute,† [fight;
 Who with droves of dumb animals carried the

Pour out, from each corner and hole of the Court,
 Your Bedchamber lordlings, your salaried slaves,
 Who, ripe for all job-work, no matter what sort,
 Have their consciences tack'd to their patents
 and staves.

Catch all the small fry who, as Juvenal sings,
 Are the Treasury's creatures, wherever they
 swim;‡
 With all the base, time-serving *toadies* of Kings,
 Who, if Punch were the monarch, would worship
 ev'n him;

And while, on the *one* side, each name of renown,
 That illumines and blesses our age is combin'd;

* This rhyme is more for the ear than the eye, as the carpenter's tool is spelt *auger*.

† Fabius, who sent droves of bullocks against the enemy.

‡ *Bes Fiscis est, ubique natat.* — JUVENAL.

122 SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

While the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Cannings look
down,

And drop o'er the cause their rich mantles of Mind;

Let bold Paddy Holmes show his troops on the
other,

And, counting of noses the quantum desir'd,

Let Paddy but say, like the Gracchi's fam'd mother,

"Come forward, my *jewels*"—'tis all that's re-
quir'd.

And thus let your farce be enacted hereafter—

Thus honestly persecute, outlaw, and chain;

But spare ev'n your victims the torture of laughter,

And never, oh never, try *reasoning* again!



ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

BY ONE OF THE BOARD.

LET other bards to groves repair,

Where linnets strain their tuneful throats,

Mine be the Woods and Forests, where

The Treasury pours its sweeter *notes*.

No whispering winds have charms for me,

Nor zephyr's balmy sighs I ask;

To raise the wind for Royalty

Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task!

And, 'stead of crystal brooks and floods,
 And all such vulgar irrigation,
 Let Gallic rhino through our Woods
 Divert its "course of liquid-ation."

Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well
 What Woods and Forests *ought* to be,
 When, sly, he introduc'd in hell
 His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree : —*

Nor see I why, some future day,
 When short of cash, we should not send
 Our Herries down — he knows the way —
 To see if Woods in hell will *lend*.

Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,
 Beneath whose "*branches* of expense"
 Our gracious King gets all he wants, —
Except a little taste and sense.

Long, in your golden shade reclin'd,
 Like him of fair Armida's bowers,
 May Wellington some *wood*-nymph find,
 To cheer his dozenth lustrum's hours ;

To rest from toil the Great Untaught,
 And soothe the pangs his warlike brain
 Must suffer, when, unus'd to thought,
 It tries to think, and — tries in vain.

* Called by Virgil, botanically, "*species auri frondentia*."

Oh long may Woods and Forests be
 Preserv'd, in all their teeming graces,
 To shelter Tory bards, like me,
 Who take delight in Sylvan *places* ! *



STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF THE
 SHANNON.†

1828.

"Take back the virgin page."

MOORE'S *Irish Melodies*.

No longer, dear Vesey, feel hurt and uneasy
 At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,
 That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my Vesey,
 And he, the dear, innocent placeman, another.‡

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee ; —
 Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more ;
 By St. Patrick, we've scrawl'd such a lesson upon
 thee
 As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap before.

* Tu facis, ut *silvas*, ut *amem loca* —

OVID.

† These verses were suggested by the result of the Clare election, in the year 1828, when the Right Honourable W. Vesey Fitzgerald was rejected, and Mr. O'Connell returned.

‡ Some expressions to this purport, in a published letter of one of these gentlemen, had then produced a good deal of amusement.

Come — on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,
(Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply would
lend you,)

Read Vesey all o'er (as you *can't* read a book)
And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send
you ;

A lesson, in large *Roman* characters trac'd,
Whose awful impressions from you and your kin
Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effac'd —
Unless, 'stead of *paper*, you 're mere *asses' skin*.

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,
Could I risk a translation, you *should* have a rare
one ;

But pen against sabre is desperate odds,
And you, my Lord Duke (as you *hinted* once),
wear one.

Again and again I say, read Vesey o'er ; —
You will find him worth all the old scrolls of
papyrus,
That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,
Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to tire
us.

All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,
Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and
Dukes,

Whose plain, simple drift if they *wo'n't* understand,
 Though caress'd at St. James's, they're fit for St.
 Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls! — more meaning convey'd is

In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,
 Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies
 That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eldon.



THE ANNUAL PILL.

Supposed to be sung by OLD PROSY, the Jew, in the character of
 Major CARTWRIGHT.

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
 Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?
 Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
 Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!
 'Tis so pretty a bolus! — just down let it go,
 And, at vonce, such a *radical* shange you vill see,
 Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in de show,
 If your heads all vere found, vere your tailsh
 ought to be!
 Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, etc.

'T will cure all Electors, and purge away clear
 Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in deir hands —

'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dulness, ma tear,
Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister
VAN's.

Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not reach —
Give the Sinecure Shentleman von little grain,
Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on de leech,
And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence,
up again!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, etc.

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint —
But, among oder tings *fundamentally* wrong,
It will cure de *Proad Pottom* * — a common com-
plaint

Among M. P.'s and weavers — from *sitting* too
long.

Should symptoms of *speeching* preak out on a dunce
(Vat is often de case), it vill stop de disease,
And pring away all de long speeches at vonce,
Dat else vould, like tape-worms, come by degrees!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!

* Meaning, I presume, *Coalition* Administrations.

"IF" AND "PERHAPS." *

OH tidings of freedom ! oh accents of hope !

Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,
And refresh with their sounds every son of the Pope,
From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghadee.

"*If* mutely the slave will endure and obey,
"Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,
"His masters, *perhaps*, at some far distant day,
"May *think* (tender tyrants !) of loosening his
chains."

Wise "if" and "perhaps !" — precious salve for our
wounds,

If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mutes,
Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that re-
sounds,

Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's.

But, no, 'tis in vain — the grand impulse is given —
Man knows his high Charter, and knowing will
claim ;

* Written after hearing a celebrated speech in the House of Lords, June 10, 1828, when the motion in favour of Catholic Emancipation, brought forward by the Marquis of Lansdowne was rejected by the House of Lords.

And if ruin *must* follow where fetters are riven,
 Be theirs, who have forg'd them, the guilt and
 the shame.

'If the slave will be silent!' — vain Soldier, be-
 ware —

There *is* a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,
 When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair,
 But clings round the heart with a deadlier
 gloom; —

When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's
 cheek,

Gives place to th' avenger's pale resolute hue;
 And the tongue, that once threaten'd, disdaining to
speak,

Consigns to the arm the high office — to *do*.

If men, in that silence, should think of the hour,

When proudly their fathers in panoply stood,
 Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power
 To the despot on land and the foe on the flood: —

That hour, when a Voice had come forth from the
 west

To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant alarms
 And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the op-
 prest,

That kings are as dust before freemen in arms!

If, awfuller still, the mute slave should recall
 That dream of his boyhood, when Freedom's
 sweet day
 At length seem'd to break through a long night of
 thrall,
 And Union and Hope went abroad in its ray ; —

If Fancy should tell him, that Day-spring of Good,
 Though swiftly its light died away from his chain,
 Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,
 Now wants but invoking to shine out again ; —

If — *if*, I say — breathings like these should come
 o'er
 The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they
 come,
 Then, *perhaps* — *ay, perhaps* — but I dare not say
 more ;
 Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute —
 I am dumb.

WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

A BALLAD.

Air. — "*Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear.*"

Salvete, fratres Asini. ST. FRANCIS.

WRITE on, write on, ye Barons dear,
 Ye Dukes, write hard and fast;
 The good we've sought for many a year
 Your quills will bring at last.
 One letter more, Newcastle, pen,
 To match Lord Kenyon's *two*,
 And more than Ireland's host of men,
 One brace of Peers will do.
 Write on, write on, etc.

Sure, never, since the precious use
 Of pen and ink began,
 Did letters, writ by fools, produce
 Such signal good to man.
 While intellect, 'mong high and low,
 Is marching *on*, they say,
 Give *me* the Dukes and Lords, who go,
 Like crabs, the *other* way.
 Write on, write on, etc.

Ev'n now I feel the coming light —
 Ev'n now, could Folly lure

My Lord Mountcashel, too, to write,
 Emancipation's sure.
 By geese (we read in history),
 Old Rome was sav'd from ill;
 And now, to *quills* of geese, we see,
 Old Rome indebted still.
 Write on, write on, etc.

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,
 Nor beat for sense about —
 Things, little worth a Noble's while,
 You're better far without.
 Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,
 Such miracles were done;
 For, write but four such letters more,
 And Freedom's cause is won!

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE

"The parting Genius is with sighing sent." MURROW.

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;
 I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,
 From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,
 And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
 "Great Tithe and Small are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,
 Ye Tenths of all conceivable things,

Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,
 Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,*
 After the feast of fruit abhorr'd —
 First indigestion on record! —
 Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,
 Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,
 Or of Calvin's most select deprav'd,
 In the Church must have your bacon sav'd; —
 Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,
 And, whatsoever *himself* believes,
 Must bow to the' Establish'd *Church* belief,
 That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf; —
 Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven
 Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven; †
 Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,
 Eggs, ‡ timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;
 All things, in short, since earth's creation,
 Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,
 To suffer eternal decimation —
 Leaving the whole *lay*-world, since then,
 Reduc'd to nine parts out of ten;

* A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an Essay on the *Revenues* of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to "some unrecorded revelation made to Adam."

† "The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven he shall have one." — REES's *Cyclopædia*, art. "*Tithes*."

‡ Chaucer's *Plowman* complains of the parish rectors that

"For the tithing of a duck,
 Or an apple, or an aye (egg),
 They make him swear upon a boke;
 Thus they foulen Christ's fay."

Or — as we calculate thefts and arsons —
 Just *ten per cent.* the worse for Parsons!
 Alas, and is all this wise device
 For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice? —
 The whole put down, in the simplest way,
 By the souls resolving *not* to pay!
 And even the Papists, thankless race,
 Who have had so much the easiest case —
 To *pay* for our sermons doom'd, 'tis true,
 But not condemn'd to *hear them*, too —
 (Our holy business being, 'tis known,
 With the ears of their barley, not their *own*,)
 Even *they* object to let us pillage,
 By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
 And, horror of horrors, even decline
 To find us in sacramental wine! *

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,
 Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,
 Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,
 And make of his flock "a prey and meat." †
 No more shall be his the pastoral sport
 Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,
 Through various steps, Citation, Libel —
Scriptures all, but *not* the Bible;

* Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

† Ezekiel, xxxiv. 10. — "Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them."

Working the Law's whole apparatus,
To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,
And summoning all the powers of wig,
To settle the fraction of a pig! —
Till, parson and all committed deep
In the case of "Shepherds *versus* Sheep,"
The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,
While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
For *tenths* thus all at *sizes* and *sevens*,
Seeking what parsons love no less
Than tragic poets — a good *distress*.
Instead of studying St. Augustin,
Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin
(Books fit only to hoard dust in),
His reverence stints his evening readings
To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,
Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
Which forms his only *ancient* study; —
Port so old, you'd swear its tartar
Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
And, had he sipp'd of such, no doubt
His martyrdom would have been — to gout.

Is all then lost? — alas, too true —
Ye Tenth's belov'd, adieu, adieu!
My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er —
Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.

"We are told that the bigots are growing old and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let us die in peace?"—LORD BEXLEY'S *Letter to the Freeholders of Kent*.

STOP, Intellect, in mercy stop,
Ye curst improvements, cease;
And let poor Nick Vansittart drop
Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun,
Young Freedom, veil thy head;
Let nothing good be thought or done,
Till Nick Vansittart's dead!

Take pity on a dotard's fears,
Who much doth light detest;
And let his last few drivelling years
Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,
Speed not so fast away—
Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,
A few months longer stay.*

Together soon, or much I err,
You *both* from life may go—

* Perituræ parcere chartæ.

The notes unto the scavenger,
And Nick — to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,
Be all reforms suspended ;
In compliment to dear old Van,
Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,
Your cry politely cease,
And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings
That Van may die in peace.

So shall he win a fame sublime
By few old rag-men gain'd ;
Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,
Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.

So shall his name through ages past,
And dolts ungotten yet,
Date from "the days of Nicholas,"
With fond and sad regret ; —

And sighing, say, "Alas, had he
"Been spar'd from Pluto's bowers,
"The blessed reign of Bigotry
"And Rags might still be ours !"

TO THE REVEREND ———.

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF NOTTINGHAM.

1828.

WHAT, *you*, too, my * * * * *, in hashes so knowing,
Of sauces and soups Aristarchus profest !
Are *you*, too, my savoury Brunswicker, going
To make an old fool of yourself with the rest ?

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts ;
And — if you want *something* to tease — for
variety,
Go study how Ude, in his “Cookery,” treats
Live eels, when he fits them in polish’d society.

Just snuggling them in, ’twixt the bars of the fire,
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,*
In a manner that Horner himself would admire,
And wish, ’stead of *eels*, they were Catholic souls.

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels ;
While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown
So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,
And, for *once*, let the other poor devils alone

* The only way, Monsieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish.

I have ev'n a still better receipt for your cook —
 How to make a goose die of confirm'd *hepatitis* ; *
 And, if you'll, for once, *fellow*-feelings o'erlook,
 A well-tortur'd goose a most capital sight is.

First, catch him, alive — make a good steady fire —
 Set your victim before it, both legs being tied,
 (As, if left to himself, he *might* wish to retire,)
 And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side.

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd, and faint,
 Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid, off,
 He dies of as charming a liver complaint
 As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.

Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,
 What an emblem this bird, for the epicure's use
 meant,
 Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been
 Made a tid-bit for yours and your brethren's
 amusement :

Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they
 quiver,
 A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees —
 No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver,
 No wonder you, Gourmands, should love her
 disease.

* A liver complaint. The process by which the livers of
 geese are enlarged for the famous *Patés de foie d'oie*.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

ACCORDING to some learn'd opinions
 The Irish once were Carthaginians ;
 But, trusting to more late descriptions,
 I'd rather say they were Egyptians.
 My reason's this : — the Priests of Isis,
 When forth they march'd in long array,
 Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices,
 A Sacred Ass to lead the way ; *
 And still the antiquarian traces
 'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,
 For still, in all religious cases,
 They put Lord Roden in the van.



A CURIOUS FACT.

THE present Lord Kenyon (the Peer who writes
 letters,
 For which the waste-paper folks much are his
 debtors)
 Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,
 Which puzzleth observers, ev'n more than his writing.
 Whenever Lord Kenyon doth chance to behold
 A cold Apple-pie — mind, the pie *must* be cold —

* To this practice the ancient adage alludes, "*Asinus portat mysteria.*"

His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),
 And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.
 This idolatrous act, in so "vital" a Peer,
 Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather
 queer —

Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head
 (Vide *Crustium*, chap. iv.) of the Worship of Bread.
 Some think 'tis a tribute, as author, he owes
 For the service that pie-crust hath done to his
 prose ; —

The only good things in his pages, they swear,
 Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts
 there.

Others say, 'tis a homage, through pie-crust convey'd,
 To our Glorious Deliverer's much honour'd shade ;
 As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)
 Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas,*
 And 'tis solely in royal remembrance of that,
 My Lord Kenyon to apple-pie takes off his hat.
 While others account for this kind salutation
 By what Tony Lumpkin calls "concatenation ;" —
 A certain good-will that, from sympathy's ties,
 'Twixt old *Apple*-women and *Orange*-men lies.

* See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas — the first of the season — while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly entreating, with her eyes for a share.

But 't is needless to add, these are all vague surmises,
 For thus, we 're assur'd, the whole matter arises :
 Lord Kenyon's respected old father (like many
 Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny ;
 And lov'd so to save,* that — there's not the least
 question —

His death was brought on by a bad indigestion,
 From cold apple-pie-crust his Lordship *would* stuff in,
 At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin.
 Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies
 Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent eyes —
 Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might doff
 To the fishes that carried, his kind uncle off —
 And while *filial* piety urges so many on,
 'T is pure *apple-pie-ety* moves my Lord Kenyon.

* The same prudent propensity characterizes his descendant,
 who (as is well known) would not even go to the expense of a
 diphthong on his father's monument, but had the inscription
 spelled, economically thus: — "*Mors Janna vita.*"

NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

Mr,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain not over-wise judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the braying of an ass at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the angry judge. "Only an extraordinary *echo* there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such "extraordinary echoes" abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them. Yours, etc.

Huc coeamus,* ait; nullique libentius unquam
Responsura sono, Coeamus, retulit echo.

OVID.

THERE are echoes, we know, of all sorts,
From the echo, that "dies in the dale,"
To the "airy-tongu'd babbler," that sports
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,
With the latest smart *mot* they have heard,
There are echoes, extremely like shrews,
Letting nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,
Certain "talented" echoes † there dwell,
Who, on being ask'd, "How do you do?"
Politely reply, "Pretty well."

* "Let us forix C.ubs."

† Commonly called "Paddy Blake's Echoes."

But why should I talk any more
 Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these,
 When Britain has new ones in store,
 That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound,
 Concerning which bards make a pother,
 There's none like that happy rebound
 When one blockhead echoes another;—

When Kenyon commences the bray,
 And the Borough-Duke follows his track;
 And loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,
 Rathdowne brays, with interest, back;—

And while, of *most* echoes the sound
 On our ear by reflection doth fall,
 These Brunswickers * pass the bray round,
 Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,
 Who can name all the echoes there are
 From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,
 From Benledi to wild Uamvar;

I might track, through each hard Irish name,
 The rebounds of this asinine strain,
 Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came
 To the *chief* Neddy, Kenyon, again;

* Anti Catholic associations, under the title of Brunswick Clubs, were at this time becoming numerous both in England and Ireland.

Might tell how it roar'd in Rathdowne,
 How from Dawson it died off genteelly —
 How hollow it rung from the crown
 Of the fat-pated Marquis of Ely ;

How, on hearing my Lord of G——e,
 Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,
 Outdone, in their own special line,
 By the forty-ass power of his bray !

But, no — for so humble a bard
 'Tis a subject too trying to touch on ;
 Such noblemen's names are too hard,
 And their noddles too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,
 Of the dell, and the deep-sounding shelves ;
 If, in spite of Narcissus, you still
 Take to fools who are charm'd with themselves.

Who knows but, some morning retiring,
 To walk by the Trent's wooded side,
 You may meet with Newcastle, admiring
 His own lengthen'd ears in the tide !

Or, on into Cambria straying,
 Find Kenyon, that double tongu'd elf,
 In his love of *ass*-cendency, braying
 A Brunswick duet with himself !

INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE BRUNSWICKERS."

1828.

SCENE.—*Penenden Plain. In the middle, a caldron boiling.*
Thunder.—Enter three Brunswickers.

1st *Bruns.* — THRICE hath scribbling Kenyon
 scrawl'd,

2d *Bruns.* — Once hath fool Newcastle bawl'd,

3d *Bruns.* — Bexley snores:— 'tis time, 'tis time,

1st *Bruns.* — Round about the caldron go;

In the pois'nous nonsense throw.

Bigot spite, that long hath grown,

Like a toad within a stone,

Sweltering in the heart of Scott,

Boil we in the Brunswick pot.

All. — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
 Eldon talk, and Kenyon scribble.

2d *Bruns.* — Slaver from Newcastle's quill

In the noisome mess distil,

Brimming high our Brunswick broth

Both with venom and with froth.

Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,

Being scant) of Lord Mountcashel,

With that malty stuff which Chandos

Drivels as no other man does.

Catch (i. e. if catch you can)

One idea, spick and span,

From my Lord of Salisbury, —
 One idea, though it be
 Smaller than the "happy flea,"
 Which his sire, in sonnet terse,
 Wedded to immortal verse.*
 Though to rob the son is sin,
 Put his *one* idea in;
 And, to keep it company,
 Let that conjuror Winchelsea
 Drop but *half* another there,
 If he hath so much to spare.
 Dreams of murders and of arsons,
 Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,
 Bring from every hole and corner
 Where ferocious priests, like Horner,
 Purely for religious good,
 Cry aloud for Papist's blood,
 Blood for Wells, and such old women,
 At their ease to wade and swim in.

All. — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
 Bexley, talk, and Kenyon, scribble.

* Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly. For instance: —

"Oh, happy, happy, happy fly,
 If I were you, or you were I."

"Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,
 If I were you, or you were *me*;
 But since, alas! that cannot be,
 I must remain Lord Salisbury."

3d *Bruns.* — Now the charm begin to brew ;
 Sisters, sisters, add thereto
 Scraps of Lethbridge's old speeches,
 Mix'd with leather from his breeches.
 Rinsings of old Bexley's brains,
 Thicken'd (if you'll take the pains)
 With that pulp which rags create,
 In their middle, *nympha* state,
 Ere, like insects frail and sunny,
 Forth they wing abroad as money.
 There — the Hell-broth we've enchanted —
 Now but *one* thing more is wanted.
 Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,
 Castlereagh keeps cork'd for use,
 Which, to work the better spell, is
 Colour'd deep with blood of —,
 Blood, of powers far more various,
 Ev'n than that of Januarius,
 Since so great a charm hangs o'er it,
 England's parsons bow before it !
All. — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
 Bexley, talk, and Kenyon, scribble.

2d *Bruns.* — Cool it now with ——'s blood,
 So the charm is firm and good. [Exit.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

WHEN'E'R you're in doubt, said a Sage I once
knew,

'Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course to pursue,
Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she advise,
Do the very reverse, and you're sure to be wise.

Of the same use as guides, are the Brunswicker
throng ;

In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively
wrong,

That, whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,
Take the opposite course, and you're sure to be right.

So golden this rule, that, had nature denied you
The use of that finger-post, Reason, to guide you —
Were you even more doltish than any giv'n man is,
More soft than Newcastle, more twaddling than
Van is,

I'd stake my repute, on the following conditions,
To make you the soundest of sound politicians.
Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying
Tory —

Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory,—
Watch well how he dines, during any great Quee-
tion — [tion —

What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his diges-

And always feel sure that *his* joy o'er a stew
 Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to *you*.
 Read him backwards, like Hebrew — whatever *he*
 wishes,

Or praises, note down as absurd, or pernicious.
 Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,
 When he's *out*, be an *In* — when he's *in*, be an
Out.

Keep him always revers'd in your thoughts, night
 and day,

Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way : —
 If he's *up*, you may swear that foul weather is *nigh* ;
 If he's *down*, you may look for a bit of blue sky.
 Never mind what debaters or journalists say,
 Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think t'other
 way.

Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely
 The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though *you* don't
 know why.

Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's your man.
 Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan.
 Is he all for the Turks? then, at once, take the whole
 Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your
 soul.

In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,
 Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast
 of his.

Nay, as Siamese ladies — at least, the polite ones —
 All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has white
 ones —

If ev'n, by the chances of time or of tide,
 Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,
 Even *then* stand aloof — for, be sure that Old Nick,
 When a Tory talks sensibly, means you some trick.

Such my recipe is — and, in one single verse,
 I shall now, in conclusion, its substance rehearse.
 Be all that a Brunswicker *is* not, nor *could* be,
 And then — you'll be all that an honest man should
 be.



EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE,

FROM A SLAVE-LORD, TO A COTTON-LORD.

ALAS! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!
 How unjustly we both are despoil'd of our rights!
 Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,
 Nor must *you* any more work to death little whites.

Both forc'd to submit to that general controller
 Of King, Lords, and cotton mills, Public Opinion,
 No more shall *you* beat with a big billy-roller,
 Nor *I* with the cart-whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we please
 With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we
 were let,

We might range them alternate, like harpsichord
keys,
And between us thump out a good piebald duet.

But this fun is all over ; — farewell to the zest
Which Slav'ry now lends to each tea-cup we sip ;
Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,
And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the
whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white picaninnies —
Small, living machines, which, if flogg'd to their
tasks,
Mix so well with their namesakes, the "Billies" and
"Jennies,"
That *which* have got souls in 'em nobody asks ; —

Little Maids of the Mill, who, themselves but ill-fed,
Are oblig'd, 'mong their other benevolent cares,
To "keep feeding the scribblers," * — and better, 'tis
said,
Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal *my* loss is,
So hard 'tis to part from the smack of the thong,
That I mean (from pure love for the old whipping
process),
To take to whipt syllabub all my life long.

* One of the operations in cotton mills usually performed by
children.

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptis* exarsit amator ! OVID.

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
"Hath fir'd thy blood or flush'd thy brow,
"Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed —
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,
That it fir'd his blood, it flush'd his eye,
And oh, 'twas a sight for the Ghost to see,
For never was Greek more Greek than he!
And still as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose — so much *per cent.*
(As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,
The heat and the *silver* rise together,)
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whisper'd "Scrip!"
The Ghost of Miltiades came again; —
He smil'd, as the pale moon smiles through rain,
For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;
(And poor, dear ghost — how little he knew
The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!

" Blessings and thanks ! " was all he said,
Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled !

The Benthamite hears — amaz'd that ghosts
Could be such fools — and away he posts,
A patriot still ? Ah no, ah no —
Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passion, when under *par*.
The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,
And wishes the devil had Crescent and Cross,
Ere *he* had been forc'd to sell at a loss.
They quote him the Stock of various nations,
But, spite of his classic associations,
Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations* !
" Who'll buy my Scrip ? Who'll buy my Scrip ?
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,
As he runs to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,
And says, " Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,
" Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break
" Those dark, unholy *bonds* of thine —
" If you'll only consent to buy up *mine* ! "
The Ghost of Miltiades came once more ; —
His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,
" Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,
" Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
" And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine ! "

Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry —
And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!



**ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN
THE DICTIONARY — ONE *GALT* AT THE
HEAD OF IT.**

GOD preserve us! —there's nothing now safe from
assault ; —
Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the
hammer ;
And accounts have just reach'd us that one *Mr. Galt*
Has declar'd open war against English and Gram-
mar!

He had long been suspected of some such design,
And, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,
Had lately 'mong Colburn's troops of *the line*
(The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,
Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,
He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford ;
 In the mean time the danger most imminent grows,
 He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,
 And whom he'll *next* murder the Lord only knows.

Wednesday evening.

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene ;
 Tho' the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,
 Has seiz'd a great Powder — no, Puff Magazine,
 And the' explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,
 As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)
 Of lyrical "ichor," * "gelatinous" prose,†
 And a mixture call'd amber immortalization.‡

Now, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,
 Seated high "among rattlings," and churning a
 sonnet ; §
Now, talks of a mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,
 With a halo (by way of a nightcap) upon it ! ||

* "That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions." —
 GALT'S *Life of Byron*.

† "That gelatinous character of their effusions." — *Ibid*.

‡ "The poetical embalmment, or rather, amber immortalization." — *Ibid*.

§ "Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churning an inarticulate melody." — *Ibid*.

|| "He was a mystery in a winding sheet crowned with a halo." — GALT'S *Life of Byron*.

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines ;
 ● Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't
 make it out ;
 For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,
 That they're all *Anti-English* no Christian can
 doubt.

RESOLUTIONS

PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF REVERENDS AND RIGHT
 REVERENDS.

RESOLV'D — to stick to ev'ry particle
 Of ev'ry Creed and ev'ry Article
 Reforming nought, or great or little
 We'll stanchly stand by every tittle,*
 And scorn the swallow of that soul
 Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolv'd, that, though St. Athanasius
 In damning souls is rather spacious —
 Though wide and far his curses fall,
 Our Church "hath stomach for them all ;"
 And those who're not content with such
 May e'en be d—d ten times as much.

* One of the questions propounded to the Puritans in 1578
 was — "Whether the Book of Service was good and godly, every
 tittle grounded on the Holy Scripture?" On which an honest
 Dissenter remarks — "Surely they had a wonderful opinion of
 their Service Book that there was not a *tittle* amiss in it."

Resolv'd — such liberal souls are we —
 Though hating Nonconformity,
 We yet believe the cash no worse is
 That comes from Nonconformist purses.
 Indifferent *whence* the money reaches
 The pockets of our reverend breeches,
 To us the Jumper's jingling penny
 Chinks with a tone as sweet as any;
 And ev'n our old friends Yea and Nay
 May through the nose for ever pray,
 If *also* through the nose they'll pay.

Resolv'd, that Hooper,* Latimer,†
 And Cranmer,‡ all extremely err,
 In taking such a low-bred view
 Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do: —
 All owing to the fact, poor men,
 That Mother Church was modest then,
 Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,
 The Public, would in time produce.

* "They," the Bishops, "know that the primitive Church had no such Bishops. If the fourth part of the bishopric remained unto the Bishop, it were sufficient." — *On the Commandments*, p. 72.

† "Since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the y^lough standeth, there is no work done, the people starve." — *Lat. Serm.*

‡ "Of whom have come all these glorious titles, styles, and pomps into the Church. But I would that I, and all my brethren, the Bishops, would leave all our styles, and write the styles of our offices," etc. — *Life of Cranmer, by Strype Appendix.*

One Pisgah peep at modern Durham
 To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.
 Resolv'd, that when we, Spiritual Lords,
 Whose income just enough affords
 To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,
 Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,
 How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,
 Giving the poor the largest shares —
 Our answer is, in one short word,
 We think it pious, but absurd.
 Those good men made the world their debtor,
 But we, the Church reform'd, know better;
 And, taking all that all can pay,
 Balance the' account the other way.

Resolv'd, our thanks profoundly due are
 To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,
 Who proves (by arguments so clear
 One sees how much he holds *per* year)
 That England's Church, though out of date,
 Must still be left to lie in state,
 As dead, as rotten, and as grand as
 The mummy of King Osymandyas,
 All pickled snug — the brains drawn out — *
 With costly cerements swathed about, —
 And "Touch me not," those words terrific,
 Scrawl'd o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

* Part of the process of embalmment.

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

"Nee tu sperne plis venientia somnia portis :
Cum pia venerunt somnia, pondus habent."

PROPERT. lib. iv. eleg. 7

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,
In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,
He dreamt a dream, dear, holy man,
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can.
He found himself, to his great amaze,
In Charles the First's high Tory days,
And just at the time that gravest of Courts
Had publish'd its Book of Sunday Sports. — *

Sunday Sports! what a thing for the ear
Of Andrew, even in sleep, to hear! —

* *The Book of Sports* drawn up by Bishop Moreton was first put forth in the reign of James I., 1618, and afterwards republished, at the advice of Laud, by Charles I., 1633, with an injunction that it should be "made public by order from the Bishops." We find it therein declared, that "for his good people's recreation, his Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used," etc.

It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,
 When the people from church were coming away
 And Andrew with horror heard this song,
 As the smiling sinners flock'd along : —
 " Long life to the Bishops, hurrah ! hurrah !
 " For a week of work and a Sunday of play
 " Make the poor man's life run merry away."

" The Bishops !" quoth Andrew, " Popish, I guess,"
 And he grinned with conscious holiness.
 But the song went on, and, to brim the cup
 Of poor Andy's grief, the fiddles struck up !

" Come, take out the lasses — let's have a dance —
 " For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,
 " Well knowing that no one's the more in advance
 On the road to heaven, for standing still.
 " Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces
 " Should sour the cream of a creed of love ;
 " Or that fellows with long, disastrous faces,
 " Alone should sit among cherubs above.
 " Then hurrah for the Bishops, etc.

" For Sunday fun we never can fail,
 " When the Church herself each sport points out ; —
 " There's May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,
 " And a May-pole high to dance about.
 " Or, should we be for a pole hard driven,
 " Some lengthy saint, of aspect fell,

"With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,
 "Will do for a May-pole just as well.
 "Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!
 "A week of work and a Sabbath of play
 "Make the poor man's life run merry away."

To Andy, who does n't much deal in history,
 This Sunday scene was a downright mystery;
 And God knows where might have ended the joke,
 But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke.
 And the odd thing is (as the rumour goes)
 That since that dream — which, one would suppose,
 Should have made his godly stomach rise,
 Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies —
 He has view'd things quite with different eyes;
 Is beginning to take, on matters divine,
 Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sporting* line —
 Is all for Christians jiggling in pairs,
 As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers; —
 Nay, talks of getting Archbishop Howley
 To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,
 That all good Protestants, from this date,
 May, freely and lawfully, recreate,
 Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,
 With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

A BLUE LOVE-SONG.

TO MISS ———.

Air. — “ *Come live with me and be my love.*”

COME wed with me, and we will write,
 My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.
 Chased from our classic souls shall be
 All thoughts of vulgar progeny ;
 And thou shalt walk through smiling rows
 Of chubby duodecimos,
 While I, to match thy products nearly,
 Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.
 'Tis true, ev'n books entail some trouble ;
 But *live* productions give one double.
 Correcting children is *such* bother, —
 While printers' dev'ls correct the other.
 Just think, my own Malthusian dear,
 How much more decent 'tis to hear
 From male or female — as it may be —
 “ How is your book ? ” than “ How's your baby ? ”
 And, whereas physic and wet nurses
 Do much exhaust paternal purses,
 Our books, if rickety, may go
 And be well dry-nurs'd in *the Row* ;
 And, when God wills to take them hence,
 Are buried at *the Row's* expense.

Besides, (as 'tis well prov'd by thee,
 In thy own Works, vol. 93,)

The march, just now, of population
 So much outstrips all moderation,
 That ev'n prolific herring-shoals
 Keep pace not with our erring souls.*
 Oh far more proper and well-bred
 To stick to writing books instead;
 And show the world how two Blue lovers
 Can coalesce, like two book-covers,
 (Sheep-skin, or calf, or such wise leather,)
 Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together,
 Fondly as first the binder fix'd 'em,
 With nought but — literature betwixt 'em.

SUNDAY ETHICS.

A SCOTCH ODE.

PUIR, profligate Londoners, having heard tell
 That the De'il's got amang ye, and fearing 'tis
 true,
 We ha' sent ye a mon wha's a match for his spell,
 A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel
 Will be glad to keep clear of, one Andrew Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire
 In ilka lang week ye'll be tranquil enough,

* See "Ella of Garveloch." — Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery, but where, as we are told by the author, "the people increased much faster than the produce."

As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch
squire,
An' would sooner gae roast by his ain kitchen fire
Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,
He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say "mew ;"
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play,
An' Phœbus himsel could na travel that day,
As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,
"Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an' who stew !
"Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-bak'd pies,
"For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise
"In judgment against ye," saith Andrew Agnew !

Ye may think, from a' this, that our Andie's the lad
To ca' o'er the coals your nobeelity, too ;
That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' flunkies,* a' clad
Like Shawmen, behind 'em, would mak the mon mad—
But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right
To gang to the deevil — as maist o' them do —
To stop them our Andie would think na polite ;
And 't is odds (if the chiel could get ony thing by't)
But he'd follow 'em, booing,† would Andrew
Agnew.

* Servants in livery.

† For the "gude effects and uteelity of booing," see the *Man of the World*.

AWFUL EVENT.

YES, Winchelsea (I tremble while I pen it),
 Winchelsea's Earl hath *cut* the British Senate —
 Hath said to England's Peers, in accent gruff,
 "That for ye all" [snapping his fingers], and *exit*
 in a huff!

Disastrous news! — like that, of old, which spread
 From shore to shore, "our mighty Pan is dead,"
 O'er the cross benches (cross from *being* crost)
 Sounds the loud wail, "Our Winchelsea is lost!"

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget
 The deep impression of that awful threat,
 "I quit your house!!" — 'midst all that histories
 tell,
 I know but one event that's parallel: —

It chanc'd at Drury Lane, one Easter night,
 When the gay gods, too blest to be polite,
 Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd Lucretius,
 Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously facetious —
 A well-dress'd member of the middle gallery,
 Whose "ears polite" disdain'd such low canaillerie,
 Rose in his place — so grand, you'd almost swear
 Lord Winchelsea himself stood towering there —
 And like that Lord of dignity and *nous*,
 Said, "Silence, fellows, or — I'll leave the house!!"

How brook'd the gods this speech? Ah well-a-day
 That speech so fine should be so thrown away!
 In vain did this mid-gallery grandee
 Assert his own two-shilling dignity —
 In vain he menac'd to withdraw the ray
 Of his own full-price countenance away —
 Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,
 And as the Lords laugh *now*, so giggled *then* the
 gods!



THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS'S FAMOUS ODE,

"COME, CLOE, AND GIVE ME SWEET KISSES."

"We want more Churches and more Clergymen."

Bishop of London's late Charge.

"*Rectorum numerum, terris pereuntibus, augeat.*"

Claudian in Eutrop.

COME, give us more Livings and Rectors,
 For, richer no realm ever gave;
 But why, ye unchristian objectors,
 Do ye ask us how many we crave? *

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings
 For souls of the Pluralist kind,

- Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter sure never girl gave;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?

Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,
To numbers can ne'er be confin'd.*

Count the cormorants hovering about,†
At the time their fish season sets in,
When these models of keen diners-out
Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,
Flock round when the harvest's in play,
And, not minding the farmer's distresses,
Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven,‡
On their way to some tithable shore;
And when so many Parsons you've given,
We still shall be craving for more.

Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye
Must leave us in peace to augment,
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,
With few will be ever content.§

* For whilst I love thee above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

† Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flowers that enamel its fields,
Count the flocks, etc.

‡ Go number the stars in the heaven,
Count how many sands on the shore;
When so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be craving for more.

§ But the wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content.

A SAD CASE.

If it be the undergraduate season at which this *rabies religiosa* is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. Goulburn against it at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters?" — *The Times*, March 25.

How sad a case! — just think of it —
 If Goulburn junior should be bit
 By some insane Dissenter, roaming
 Through Granta's halls, at large and foaming,
 And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed
 Which marks Dissenters when they're rabid!
 God only knows what mischiefs might
 Result from this one single bite,
 Or how the venom, once suck'd in,
 Might spread and rage through kith and kin.
 Mad folks, of all denominations,
 First turn upon their own relations:
 So that *one* Goulburn, fairly bit,
 Might end in maddening the whole kit,
 Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue
 Our Goulburn senior bitten too;
 The Hychurchphobia in those veins,
 Where Tory blood now redly reigns; —
 And that dear man, who now perceives
 Salvation only in lawn sleeves,
 Might, tainted by such coarse infection,
 Run mad in the' opposite direction.

And think, poor man, 'tis only given
To linsey-woolsey to reach Heaven !

Just fancy what a shock 't would be
Our Goulburn in his fits to see,
Tearing into a thousand particles
His once-lov'd Nine and Thirty Articles ;
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,*
For Gospel, t'other night, mistook ;)
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers —
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers —
Pelting the church with blasphemies,
Even worse than Parson Beverley's ; —
And ripe for severing Church and State,
Like any creedless reprobate,
Or like that class of Methodists
Prince Waterloo styles " Atheists ! "

But 'tis too much — the Muse turns pale,
And o'er the picture drops a veil,
Praying, God save the Goulburns all
From mad Dissenters, great and small !

* The Duke of Wellington, who styled them " the Articles of Christianity."

A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

—— *risum teneatis, amici.*

"THE longer one lives, the more one learns,
 Said I, as off to sleep I went,
 Bemus'd with thinking of Tithe concerns,
 And reading a book, by the Bishop of FERNs,*
 On the Irish Church Establishment.
 But, lo, in sleep, not long I lay,
 When Fancy her usual tricks began,
 And I found myself bewitch'd away
 To a goodly city in Hindostan —
 A city, where he, who dares to dine
 On aught but rice, is deem'd a sinner ;
 Where sheep and kine are held divine,
 And, accordingly — never drest for dinner.

"But how is this?" I wondering cried —
 As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,
 And saw, in every marble street,
 A row of beautiful butchers' shops —
 "What means, for men who don't eat meat,
 "This grand display of loins and chops?"
 In vain I ask'd — 't was plain to see
 That nobody dar'd to answer me.

* An indefatigable scribbler of anti-Catholic pamphlets.

So, on, from street to street I strode ;
And you can't conceive how vastly odd
The butchers look'd — a roseate crew,
Inshrin'd in *stalls*, with nought to do ;
While some on a *bench*, half dozing, sat,
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still pos'd to think, what all this scene
Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,
“And, pray,” ask'd I — “by whom is paid
The expense of this strange masquerade?” —
“The' expense! — oh, that's of course defray'd
(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombes)
“By yonder rascally rice-consumers.”
“What! *they*, who mustn't eat meat!” —
“No matter —
(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter,)
“The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop,
“But the rogues must still support *our* shop.
“And, depend upon it, the way to treat
“Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,
“Is to burden all that wo'n't eat meat,
“With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT.”

On hearing these words so gravely said,
 With a volley of laughter loud I shook;
 And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,
 And I found I was lying snug in bed,
 With my nose in the Bishop of FERNs' book.

THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A Letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brimstone-hall, September 1, 1828.

Private. — LORD BELZEBUB presents
 To the Brunswick Club his compliments,
 And much regrets to say that he
 Cannot, at present, their Patron be.
 In stating this, Lord Belzebub
 Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,
 That 'tisn't from any lukewarm lack
 Of zeal or fire he thus holds back —
 As ev'n Lord *Coal** himself is not
 For the Orange party more red-hot:
 But the truth is, till their Club affords
 A somewhat decenter show of Lords,
 And on its list of members gets
 A few less rubbishy Baronets,
 Lord Belzebub must beg to be
 Excused from keeping such company.

Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,
 Are Lord Glandine, and Lord Dunlo?
 Or who, with a grain of sense, would go
 To sit and be bored by Lord Mayo?

* Usually w-itten "Cole."

What living creature — *except his nurse* —
 For Lord Mountcashell cares a curse,
 Or thinks 't would matter if Lord Muskerry
 Were t'other side of the Stygian ferry?
 Breathes there a man in Dublin town,
 Who'd give but half of half-a-crown
 To save from drowning my Lord Rathdowne,
 Or who wouldn't also gladly hustle in
 Lords Roden, Bandon, Cole, and Jocelyn?
 In short, though, from his tenderest years,
 Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers,
 Lord Belzebub much questions whether
 He ever yet saw, mix'd together,
 As 'twere in one capacious tub,
 Such a mess of noble silly-bub
 As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club.

'Tis therefore impossible that Lord B.
 Could stoop to such society,
 Thinking, he owns (though no great prig),
 For one in his station 'twere *infra dig.*
 But he begs to propose, in the interim
 (Till they find some prop'rer Peers for him),
 His Highness of Cumberland, as *Sub*,
 To take his place at the Brunswick Club —
 Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub
 Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

It luckily happens, the Royal Duke
 Resembles so much, in air and look,

The head of the Belzebub family,
 That few can any difference see ;
 Which makes of him, of course, the better suit
 To serve as Lord B.'s substitute.



PROPOSALS FOR A GYNÆOCRACY.

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

—— " Quas ipse decus sibi dia Camilla
 Delegit pacisque bonas bellicque ministras."

As Whig Reform has had its range,
 And none of us are yet content,
 Suppose, my friends, by way of change,
 We try a *Female Parliament* ;
 And since, of late, with *he* M. P.'s
 We've fared so badly, take to she's —
 Petticoat patriots, flounc'd John Russells,
 Burdetts in *blonde*, and Broughams in *bustles*.
 The plan is startling, I confess —
 But 't is but an affair of dress ;
 Nor see I much there is to choose
 "Twixt Ladies (so they're thorough bred ones)
 In ribands of all sorts of hues,
 Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,
 Whatever other trade advances ;

As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,
 We'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances;
 Nor let this world's important questions
 Depend on Ministers' digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,
 To Weippert's band they may go better;
 There's Lady * *, in one quadrille,
 Would settle Europe, if you'd let her:
 And who the deuce or asks, or cares,
 When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,
 Whether they've *danc'd* through State affairs
 Or simply, dully, *din'd* upon 'em?

Hurrah then for the Petticoats!
 To them we pledge our free-born votes;
 We'll have all *she*, and only *she* —
 Pert blues shall act as "best debaters,"
 Old dowagers our Bishops be,
 And termagants our Agitators.

If Vestris, to oblige the nation,
 Her own Olympus will abandon,
 And help to prop the' Administration,
 It *can't* have better legs to stand on.
 The fam'd Macaulay (Miss) shall show,
 Each evening, forth in learn'd oration;
 Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh!")
 For full returns of population:

And, finally, to crown the whole,
The Princess Olive,* Royal soul,
Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,
Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,
And, mid our Unions' loyal chorus,
Reign jollily for ever o'er us.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE * * *.

Sir,

Having heard some rumours respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord Henley has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to "anthems, solos, duets,"† etc., I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect. It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this nightly concert, (which is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals,) may be heard all over the neighborhood. The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that, last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, etc.

P. P.

LORD HENLEY AND ST. CECILIA.

— in Metil descendat Judicis aures. HORAT.

As snug in his bed Lord Henley lay,
Revolving much his own renown,
And hoping to add thereto a ray,
By putting duets and anthems down,

* A personage, so styling herself, who attained considerable notoriety at that period.

† In a work, on Church Reform, published by his Lordship in 1832.

Sudden a strain of choral sounds
 Mellifluous o'er his senses stole;
 Whereat the Reformer mutter'd, "Zounds!"
 For he loath'd sweet music with all his soul.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight
 That well might shock so learn'd a snorer —
 Saint Cecilia, rob'd in light,
 With a portable organ slung before her.

And round were Cherubs, on rainbow wings,
 Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire of flitting,
 So begg'd they'd sit — but ah! poor things,
 They'd, none of them, got the means of sitting.*

"Having heard," said the Saint, "you're fond of
 hymns,
 "And indeed, that musical snore betray'd you,
 "Myself, and my choir of cherubims,
 "Are come, for a while, to serenade you."

In vain did the horrified Henley say
 " 'T was all a mistake " — " she was misdirected ; "
 And point to a concert, over the way,
 Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

In vain — the Saint could see in his looks
 (She civilly said) much tuneful lore;
 So, at once, all open'd their music-books,
 And herself and her Cherubs set off at score.

* " *Asseyez-vous, mes enfans.* " — " *Il n'y a pas de quoi, mes Seigneurs.* "

All night duets, terzets, quartets,
 Nay, long quintets most dire to hear ;
 Ay, and old motets, and canzonets,
 And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep — but it would n't do ;
 So loud they squall'd, he *must* attend to 'em ;
 Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he knew,
 Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,
 Who meddle with music's sacred strains !
 Judge Midas tried the same of old,
 And was punish'd, like Henley, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas !
 Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's throne ;
 For Midas was given the ears of an ass,
 While Henley is doom'd to keep his own !



ADVERTISEMENT.*

MISSING or lost, last Sunday night,
 A Waterloo coin, whereon was trac'd
 The' inscription, " Courage ! " in letters bright,
 Though a little by rust of years defac'd.

* Written at that memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke,
 then Prime Minister, acting under the inspirations of Sir

The metal thereof is rough and hard,
 And ('tis thought of late) mix'd up with brass
 But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,
 And through all Posterity's hands will pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,
 But certain *City* thieves, they say,
 Broke in on the owner's evening doze,
 And filch'd this "gift of gods" away!

One ne'er could, of course, the Cits suspect,
 If we hadn't, that evening, chanc'd to see,
 At the robb'd man's door, a *Mare* elect,
 With an ass to keep her company.

Whosoe'er of this lost treasure knows,
 Is begg'd to state all facts about it,
 As the owner can't well face his foes,
 Nor ev'n his friends, just now, without it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,
 Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,
 He shall have a ride on the whitest hack*
 That's left in old King George's stable.

Cl—d—s Hunter and other City worthies, advised his Majesty to give up his announced intention of dining with the Lord Mayor.

* Among other remarkable attributes by which Sir Cl—d— distinguished himself, the dazzling whiteness of his favourite steed was not the least conspicuous.

MISSING.

Carlton Terrace, 1832.

WHEREAS, Lord * * * * * de* * * * *

Left his home last Saturday,
 And, though inquir'd for, round and round,
 Through certain purlieus, can't be found;
 And whereas, none can solve our queries
 As to where this virtuous Peer is,
 Notice is hereby giv'n, that all
 May forthwith to inquiring fall,
 As, once the thing's well set about,
 No doubt but we shall hunt him out.

His Lordship's mind, of late, they say,
 Hath been in an uneasy way.
 Himself and colleagues not being let
 To climb into the Cabinet,
 To settle England's state affairs,
 Hath much, it seems, *unsettled theirs*;
 And chief to this stray Plenipo
 Hath been a most distressing blow.
 Already, — certain to receive a
 Well-paid mission to the Neva,
 And be the bearer of kind words
 To tyrant Nick from Tory Lords, —
 To fit himself for free discussion,
 His Lordship had been learning *Russian*;
 And all so natural to him were
 The accents of the Northern bear,

That, while his tones were in your ear, you
 Might swear you were in sweet Siberia.
 And still, poor Peer, to old and young,
 He goes on raving in that tongue;
 Tells you how much you would enjoy a
 Trip to Dalnodoubrowskoya; *
 Talks of such places, by the score, on
 As Ouliffirmchinagoboron, †
 And swears (for he at nothing sticks)
 That Russia swarms with Raskol-niks, ‡
 Though *one* such Nick, God knows, must be
 A more than ample quantity.

Such are the marks by which to know
 This stray'd or stolen Plenipo;
 And whosoever brings or sends
 The unhappy statesman to his friends,
 On Carlton Terrace, shall have thanks,
 And — any paper but the Bank's.

P. S. — Some think, the disappearance
 Of this our diplomatic Peer hence
 Is for the purpose of reviewing,
In person, what dear Mig is doing

* In the Government of Perm.

† Territory belonging to the mines of Kolivano-Kosskre-sense.

‡ The name of a religious sect in Russia. "Il existe en Russie plusieurs sectes; la plus nombreuse est celle des Raskol-niks, ou vrais croyants." — GAMBA, *Voyage dans la Russie Meridionale*.

So as to 'scape all tell-tale letters
 'Bout Beresford, and such abettors, —
 The only "wretches" for whose aid *
 Letters seem *not* to have been made.



THE DANCE OF BISHOPS;
 OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.†

A DREAM.

1888.

* Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celebrations, admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the Bishops and dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger says, that the first Bishops were called *Præsules* † for no other reason than that they led off these dances." — *Cyclopædia*, art. *Dances*.

I'VE had such a dream — a frightful dream —
 'Though funny, mayhap, to wags 'twill seem,
 By all who regard the Church, like us,
 'Twill be thought exceedingly ominous!

As reading in bed I lay last night —
 Which (being insured) is my delight —
 I happen'd to doze off just as I got to
 The singular fact which forms my motto.
 Only think, thought I, as I doz'd away,
 Of a party of Churchmen dancing the hay!

* "Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid."

POPE

† Written on the passing of the memorable Bill, in the year
 year 1888, for the abolition of ten Irish Bishoprics.

‡ Literally, First Dancers.

Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,
 With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the ball!
 Scarce had my eyelids time to close,
 When the scene I had fancied before me rose —
 An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand
 As my dazzled eyes could hardly stand.
 For, Britain and Erin clubb'd their Sees
 To make it a Dance of Dignities,
 And I saw — oh brightest of Church events!
 A quadrille of the two Establishments,
 Bishop to Bishop *vis-à-vis*,
 Footing away prodigiously.

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,
 And Cork with London making merry;
 While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,
 Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe.
 There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's smile,
 Performing a *chaine des Dames* in style;
 While he who, whene'er the Lords' House dozes,
 Can waken them up by citing Moses,*
 The portly Tuam, was all in a hurry
 To set, *en avant*, to Canterbury.

Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets,
 (All out of date, like spent sky-rockets,)

* "And what does Moses say?" — One of the ejaculations with which this eminent prelate enlivened his famous speech on the Catholic question.

Our Exeter stood forth to caper,
 As high on the floor as he doth on paper —
 Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,
 Who pirouettes his whole church-service —
 Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,
 Such *entrechats*, such *cabrioles*,
 Such *balonnés*, * such — rigmaroles,
 Now high, now low, now this, now that,
 That none could guess what the dev'l he'd be at;
 Though, watching his various steps, some thought
 That a step in the Church was all he sought.

But alas, alas! while thus so gay,
 These rev'rend dancers frisk'd away,
 Nor Paul himself (not the saint, but he
 Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,
 There gather'd a gloom around their glee —
 A shadow, which came and went so fast,
 That ere one could say "'Tis there," 'twas **past** —
 And, lo, when the scene again was clear'd,
 Ten of the dancers had disappear'd!
 Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept
 From the hallow'd floor where late they stept,
 While twelve was all that footed it still,
 On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille!

* A description of the method of executing this step may be useful to future performers in the same line: "Ce pas est composé de deux mouvemens différens, savoir, *plier*, et sauter sur un pied, et se rejeter sur l'autre." — *Dictionnaire de Danse*, art. *Contre-temps*.

Nor this the worst: — still danc'd they on,
 But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile was gone;
 And again, from time to time, the same
 Ill-omened darkness round them came —
 While still, as the light broke out anew,
 Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or two;
 Till ah! at last there were only found
 Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-round;
 And when I awoke, impatient getting,
 I left the last holy pair *poussetting*!

N. B. — As ladies in years, it seems,
 Have the happiest knack at solving dreams,
 I shall leave to my ancient feminine friends
 Of the *Standard* to say what *this* portends.



DICK * * * *.

A CHARACTER.

OF various scraps and fragments built,
 Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,
 Dick's mind was like a patchwork quilt,
 Made up of new, old, motley bits —
 Where, if the *Co.* call'd in their shares,
 If petticoats their quota got,
 And gowns were all refunded theirs,
 The quilt would look but shy, God *wot*.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,
 Revers'd ventriloquism's trick,
 For, 'stead of Dick through others speaking,
 'Twas others we heard speak through Dick.
 A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,
 Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats;
 One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,
 The next, with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick! — and how else could it be?
 With notions all at random caught,
 A sort of mental fricassee,
 Made up of legs and wings of thought —
 The leavings of the last Debate, or
 A dinner, yesterday, of wits,
 Where Dick sate by and, like a waiter,
 Had the scraps for perquisites.



A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE SPEECHES.

"Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto
 that saint."

1884.

ST. SINCLAIR rose and declar'd in sooth,
 That he wouldn't give sixpence to Maynooth.
 He had hated priests the whole of his life,
 For a priest was a man who had no wife,*

* "He objected to the maintenance and education of a clergy

And, having no wife, the Church was his mother
 The Church was his father, sister, and brother.
 This being the case, he was sorry to say,
 That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay,*
 So deep and wide, scarce possible was it
 To say even "how d'ye do?" across it:
 And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,
 Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,
 'Twas a jump that nought on earth could make
 Your proper, heavy-built Christian take.
 No, no, — if a Dance of Sects *must* be,
 He would set to the Baptist willingly,†
 At the Independent deign to smirk,
 And rigadon with old Mother Kirk;
 Nay ev'n, for once, if needs must be,
 He'd take hands round with all the three;
 But, as to a jig with Popery, no, —
 To the harlot ne'er would he point his toe.

St. Mandeville was the next that rose, —
 A Saint who round, as pedlar, goes,

bound by the particular vows of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them the church as their only family, making it fill the places of father and mother and brother." — Debate on the Grant to Maynooth College. *The Times*, April 19.

* "It had always appeared to him that *between the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf* intervened, which rendered it impossible," etc.

† "The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of religion to the Presbyterian and Independent, or the member of the Church of England to any of the other three; but the Catholic' etc.

With his pack of piety and prose,
 Heavy and hot enough, God knows,—
 And he said that Papists were much inclin'd
 To extirpate all of Protestant kind,
 Which he could n't, in truth, so much condemn,
 Having rather a wish to extirpate *them*;
 That is, — to guard against mistake,—
 To extirpate them for their doctrine's sake;
 A distinction Churchmen always make,—
 Insomuch that, when they've prime control,
 Though sometimes roasting heretics whole,
 They but cook the body for sake of the soul.

Next jump'd St. Johnston jollily forth,
 The spiritual Dogberry of the North,*
 A right "wise fellow, and, what's more,
 An officer," † like his type of yore;
 And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,
 Pray, what's the use of our Reformation? ‡
 What is the use of our Church and State?
 Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate?

* "Could he then, holding as he did a spiritual office in the Church of Scotland, (cries of hear, and laughter,) with any consistency give his consent to a grant of money?" etc.

† "I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer." *Much Ado about Nothing*.

‡ "What, he asked, was the use of the Reformation? What was the use of the Articles of the Church of England, or of the Church of Scotland?" etc.

And, still as he yell'd out "what's the use?"
 Old Echoes, from their cells recluse
 Where they'd for centuries slept, broke loose,
 Yelling responsive, "*What's the use?*"



MORAL POSITIONS.

A DREAM.

"His Lordship said that it took a long time for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic. He was very sorry that its voyage had been so long," etc. — Speech of Lord Dudley and Ward on Colonial Slavery, March 8.

T'OTHER night, after hearing Lord Dudley's oration
 (A treat that comes once a-year as May-day does),
 I dreamt that I saw — what a strange operation!
 A "moral position" shipp'd off for Barbadoes.

The whole Bench of Bishops stood by in grave attitudes,
 Packing the article tidy and neat; —
 As their Rev'rences know, that in southerly latitudes
 "Moral positions" don't keep very sweet.

There was Bathurst arranging the custom-house pass;
 And, to guard the frail package from tousing and routing,

There stood my Lord Eldon, endorsing it "Glass,"
Though as to which side should lie uppermost,
doubting.

The freight was, however, stow'd safe in the hold ;
The winds were polite, and the moon look'd ro-
 mantic, [roll'd,
While off in the good ship "The Truth" we were
With our ethical cargo, across the Atlantic.

Long, dolefully long, seem'd the voyage we made ;
For "The Truth," at all times but a very slow
sailer,
By friends, near as much as by foes, is delay'd,
And few come aboard her, though so many hail
her.

At length, safe arrived, I went through "tare and tret,"
 Deliver'd my goods in the prime condition,
 And next morning read, in the *Bridgetown Gazette*,
 "Just arrived by 'The Truth,' a new moral position."

"The Captain"—here, startled to find myself nam'd
 As "the Captain"—(a thing which, I own it
 with pain,
 I through life have avoided,) I woke—look'd
 asham'd,
 Found I *wasn't* a captain, and doz'd off again.

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT.

1832-3.

"Mutantem regna cometem." LUCAN.*

"THOUGH all the pet mischiefs we count upon, fail,
 "Though Cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,
 "We've still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail; —
 "Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us?

"No — 't is coming, 't is coming, th' avenger is nigh;
 "Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath
 flatters;

"One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,
 "Will settle, at once, all political matters; —

"The East-India Question, the Bank, the Five
 Powers,
 "(Now turn'd into two) with their rigmarole Pro-
 tocols; — †

Eclipses and comets have been always looked to as great
 changers of administrations. Thus Milton, speaking of the
 former: —

"With fear of change
 Perplexing monarchs."

And in Statius we find,

"Mutant quæ sceptrâ cometæ."

† See, for some of these Protocols, the Annual Register, for
 the year 1832.

"Ha! ha! ye gods, how this new friend of ours
 "Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy's what-
 d'ye-calls!

"Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should
 mock,

"Meet planets, and suns, in one general hustle!

"While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock
 "That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp,
 and Russell."

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as with telescope rais'd,
 His wild Tory eye on the heavens he set;
 And, though nothing destructive appear'd as he
 gaz'd,
 Much hop'd that there *would*, before Parliament
 met.

And still, as odd shapes seem'd to flit through his
 glass,

"Ha! there it is now," the poor maniac cries;
 While his fancy with forms but too monstrous, alas
 From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the skies:—

"Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big!
 "Whether Bucky* or Taurus I cannot well say:—
 "And, yonder, there's Eldon's old Chancery-wig,
 "In its dusty aphelion fast fading away.

* The Duke of Buckingham.

"I see, 'mong those fatuous meteors behind,
 " Londonderry, *in vacuo*, flaring about ; —
 " While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,
 " Is the Gemini, Roden and Lorton, no doubt.

" Ah, Ellenb'rough ! 'faith, I first thought 'twas the
 Comet ;
 " So like that in Milton, it made me quite pale ;
 " The head with the same ' horrid hair ' * coming
 from it,
 " And plenty of vapour, but — where is the tail ? "

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer elated —
 For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon show'd,
 Which he took to be Cumberland, *upwards* trans-
 lated,
 Instead of his natural course, *t'other* road !

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken, —
 Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits and grimaces
 Then off to the Bedlam in Charles Street was taken
 And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases

" And from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war."

FROM THE HON. HENRY ———, TO LADY
EMMA ———.

Paris, March 30, 1832.

You bid me explain, my dear angry M^a'amselle,
How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell ;
And the truth is, — as truth you *will* have, my sweet
railer, —

There are two worthy persons I always feel loth
To take leave of at starting, — my mistress and
tailor, —

As somehow one always has *scenes* with them both ;
The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,

She calling on Heaven, and he on the' attorney, —
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears,

A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his
journey.

But, to come to the point, — though you think, I
dare say,

That 'tis debt or the Cholera drives me away,
Pon honour you're wrong ; — such a mere bagatelle

As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days, fears ;
And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolting, pell-mell,
To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers ; *

* A new creation of Peers was generally expected at this time.

This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,
Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of;
This coinage of *nobles*, — coin'd, all of 'em, badly,
And sure to bring Counts to a *discount* most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation;
No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,
And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction, —
Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,
Two legs and a coronet all they consist of!
The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir George
Rose

(My particular friend) says is perfectly true,
That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,
'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's to
do;
And Sir George even doubts, — could he choose his
disorder, —

'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would order.
This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,
'Twere best to fight shy of so curs'd a dilemma;
And though I confess myself somewhat a villain,
To've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,
Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from
Milan

I'll send you — some news of Bellini's last trio.

N. B. — Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,
Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without —

Viz., a pair of *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,
 Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis might chap.
 Small presents for ladies,—and nothing so wheedles
 The creatures abroad as your golden-ey'd needles.
 A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd
 To think one knows Latin, when — one, perhaps,
 doesn't;

With some little book about heathen mythology,
 Just large enough to refresh one's theology;
 Nothing on earth being half such a bore as
 Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and Floras.
 Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,
 And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.



TRIUMPH OF BIGOTRY.

COLLEGE. — We announced, in our last, that Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday; the Students of the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, harnessing themselves to the car, and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the car."

Dublin Evening Post, Dec. 20, 1862.

AY, yoke ye to the bigots' car,
 Ye chos'n of Alma Mater's scions; —
 Fleet chargers drew the God of War,
 Great Cybele was drawn by lions,
 And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,
 Drove four young panthers in his team.

Thus classical Lefroy, for once, is,
 Thus, studious of a like turn-out,
 He harnesses young sucking dunces,
 To draw him, as their Chief, about,
 And let the world a picture see
 Of Dulness yok'd to Bigotry :
 Showing us how young College hacks
 Can pace with bigots at their backs,
 As though the cubs were *born* to draw
 Such luggage as Lefroy and Shaw.
 Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,
 Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,
 This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,
 As aliens to her foggy shore ; — *
 Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,
 Whose very name her shame recalls ;
 Whose effigy her bigot crew
 Revers'd upon their monkish walls, — †
 Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)
 To your mute Mother's dull renown,
 Then famous but for Wit turn'd *out*,
 And Eloquence *turn'd upside down* ;
 But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,
 Beyond all fame of former days,

* See the lives of these two poets for the circumstances under which they left Dublin College.

† In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, thought proper, as a mode of expressing their disapprobation of Mr. Grattan's public conduct, to order his portrait, in the Great Hall of the University, to be turned upside down, and in this position it remained for some time.

By breaking thus young donkies in
 To draw M. P.s, amid the brays
 Alike of donkies and M. A.s; —
 Defying Oxford to surpass 'em
 In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."



TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE.

Scripta manet.

1888.

'Twas graved on the Stone of Destiny,*
 In letters four, and letters three;
 And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by
 But those awful letters scar'd his eye;
 For he knew that a Prophet Voice had said,
 "As long as those words by man were read,
 "The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er
 "One hour of peace or plenty share."
 But years on years successive flew,
 And the letters still more legible grew, —
 At top, a T, an H, an E,
 And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Some thought them Hebrew, — such as Jews,
 More skill'd in Scrip than Scripture, use;

* Liafall, or the Stone of Destiny, — for which see Westminster Abbey.

While some surmis'd 'twas an ancient way
 Of keeping accounts, (well known in the day
 Of the fam'd Didlerius Jeremias,
 Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)
 And prov'd in books most learn'dly boring,
 'T was called the *Pontick* way of scoring.

Howe'er this be, there never were yet
 Seven letters of the alphabet,
 That, 'twixt them, form'd so grim a spell,
 Or scar'd a Land of Gulls so well,
 As did this awful riddle-me-ree
 Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

* * * * *

Hark! — it is struggling Freedom's cry,
 "Help, help, ye nations, or I die;
 "'Tis Freedom's fight, and, on the field
 "Where I expire, *your* doom is seal'd."
 The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
 He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots **all**,
 And he asks, "Ye noble Gulls, shall we
 "Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,
 "Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?"
 And they answer, with voice of thunder, "**No.**"

Out fly their flashing swords in the air! —
 But, — why do they rest suspended there?
 What sudden blight, what baleful charm,
 Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each arm?

Alas ! some withering hand hath thrown
 The veil from off that fatal stone,
 And pointing now, with sapless finger,
 Showeth where dark those letters linger, —
 Letters four, and letters three,
 T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand
 Powerless falls from every hand ;
 In vain the Patriot knits his brow, —
 Even talk, his staple, fails him now.
 In vain the King like a hero treads,
 His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads ;
 And to all his talk of " brave and free,"
 No answer getteth His Majesty
 But " T. H. E. D. E. B. T."

In short, the whole Gull nation feels
 They're fairly spell-bound, neck and heels ;
 And so, in the face of the laughing world,
 Must e'en sit down, with banners furl'd,
 Adjourning all their dreams sublime
 Of glory and war to — some other time.

NOTIONS ON REFORM.

BY A MODERN REFORMER.

Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
 By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,
 The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!
 It has caused between Wetherel's waistcoat and
 breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity
 Had oft broken out in that quarter before;
 But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such im-
 mensity,
 Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more.

Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,
 Ye Atwoods and Wynns, ere the moment is past
 Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's border
 When the ties that should hold men are loosening
 so fast?

Make Wetherel yield to "some sort of Reform"
 (As we all must, God help us! with very wry
 faces);
 And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm
 About Corporate Rights, so he'll only wear braces

Should those he now sports have been long in possession,

And, like his own borough, the worse for the wear,
Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession
To Intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands,
With a look something midway 'twixt Filch's and
Lockit's,

While still, to inspire him, his deeply thrust hands
Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets —

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and
through cough,

To the speeches inspir'd by this music of pence, —
But must grieve that there's any thing like *falling off*
In that great nether source of his wit and his
sense?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace
debonair,

He began first to court — rather late in the
season —

Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair
Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of
Reason; *

* It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself
boasted, one night, in the House of Commons, of having sat in
the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted
 All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love ;
 Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,
 As Wetherel's rants, ever since, go to prove ; *

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his
 graces
 Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,
 The "moderate Reform" of a pair of new braces,
 Till, some day, — he'll all fall to pieces at last.



TORY PLEDGES.

I PLEDGE myself through thick and thin,
 To labour still, with zeal devout,
 To get the Outs, poor devils, in,
 And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft
 Of ways and means of ruling ill,
 To make the most of what are left,
 And stick to all that's rotten still.

* Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the appearance and voice of the sitter, shows that the symptoms are, at least, very similar: —

Spumea tunc primum rabies vesana per ora
 Effluit
 tunc mœstus vastis ululatus in antris.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,
 And drones no more take all the honey,
 I pledge myself to cram myself
 With all I can of public money.

To quarter on that social purse
 My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,
 Nor, so *we* prosper, care a curse
 How much 'tis at the' expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right
 And Might on any point divide,
 Not to ask which is black or white,
 But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,
 I'm *for* the Reverend encroachers : —
 I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians, —
 Am *for* the Squires, *against* the Poachers.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor
 I've not the slightest hesitation, —
 The People *must* be starv'd, t' insure
 The Land its due remuneration.

I pledge myself to be no more
 With Ireland's wrongs bepros'd or shamm'd, —
 I vote her grievances a *bore*,
 So she may suffer, and be d—d.

Or if she kick, let it console us,
 We still have plenty of red coats,
 To cram the Church, that general bolus,
 Down any giv'n amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet, —
 Think newspapers the worst of crimes;
 And would, to give some chance of quiet,
 Hang all the writers of The Times;

Break all their correspondents' bones,
 All authors of "Reply," "Rejoinder,"
 From the Anti-Tory, Colonel Jones,
 To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. Poynder.

Such are the Pledges I propose;
 And though I can't now offer gold,
 There's many a way of buying those
 Who've but the taste for being sold.

So here's, with three times three hurrahs,
 A toast, of which you'll not complain, —
 "Long life to jobbing; may the days
 "Of Peculation shine again!"

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

FIRST VISIT.

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,
 Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,
 "I've heard much of English bishops," quoth he,
 "And shall now take a trip to earth, to see
 "How far they agree, in their lives and ways,
 "With our good old bishops of ancient days."

He had learn'd — but learn'd without misgivings —
 Their love for good living, and eke good livings;
 Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees)
 That good *living* means claret and fricassees,
 While its plural means simply — pluralities.
 "From all I hear," said the innocent man,
 "They are quite on the good old primitive plan.
 "For wealth and pomp they little can care,
 "As they all say '*No*' to the' Episcopal chair;
 "And their vestal virtue it well denotes
 "That they all, good men, wear petticoats."

Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,
 And knocks at the' Archbishop of Canterbury's.
 The door was oped by a lackey in lace,
 Saying, "What's your business with his Grace?"
 "His Grace!" quoth Jerome — for posed was he,
 Not knowing what *sort* this Grace could be;

Whether Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,
 Grace of that breed called *Quinquarticular* — *
 In short, he rummag'd his holy mind,
 The' exact description of Grace to find,
 Which thus could represented be
 By a footman in full livery.
 At last, out loud in a laugh he broke,
 (For dearly the good saint lov'd his joke) †
 And said — surveying, as sly he spoke,
 The costly palace from roof to base —
 "Well, it isn't, at least, a *saving* Grace!"
 "Umph!" said the lackey, a man of few words,
 "Th' Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords."
 "To the House of the Lord, you mean, my son,
 "For, in *my* time, at least, there was but one;
 "Unless such many-*fold* priests as these
 "Seek, ev'n in their LORD, pluralities!" ‡
 "No time for gab," quoth the man in lace:
 Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face,
 With a curse to the single knockers all,
 Went to finish his port in the servants' hall,
 And propose a toast (humanely meant
 To include even Curates in its extent)
 "To all as *serves* the' Establishment."

* So called from the proceedings of the Synod of 1442.

† Witness his well known pun on the name of his adversary Vigilantius, whom he calls facetiously Dormitantius.

‡ The suspicion attached to some of the early Fathers of being Arians in their doctrine would appear to derive some confirmation from this passage.

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

SECOND VISIT.

"This much I dare say, that, since *lording* and *loitering* hath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles' times. For they preached and *lorded* not: and now they *lord* and preach not. . . . Ever since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth; there is no work done, the people starve." — *Latimer, Sermon of the Plough.*

"ONCE more," said Jerome, "I'll run up and see
How the Church goes on," — and off set he.
Just then the packet-boat, which trades
Betwixt our planet and the shades,
Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,
"My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have we here?" —
For he saw, when nearer he explor'd,
They'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard.
"They are ghosts of wigs," said Charon, "all,
"Once worn by nobs Episcopal.*
"For folks on earth, who've got a store
"Of cast off things they'll want no more,
"Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,
"To a certain Gentleman here below.

"A sign of the times I plainly see,"
Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he
Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.

* The wig, which had so long formed an essential part of the dress of an English bishop, was at this time beginning to be dispensed with.

Arriv'd on earth, quoth he, "No more
 "I'll affect a body, as before ;
 "For I think I'd best, in the company
 "Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,
 "And glide, unseen, from See to See."
 But oh! to tell what scenes he saw, —
 It was more than Rabelais' pen could draw
 For instance, he found Exeter,
 Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir, —
 For love of God? for sake of King?
 For good of people? — no such thing;
 But to get for himself, by some new trick,
 A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van Mildert,
 Much with his money-bags bewilder'd ;
 Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocess,*
 Because the rogues showed restlessness
 At having too little cash to touch,
 While he so Christianly bears too much.
 He found old Sarum's wits as gone
 As his own beloved text in John, — †
 Text he hath prosed so long upon,
 That 'tis thought when ask'd, at the gate of heaven,
 His name, he'll answer "John, v. 7."

* See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his Diocese.

† 1 John, v. 7. A text which, though long given up by all the rest of the orthodox world, is still pertinaciously adhered to by this Right Reverend scholar.

"But enough of Bishops I've had to-day,"
 Said the weary Saint, — "I must away.
 "Though I own I should like, before I go,
 "To see for once (as I'm ask'd below
 "If really such odd sights exist)
 "A regular six-fold Pluralist."
 Just then he heard a general cry —
 "There's Doctor Hodgson galloping by!"
 "Ay, that's the man," says the Saint, "to follow,"
 And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,
 At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,
 A glimpse of this singular plural man.
 But, — talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird! *
 To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.
 "Which way, sir, pray, is the doctor gone?" —
 "He is now at his living at Hillingdon." —
 "No, no, — you're out, by many a mile,
 "He's away at his Deanery in Carlisle." —
 "Pardon me, sir; but I understand
 "He's gone to his living in Cumberland." —
 "God bless me, no, — he can't be there;
 "You must try St. George's, Hanover Square."

Thus all in vain the Saint inquir'd,
 From living to living, mock'd and tir'd; —
 'Twas Hodgson here, 'twas Hodgson there,
 'Twas Hodgson nowhere, everywhere;

* It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that "a man
 could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird."

Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er,
 And flitted away to the Stygian shore,
 To astonish the natives under ground
 With the comical things he on earth had found.



THOUGHTS ON TAR BARRELS.

(*VIDE DESCRIPTION OF A LATE FÊTE.**)

1882.

WHAT a pleasing contrivance! how aptly devis'd
 'Twixt tar and magnolias to puzzle one's noses!
 And how the tar-barrels must all be surpris'd
 To find themselves seated like "Love among
 roses!"

What a pity we can't, by precautions like these,
 Clear the air of that other still viler infection;
 That radical pest, that old whiggish disease,
 Of which cases, true-blue, are in every direction.

Stead of barrels, let's light up an Auto da Fé
 Of a few good combustible Lords of "the Club;"
 They would fume, in a trice, the Whig chol'ra away,
 And there's Bucky would burn like a barrel of
 bub.

* The Marquis of Hertford's Fête. — From dread of cholera his Lordship had ordered tar-barrels to be burned in every direction.

How Roden would blaze! and what rubbish throw
out!

A volcano of nonsense, in active display;
While Vane, as a butt, amidst laughter, would spout
The hot nothings he's full of, all night and all day.

And then, for a finish, there's Cumberland's Duke,—
Good Lord, how his chin-tuft would crackle in air!
Unless (as is shrewdly surmised from his look)
He's already bespoke for combustion elsewhere.

THE CONSULTATION.*

"When they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful."

The Critic.

1838.

*Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation. Patient on the
floor between them.*

Dr. Whig.—THIS wild Irish patient *does* pester
me so,

That what to do with him, I'm curst if I know.

I've *promis'd* him anodynes——

Dr. Tory. Anodynes!—Stuff.

Tie him down—gag him well—he'll be tranquil
enough.

That's *my* mode of practice.

* These verses, as well as some others, that follow, (p. 226)
were extorted from me by that lamentable measure of the Whig
ministry, the Irish Coercion Act.

Dr. Whig. True, quite in *your* line,
But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*.

'Tis so painful —

Dr. Tory. — Pooh, nonsense — ask Ude how he
feels,

When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,
By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
And letting them wriggle on there till they tire.

He, too, says "'tis painful" — "quite makes his
heart bleed" —

But "Your eels are a vile, oleaginous breed." —

He would fain use them gently, but Cook'ry says
"No," [so.*]

And — in short — eels were *born* to be treated just
'Tis the same with these Irish, — who're odder fish
still, —

Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill
I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,
Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes; —
But, in fact, my dear brother, — if I may make bold
To style you, as Peachum did Lockett, of old, —
We, Doctors, *must* act with the firmness of Ude,
And, indifferent like him, — so the fish is *but* stew'd, —
Must torture live Pats for the general good

[*Here patient groans and kicks a little.*]

* This eminent artist, in the second edition of the work wherein he propounds this mode of purifying his eels, professes himself much concerned at the charge of inhumanity brought against his practice, but still begs leave respectfully to repeat that it is the only proper mode of preparing eels for the table.

Dr. Whig. — But what, if one's patient's so devilish perverse,
That he *wo'n't* be thus tortur'd?

Dr. Tory. Coerce, sir, coerce.
You're a juv'nile performer, but once you begin,
You can't think how fast you may train your hand in :
And (*smiling*) who knows but old Tory may take
to the shelf, [pelf,
With the comforting thought that, in place and in
He's succeeded by one just as — bad as himself?

Dr. Whig (looking flattered). — Why, to tell you the truth, I've a small matter here,
Which you help'd me to make for my patient last year, —

[*Goes to a cupboard and brings out a strait-waistcoat and gag.*

And such rest I've enjoy'd from his raving, since then,
That I've made up my mind he shall wear it again.

Dr. Tory (embracing him). — Oh, charming! —
My dear Doctor Whig, you're a treasure.
Next to torturing, *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure.

[*Assisting Dr. Whig.*

Give me leave — I've some practice in these mad machines ;

There — tighter — the gag in the mouth, by all means.

Delightful! — all's snug — not a squeak need you fear, —

You may now put your anodynes off till next year.

[*Scene closes.*

TO THE REV. CHARLES OVERTON,

CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

AUTHOR OF THE POETICAL PORTRAITURE OF THE CHURCH *

1833.

SWEET singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reckon'd,
 By critics Episcopal, David the Second,†
 If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,
 Only think, in a Rectory, how you *would* write!
 Once fairly inspir'd by the "Tithe-crown'd Apollo,"
 (Who beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phœbus hollow,
 Having gotten, besides the old *Nine's* inspiration,
 The *Tenth* of all eatable things in creation,)
 There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,
 So be-*nined* and be-*tenth'd*, couldn't easily do.
 Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian‡ they
 say,
 While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,
 Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell
 Of the sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards
 fell.
 Just so round our Overton's cradle, no doubt,
 Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about ;

* See Edinburgh Review, No. 117.

† "Your Lordship," says Mr. Overton, in the Dedication of his Poem to the Bishop of Chester, "has kindly expressed your persuasion that my 'Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that *it will be tuned as David's was.*'"

‡ Sophocles.

Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,
 Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,
 And small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,
 Announc'd the Church poet whom Chester approves.

O Horace! when thou, in thy vision of yore,
 Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er
 Thy etherealiz'd limbs, stealing downily on,
 Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a
 swan,*

Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,
 Without any effort of fancy, at all;
 Little thought'st thou the world would in Overton
 find

A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,
 But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,
 By gods yclept *anser*, by mortals a *goose*.

* — album mutior in alitem

Supernè: nascunturque læves

Per digitos, humerosque pluma.

SCENE

FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED
"MATRICULATION." *

[Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-Nine Articles before him. — Enter the Rt. Rev. Doctor Phillpotts.]

Doctor P. — THERE, my lad, lie the Articles — (*Boy begins to count them*) just thirty-nine —

No occasion to count — you've now only to sign.
At Cambridge, where folks are less High-church
than we,

The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump'd into Three.
Let's run o'er the items; — there's Justification,
Predestination, and Supererogation, —

Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian,
Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification.
That's sufficient — now, sign — having read quite
enough,

You "believe in the full and true meaning thereof?"
(*Boy stares.*)

* "It appears that when a youth of fifteen goes to be matriculated at Oxford, and is required first to subscribe Thirty-Nine Articles of Religious Belief, this only means that he engages himself afterwards to understand what is now above his comprehension; that he expresses no assent at all to what he signs; and that he is (or, *ought* to be) at full liberty, when he has studied the subject, to withdraw his provisional assent." — *Edinburgh Review*, No. 120.

Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth
and brief, —

A commodious and short make-believe of belief,
Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus
articular,

To keep out, in general, all who're particular.
But what's the boy doing? what! reading all through,
And my luncheon fast cooling! — this never will do.
Boy (poring over the Articles). — Here are points
which — pray, Doctor, what's "Grace of
Congruity?"

Doctor P. (sharply). — You'll find out, young sir,
when you've more ingenuity.

At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely,
Whate'er it may be, to believe it sincerely.

Both in *dining* and *signing* we take the same plan, --
First, swallow all down, then digest — as we can.

Boy (still reading). — I've to gulp, I see, St.
Athanasius's Creed,

Which, I'm told, is a very tough morsel, indeed;
As he damns —

Doctor P. (aside). — Ay, and so would I, will-
ingly, too,

All confounded particular young boobies, like you.
This comes of Reforming! — all's o'er with our land,
When people wo'n't stand what they can't *understand*;
Nor perceive that our ever-rever'd Thirty-Nine
Were made, not for men to *believe*, but to *sign*.

[*Exit Dr. P. in a passion.*]

LATE TITHE CASE.

"Sic vos non vobis."

1838.

¹ The Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state that, in consequence of the passing of a recent Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt measures which may by some be considered harsh or precipitate; but, *in duty to what he owes to his successors*, he feels bound to preserve the rights of the vicarage."—*Letter from Mr. S. Powell*, August 6.

No, *not* for yourselves, ye reverend men,
 Do you take one pig in every ten,
 But for Holy Church's future heirs,
 Who've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs;—
 The law supposing that such heirs male
 Are already seized of the pig, in tail.
 No, *not* for himself hath B—mh—m's priest
 His "well-belov'd" of their pennies fleec'd:
 But it is that, before his prescient eyes,
 All future Vicars of B—mh—m rise,
 With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces,
 And 'tis for *them* the poor he fleeces.
 He heareth their voices, ages hence,
 Saying "Take the pig" — "oh take the pence;"
 The cries of little Vicarial dears,
 The unborn B—mh—mites, reach his ears;
 And, did he resist that soft appeal,
 He *would not* like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, Lundy of Lackington!
 A Rector true, if e'er there was one,

Who, for sake of the Lundies of coming ages,
 Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.*
 'Tis true, in the pockets of *thy* small-clothes
 The claim'd "obvention" † of four-pence goes;
 But its abstract spirit, unconfin'd,
 Spreads to all future Rector-kind,
 Warning them all to their rights to wake,
 And rather to face the block, the stake,
 Than give up their darling right *to take*.
 One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes
 (So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,
 And a single four-pence, pocketed well,
 Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.
 Then still continue, ye reverend souls,
 And still as your rich Pactolus rolls,
 Grasp every penny on every side,
 From every wretch, to swell its tide:
 Remembering still what the Law lays down,
 In that pure poetic style of its own,
 "If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he
 "Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*."

* Fourteen agricultural labourers (one of whom received as little as six guineas for yearly wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guineas, and the best paid of the whole not more than 18*l.* annually) were all in the course of the autumn of 1832, served with demands of tithe at the rate of 4*d.* in the 1*l.* sterling, on behalf of the Rev. F. Lundy, Rector of —, etc. etc. — *The Times*, August, 1833.

† One of the various general terms under which oblations, tithes, etc. are comprised.

FOOLS' PARADISE.

DREAM THE FIRST.

I HAVE been, like Puck, I have been, in a trice,
 To a realm they call Fools' Paradise,
 Lying N. N. E. of the Land of Sense,
 And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence.
 But they want it not in this happy place,
 Where a light of its own gilds every face ;
 Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,
 'Tis the *wish* to look wise, — not knowing *how*.
 Self-glory glistens o'er all that's there,
 The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air ;
 The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
 The snow, if it snows, is *couleur de rose*,
 The falling founts in a titter fall,
 And the sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 'tisn't in tongue or pen to trace
 The scenes I saw in that joyous place.
 There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,
 In converse sweet, "What charming weather! —
 "You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure,
 "Lord Charles has got a good sinecure ;
 "And the Premier says, my youngest brother
 "(Him in the Guards) shall have another.
 "Isn't this very, *very* gallant! —
 "As for my poor old virgin aunt,

"Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,
"We must quarter *her* on the Pension List."
Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;
It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,
Where all who liked might have a slice,
So rich was that Fools' Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they spent,
Was a puppet-show, called Parliament
Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,
As large as life, who rose to prose,
While, hid behind them, lords and squires,
Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires;
And thought it the very best device
Of that most prosperous Paradise,
To make the vulgar pay through the nose
For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw
In this Eden of Church, and State, and Law;
Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk
As those who had the *best* of the joke.
There were Irish Rectors, such as resort
To Cheltenham yearly, to drink — port,
And bumper, "Long may the Church endure,
May her cure of souls be a sinecure,
And a score of Parsons to every soul
A mod'rate allowance on the whole."
There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,
From which the sense had all run out,

Ev'n to the lowest classic lees,
 Till nothing was left but *quantities* ;
 Which made them heads most fit to be
 Stuck up on a University,*
 Which yearly hatches, in its schools,
 Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,
 In this happiest possible Paradise.
 But plain it was to see, alas !
 That a downfall soon must come to pass.
 For grief is a lot the good and wise
 Don't quite so much monopolize,
 But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)
 Even blessed fools must have their share.
 And so it happen'd : — but what befell,
 In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE,

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I owe you for one month, which, being a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR CON-ACRE GROUND, which leaves some trifling balance in my favour." — *Letter of Dismissal from the Rev. Marcus Berezford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons.*

THE account is balanced — the bill drawn out, —
 The debit and credit all right, no doubt —
 The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,
 Owes to his Curate six pound eight;
 The Curate, that *least* well-fed of men,
 Owes to his Rector seven pound ten,
 Which maketh the balance clearly due
 From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven!
 But sure to be all set right in heaven,
 Where bills like these will be check'd, some day,
 And the balance settled the other way:
 Where Lyons the curate's hard-wrung sum
 Will back to his shade with interest come;
 And Marcus, the rector, deep may rue
 This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.*

1833.

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
 That plan was commenced which the wise now
 applaud,
 Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,
 As good raw material for *settlers*, abroad.

Some West-India island, whose name I forget,
 Was the region then chos'n for this scheme so
 romantic;
 And such the success the first colony met,
 That a second, soon after, set sail o'er th' Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd for shore,
 Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might
 greet,
 And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,
 They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again
 meet.

And, hark! from the shore a glad welcome there
 came —

“Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet
 boy?”

* I have already, in a preceding page, referred to this squib,
 as being one of those wrung from me by the Irish Coercion Act
 of my friends, the Whigs.

While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name
Thus hail'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be? — half amazement — half doubt,
Pat listens again — rubs his eyes and looks steady;
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
“Good Lord! only think, — black and curly
already!”

Deceiv'd by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,
Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed
figures,
And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

MORAL.

'Tis thus, — but alas! by a marvel more true
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories, —
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them “strong measures”
advise,
Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get
steady,
I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,
“Good Lord! only think, — black and curly
already!”

COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.

1832.

FINE figures of speech let your orators follow,
 Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow.
 Though famed for his rules *Aristotle* may be,
 In but *half* of this Sage any merit I see,
 For, as honest Joe Hume says, the "*tottle*" * for me.

For instance, while others discuss and debate,
 It is thus about Bishops *I* ratiocinate.

In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,
 'Tis certain our souls are look'd *very* well after,
 Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd)
 Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred, —
 Said number of parishes, under said teachers,
 Containing three millions of Protestant creatures, —
 So that each of said Bishops full ably controls
 One million and five hundred thousands of souls.

And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland we're told
Half' a million includes the whole Protestant fold;
 If, therefore, for *three* million souls, 'tis conceded
Two proper-sized Bishops are all that is needed,

* The *total*, — so pronounced by this industrious senator.

'Tis plain, for the Irish *half* million who want 'em,
One third of *one* Bishop is just the right quantum.
 And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,
 The Irish Church question's resolv'd to a T;
 Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,
 That, in saving men's souls, we must save money too.

Nay, if — as St. Roden complains is the case —
 The half million of *soul* is decreasing apace,
 The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall off,
 Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be enough.
 But, as fractions imply that we'd have to dissect,
 And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,
 We've a small, fractious prelate whom well we
 could spare,
 Who has just the same decimal worth, to a hair;
 And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch,
 We'll let her have Exeter, *sole*,* as her Church.



LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

1834.

* We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the outward functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons." — *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. xii.

It being an object now to meet
 With Parsons that don't want to eat,
 Fit men to fill those Irish rectories.
 Which soon 'will have but scant refectories,

* Corporation sole.

It has been suggested, — lest that Church
 Should, all at once, be left in the lurch,
 For want of reverend men endued
 With this gift of ne'er requiring food, —
 To try, by way of experiment, whether
 There couldn't be made, of wood and leather,
 (Howe'er the notion may sound chimerical,)
 Jointed figures, not *lay*,† but clerical,
 Which, wound up carefully once a week,
 Might just like parsons look and speak,
 Nay even, if requisite, reason too,
 As well as most Irish parsons do.

The' experiment having succeeded quite,
 (Whereat those Lords must much delight,
 Who've shown, by stopping the Church's food,
 They think it isn't for her spiritual good
 To be serv'd by parsons of flesh and blood,)
 The Patentees of this new invention
 Beg leave respectfully to mention,
 They now are enabled to produce
 An ample supply, for present use,
 Of these reverend pieces of machinery,
 Ready for vicarage, rect'ry, deanery,
 Or any such-like post of skill
 That wood and leather are fit to fill.

• The materials of which those Nuremberg Savans, mentioned
 by Scriblerus, constructed their artificial man.

† The wooden models used by painters are, it is well known
 called "lay figures."

N. B. — In places addicted to arson,
 We can't recommend a wooden parson :
 But, if the Church any such appoints,
 They'd better, at least, have iron joints.
 In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,
 A figure to *look at*'s all that's wanted —
 A block in black, to eat and sleep,
 Which (now that the eating's o'er) comes cheap.

P. S. — Should the Lords, by way of a treat,
 Permit the clergy again to eat,
 The Church will, of course, no longer need
 Imitation-parsons that never feed ;
 And these *wood* creatures of ours will sell
 For secular purposes just as well —
 Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout,
 May, 'stead of beating their own about,
 Be knocking the brains of Papists out ;
 While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,
 Should transmigrate into *turning* machines.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF A PEER.

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DISCLOSED IN A
LATE HERALDIC WORK.*

1834

CHOOSE some title that's dormant — the Peerage
hath many —

Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any.
Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,
And marry him, off hand, in some given year,
To the daughter of somebody, — no matter who, —
Fig, the grocer himself, if you're hard run, will do ;
For, the Medici *pills* still in heraldry tell,
And why shouldn't *lollypops* quarter as well ?
Thus having your couple, and one a lord's cousin,
Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen ;
And 'tis hard if, inventing each small mother's son
of 'em,
You can't somehow manage to prove *yourself* one
of 'em.

Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory,
Stand in the way of this lord-manufactory,
I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,
One *grand* rule of enterprise, — *don't* be particular.

* The claim to the barony of Chandos (if I recollect right
advanced by the late Sir Egerton Brydges.

A man who once takes such a jump at nobility,
Must *not* mince the matter, like folks of nihility,*
But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.

'Tis true, to a would-be descendant from Kings,
Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things ;
As oft, when the vision is near brought about,
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out ;
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles
 bloods,
And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds.

But there *are* ways — when folks are resolv'd to be lords —

Of expurging ev'n troublesome parish records.
What think ye of scissors? depend on't no heir
Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair,
As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore may invent,
Your scissors does wonders in proving descent.
Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears
With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and
peers, [the hands
But they're nought to that weapon which shines in
Of some would-be Patrician, when proudly he stands
O'er the careless churchwarden's baptismal array,
And sweeps at each cut generations away.
By some babe of old times is his peerage resisted?
One snip, — and the urchin hath *never* existed!

* "This we call pure nihility, or mere nothing." — *Watts's Logic.*

Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, interfere

With his one sublime object of being a Peer?

Quick the shears at once nullify bridegroom and bride, —

No such people have ever liv'd, married, or died !

Such the newest receipt for those high-minded elves,
Who've a fancy for making great lords of themselves.
Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,
Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage
Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam does,
And — *who* knows but you'll be Lord Baron of Shamdos?



THE DUKE IS THE LAD.

Air. — "A master I have, and I am his man,
Gallop'g dreary dun."

Castle of Andalusia.

THE Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
Gallop'g, dreary duke ;
The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
He's an ogre to meet, and the devil to pass,
With his charger prancing,
Grim eye glancing,
Chin, like a Mufti,
Grizzled and tufty,
Gallop'g, dreary Duke.

Ye misses, beware of the neighbourhood
 Of this galloping dreary Duke ;
 Avoid him, all who see no good
 In being run o'er by a Prince of the Blood.
 For, surely, no nymph is
 Fond of a grim phiz,
 And of the married,
 Whole crowds have miscarried
 At sight of this dreary Duke.



EPISTLE

FROM ERASMUS ON EARTH TO CICERO IN THE SHADES.

Southampton.

As 'tis now, my dear Tully, some weeks since I
 started
 By rail-road, for earth, having vowed, ere we parted,
 To drop you a line, by the Dead-Letter post,
 Just to say how I thrive, in my new line of ghost,
 And how deucedly odd this live world all appears,
 To a man who's been dead now for three hundred
 years,
 I take up my pen. and, with news of this earth,
 Hope to waken, by turns, both your spleen and your
 mirth.

In my way to these shores, taking Italy first,
 Lest the change from Elysium too sudden should
 burst,

I forgot not to visit those haunts where, of yore,
 You took lessons from Pætus in cookery's lore,*
 Turn'd aside from the calls of the rostrum and Muse,
 To discuss the rich merits of *rôtis* and stews,
 And preferr'd to all honours of triumph or trophy,
 A supper on prawns with that rogue, little Sophy.†

Having dwelt on such classical musings awhile,
 I set off, by a steam-boat, for this happy isle,
 (A conveyance *you* ne'er, I think, sail'd by, my
 Tully,
 And therefore, *per* next, I'll describe it more fully,)
 Having heard, on the way, what distresses me greatly,
 That England's o'er-run by *idolaters* lately,
 Stark, staring adorers of wood and of stone,
 Who will let neither stick, stock, or statue alone.
 Such the sad news I heard from a tall man in black,
 Who from sports continental was hurrying back,
 To look after his tithes ; — seeing, doubtless, 't would
 follow,
 That, just as, of old, your great idol, Apollo,
 Devour'd all the Tenth,‡ so the idols in question,
 These wood and stone gods, may have equal diges-
 tion,
 And th' idolatrous crew, whom this Rector despises,
 May eat up the tithe-pig which *he* idolizes.

* See his Letters to Friends, lib. ix. epist. 19, 20, etc.

† *Ingentium squillarum cum Sophia Septimæ.* — Lib. ix. epist. 10.

‡ Tithes were paid to the Pythian Apollo.

London.

'Tis all but too true — grim Idolatry reigns,
 In full pomp, over England's lost cities and plains!
 On arriving just now, as my first thought and care
 Was, as usual, to seek out some near House of
 Prayer,
 Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians to pray on,
 I was shown to — what think you? — a downright
 Pantheon!
 A grand, pillar'd temple, with niches and halls,*
 Full of idols and gods, which they nickname St.
 Paul's; —
 Though 'tis clearly the place where the idolatrous
 crew,
 Whom the Rector complain'd of, their dark rites
 pursue;
 And, 'mong all the "strange gods" Abr'ham's father
 carv'd out,†
 That he ever carv'd *stranger* than these I much
 doubt.

Wore it ev'n, my dear TULLY, your Hebes and
 Graces,
 And such pretty things, that usurp'd the Saints'
 places,
 I shouldn't much mind, — for, in this classic dome,
 Such folks from Olympus would feel quite at home.

* See Dr. Wiseman's learned and able letter to Mr. Poynder.

† Joshua, xxiv. 2.

But the gods they've got here! — such a queer omnium gatherum
 Of misbegot things, that no poet would father 'em ; —
 Britannias, in light, summer-wear for the skies, —
 Old Thames, turn'd to stone, to his no small surprise, — [said,
 Father Nile, too, — a portrait, (in spite of what's
 That no mortal e'er yet got a glimpse of his *head*),*
 And a Ganges, which India would think somewhat fat for't, [for't ; —
 Unless 'twas some full-grown Director had sat
 Not to mention the *et cæteras* of Genii and Sphinxes,
 Fame, Vict'ry, and other such semi-clad minxes ; —
 Sea Captains,† — the idols here most idolized ;
 And of whom some, alas, might too well be comprized
 Among ready-made Saints, as they died *cannon-*
ized ; —
 With a multitude more of odd cockneyfied deities,
 Shrined in such pomp that quite shocking to see it 'tis ;
 Nor know I what better the Rector could do
 Than to shrine there his own belov'd quadruped too ;
 As most surely a tithe-pig, whate'er the world thinks, is
 A much fitter beast for a church than a Sphinx is.

But I'm call'd off to dinner — grace just has been
 said,
 And my host waits for nobody, living or dead.

—— “Nec contigit ulli
 Hoc vidisse caput.”

CLAUDIAN.

† Captains Mosse, Riou, etc. etc.

. LINES *

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS CASTLEREAGH AND STEWART
FOR THE CONTINENT.

*At Paris † et Fratres, et qui rapuere sub illis
Vix tenuere manus (scilicet hoc, Menelas) nefandas.*
OVID. *Metam.* lib. xiii. v. 202.

Go, Brothers in wisdom — go, bright pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their
pinions !

The *one*, the best lover we have — *of his years*,
And the *other* Prime Statesman of Britain's do-
minions.

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile
Of the Misses that love, and the monarchs that
prize thee ;
Forget Mrs. Angelo Taylor awhile,
And all tailors but him who so well *dandifies* thee.

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart
thee,
But show the young Misses thou'rt scholar enough
To translate "*Amor Fortis*" a love, *about forty* !

* This and the following squib, which must have been written
about the year 1815-16, have been by some oversight misplaced.

† Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was "at Paris" these
rapacious transactions took place — we should read "at Vienna."

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young *Mara*,
 From the battle you came, with the Orders you'd
 earn'd in't,
 That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out "my *stars*!"
 And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way
 concern'd in't.

For not the great Regent himself has endur'd
 (Though I've seen him with badges and orders all
 shine,
 Till he look'd like a house that was *over* insur'd)
 A much heavier burden of glories than thine.

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,
 Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,
 As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,
 The *stars** are in fault, my Lord Stewart, not
 they!

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tories,
 Thou *Malaprop* Cicero, over whose lips
 Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and
 "glories," [slips,
 And "*nullidge*,"† and "features," like syllabub

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation
 Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,

* "When weak women go astray,
 The stars are more in fault than they."

† It is thus the noble lord pronounces the word "knowledge"
 — deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the
 Latin, "*nullus*."

Leaguings with Kings, who, for mere recreation,
Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks
metaphors.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with
their pinions!

The one, the best lover we have — *of his years*,
And the other, Prime Statesman of Britain's do-
minions.



TO THE SHIP

IN WHICH LORD CASTLEREAGH SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT.

Imitated from Horace, lib. 1. ode 8.

So may my Lady's pray'rs prevail,*
And Canning's too, and *lucid* Bragge's,
And Eldon beg a favouring gale
From Eolus, that *older* Bags, †
To speed thee on thy destin'd way,
Oh ship, that bear'st our Castlereagh, ‡

* Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater.

† See a description of the *æætoi*, or *Bags* of Eolus, in the
Odyssey, lib. 10.

‡ Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium.

Our gracious Regent's better half*
 And, *therefore*, quarter of a King —
 (As Van, or any other calf,
 May find, without much figuring).
 Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,
 Waft this Lord of place and pelf,
 Any where his Lordship pleases,
 Though 't were to Old Nick himself!

Oh, what a face of brass was his,†
 Who first at Congress show'd his phiz —
 To sign away the Rights of Man
 To Russian threats and Austrian juggle;
 And leave the sinking African ‡
 To fall without one saving struggle —
 'Mong ministers from North and South,
 To show his lack of shame and sense,
 And hoist the Sign of " Bull and Mouth "
 For blunders and for eloquence!

In vain we wish our *Secs.* at home §
 To mind their papers, desks, and shelves,

* — Animæ dimidium mæss.

† Illi robur et æs triplex.
 Circa pectus erat, qui, etc.

‡ ——— præcipitem Africum
 Decertantem Aquilonibus.

§ Nequicquam Deus abscidit
 Prudens oceano dissociabili
 Terras si tamen impiæ
 Non tangenda Rates transillunt vada.

If silly *Secs.* abroad *will* roam
And make such noodles of themselves.

But such hath always been the case —
For matchless impudence of face,
There's nothing like your Tory race! *
First, Pitt,† the chos'n of England, taught her
A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.
Then came the Doctor,‡ for our ease,
With Eldons, Chathams, Hawksburies,
And other deadly maladies.
When each, in turn, had run their rigs,
Necessity brought in the Whigs:§
And oh, I blush, I blush to say,
When these, in turn, were put to flight, too,
Illustrious TEMPLE flew away
With *lots of pens he had no right to* ! ||

This last line, we may suppose, alludes to some distinguished
Rats that attended the voyager.

- * Audax omnia perpeti
Gens ruit per vetitum nefas.
- † Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.
- ‡ Post —————
———— macies, et nova februm
Terris incubuit cohors.
- § ——— — tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.
- || Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.

This alludes to the 1200*l.* worth of stationery which his Lord-
ship is said to have ordered, when on the point of *vacating* his
office.

In short what *will* not mortal man do? *
 And now, that — strife and bloodshed *past* —
 We've done on earth what harm we can do,
 We gravely take to heav'n at last †
 And think its favouring smile to purchase
 Oh Lord, good Lord! by — building churches!



SKETCH OF THE FIRST ACT OF A NEW
 ROMANTIC DRAMA.

“AND now,” quoth the goddess, in accents jocose,
 “Having got good materials, I'll brew such a dose
 “Of Double X mischief as, mortals shall say,
 “They've not known its equal for many a long day.”
 Here she wink'd to her subaltern imps to be steady
 And all wagg'd their fire-tipp'd tails and stood ready.

“So, now for the' ingredients: — first, hand me that
 bishop;”

Whereon, a whole bevy of imps run to fish up,
 From out a large reservoir, wherein they pen 'em,
 The blackest of all its black dabblers in venom;
 And wrapping him up (lest the virus should ooze,
 And one “drop of the' immortal” † Right Rev.‡
 they might lose)

In the sheets of his own speeches, charges, reviews,

* Nil mortalibus ardui est.

† Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.

‡ “To lose no drop of the immortal man.”

§ The present Bishop of Exeter.

Pop him into the caldron, while loudly a burst
From the by-standers welcomes ingredient the first!

"Now fetch the Ex-Chancellor," mutter'd the
dame —

"He who's call'd after Harry the Older, by name."

"The Ex-Chancellor!" echoed her imps, the whole
crew of 'em —

"Why talk of *one* Ex, when your Mischief has *two*
of 'em?" [elves,

"True, true," said the hag, looking arch at her

"And a double-*Ex* dose they compose, in them-
selves."

This joke, the sly meaning of which was seen lucidly,
Set all the devils a laughing most deucedly.

So, in went the pair, and (what none thought sur-
prising)

Show'd talents for sinking as great as for rising;

While not a grim phiz in that realm but was lighted

With joy to see spirits so twin-like united —

Or (plainly to speak) two such birds of a feather,

In one mess of venom thus spitted together.

Here a flashy imp rose — some connection, no doubt,

(Of the young lord in question — and, scowling about,

"Hop'd his fiery friend, Stanley, would not be left
out;

"As no schoolboy unwhipp'd, the whole world must
agree, [he."

"Lov'd mischief, *pure* mischief, more dearly than

But, no—the wise hag would n't hear of the whipster;
 Not merely because, as a shrew, he eclips'd her,
 And nature had giv'n him, to keep him still young,
 Much tongue in his head and no head in his tongue
 But because she well knew that, for change ever
 ready,

He'd not ev'n to mischief keep properly steady;
 That soon ev'n the *wrong* side would cease to delight,
 And, for want of a change, he must swerve to the
 right;

While, on *each*, so at random his missiles he threw,
 That the side he attack'd was most safe, of the two.—
 This ingredient was therefore put by on the shelf,
 There to bubble, a bitter, hot mess, by itself.

“And now,” quoth the hag, as her caldron she ey'd,
 And the tidbits so friendlily rankling inside,

“There wants but some seasoning;—so, come, ere
 I stew 'em,

“By way of a relish, we'll throw in ‘+ John Tuam.

“In cooking up mischief, there's no flesh or fish

“Like your meddling High Priest, to add zest to
 the dish.”

Thus saying, she pops in the Irish Grand Lama—
 Which great event ends the First Act of the Drama.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THOUGH fam'd was Mesmer, in his day,
 Nor less so, in ours, is Dupotet,
 To say nothing of all the wonders done
 By that wizard, Dr. Elliotson,
 When, standing as if the gods to invoke, he
 Up waves his arm, and — down drops Okey!*

Though strange these things, to mind and sense,
 If you wish still stranger things to see —
 If you wish to know the power immense
 Of the true magnetic influence,

Just go to her Majesty's Treasury,
 And learn the wonders working there —
 And I'll be hang'd if you don't stare!
 Talk of your animal magnetists,
 And that wave of the hand no soul resists,
 Not all its witcheries can compete
 With the friendly beckon tow'rds Downing Street,
 Which a Premier gives to one who wishes
 To taste of the Treasury loaves and fishes.
 It actually lifts the lucky elf,
 Thus acted upon, *above* himself; —
 He jumps to a state of *clairvoyance*,
 And is placeman, statesman, all, at once!

* The name of the heroine of the performances at the North London Hospital.

These effects, observe (with which I begin),
 Take place when the patient's motion'd *in* ;
 Far different, of course, the mode of affection,
 When the wave of the hand's in the *out* direction ;
 The effects being then extremely unpleasant,
 As is seen in the case of Lord Brougham, at present
 In whom this sort of manipulation
 Has lately produc'd such inflammation,
 Attended with constant irritation,
 That, in short — not to mince his situation —
 It has work'd in the man a transformation
 That puzzles all human calculation !

Ever since the fatal day which saw
 That " pass " * perform'd on this Lord of Law —
 A pass potential, none can doubt,
 As it sent Harry Brougham to the right about —
 The condition in which the patient has been
 Is a thing quite awful to be seen.
 Not that a casual eye could scan

 This wondrous change by outward survey ;
 It being, in fact, the' *interior* man
 That's turn'd completely topsy-turvy : —
 Like a case that lately, in reading o'er 'em,
 I found in the *Acta Eruditorum*,
 Of a man in whose inside, when disclos'd,
 The whole order of things was found transpos'd ; †

* The technical term for the movements of the magnetizer's hand.

† Omnes feré internas corporis partes inverso ordine sitas. —
Act. Erudit. 1690.

By a *lusus naturæ*, strange to see,
 The liver plac'd where the heart should be,
 And the *spleen* (like Brougham's, since laid on the
 shelf)
 As diseas'd and as much *out of place* as himself.

In short, 'tis a case for consultation,
 If e'er there was one, in this thinking nation;
 And therefore I humbly beg to propose,
 That those *savans* who mean, as the rumour goes,
 To sit on Miss Okey's wonderful case,
 Should also Lord Harry's case embrace;
 And inform us, in *both* these patients' state,
 Which *ism* it is that predominates,
 Whether magnetism and somnambulism,
 Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

THE SONG OF THE BOX.

LET History boast of her Romans and Spartans,
 And tell how they stood against tyranny's shocks;
 They were all, I confess, in *my* eye, Betty Martins,
 Compar'd to George Grote and his wonderful Box.

Ask, where Liberty now has her seat? — Oh, it isn't
 By Delaware's banks or on Switzerland's rocks; —
 Like an imp in some conjuror's bottle imprison'd,
 She's slyly shut up in Grote's wonderful Box.

How snug!—'stead of floating through ether's dominions,

Blown *this* way and *that*, by the "populi vox,"
To fold thus in silence her sinecure pinions,
And go fast asleep in Grote's wonderful Box.

Time was, when free speech was the life-breath of freedom — [Lockes;

So thought once the Seldens, Hampdens, the
But mute be *our* troops, when to ambush we lead 'em, [Box.

For "Mum" is the word with us Knights of the

Pure, exquisite Box! no corruption can soil it;
There's Otto of Rose in each breath it unlocks;
While Grote is the "Betty," that serves at the toilet,
And breathes all Arabia around from his Box.*

'Tis a singular fact, that the fam'd Hugo Grotius †
(A namesake of Grote's—being both of Dutch stocks),

Like Grote, too, a genius profound as precocious,
Was also, like him, much renown'd for a Box;—

An immortal old clothes-box, in which the great
Grotius

When suffering in prison, for views het'rodox,

* And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

POPE's *Rape of the Lock*.

Groot, or *Grote*, latinized into Grotius.

Was pack'd up incog. spite of gaolers ferocious,*
And sent to his wife,† carriage free, in a Box!

But the fame of old Hugo now rests on the shelf,
Since a rival hath ris'n that all parallel mocks; —
That Grotius ingloriously sav'd but himself,
While *ours* saves the whole British realm by a
Box!

And oh when, at last, ev'n this greatest of Grotes
Must bend to the Power that at every door
knocks,‡
May he drop in the urn 'like his own "silent votes,"
And the tomb of his rest be a large Ballot-Box.

While long at his shrine, both from country and city,
Shall pilgrims triennially gather in flocks,
And sing, while they whimper, the' appropriate ditty,
"Oh breathe not his *name*, let it sleep — in the
Box."

* For the particulars of this escape of Grotius from the Castle of Louvenstein, by means of a box (only three feet and a half long, it is said) in which books used to be occasionally sent to him and foul linen returned, see any of the Biographical Dictionaries.

† This is not quite according to the facts of the case; his wife having been the contriver of the stratagem, and remained in the prison herself to give him time for escape.

‡ *Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede*, etc. — HORAT.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW THALABA.

ADDRESSED TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

WHEN erst, my Southey, thy tuneful tongue
 The terrible tale of Thalaba sung —
 Of him, the Destroyer, doom'd to rout
 That grim divan of conjurors out,
 Whose dwelling dark, as legends say,
 Beneath the roots of the ocean lay,
 (Fit place for deep ones, such as they,
 How little thou knew'st, dear Dr. Southey,
 Although bright genius all allow thee,
 That, some years thence, thy wondering eyes
 Should see a second Thalaba rise —
 As ripe for ruinous rigs as thine,
 Though his havoc lie in a different line,
 And should find this new, improv'd Destroyer
 Beneath the wig of a Yankee lawyer;
 A sort of an "alien," *alias* man,
 Whose country or party guess who can,
 Being Cockney half, half Jonathan;
 And his life, to make the thing completer,
 Being all in the genuine Thalaba metre,
 Loose and irregular as thy feet are; —
 First, into Whig Pindarics rambling,
 Then in low Tory dogg'rel scrambling;
 Now *love* his theme, now *Church* his glory
 (At once both Tory and ama-tory),

Now in the' Old Bailey-*lay* meandering,
 Now in soft *couplet* style philandering;
 And, lastly, in lame Alexandrine,
 Dragging his wounded length along,*
 When scourg'd by Holland's silken thong.

In short, dear Bob, Destroyer the Second
 May fairly a match for the First be reckon'd;
 Save that *your* Thalaba's talent lay
 In sweeping old conjurors clean away,
 While ours at aldermen deals his blows,
 (Who no great conjurors are, God knows,)
 Lays Corporations, by wholesale, level,
 Sends Acts of Parliament to the devil,
 Bullies the whole Milesian race —
 Seven millions of Paddies, face to face;
 And, seizing that magic wand, himself,
 Which erst thy conjurors left on the shelf,
 Transforms the boys of the Boyne and Liffey
 All into *foreigners*, in a jiffey —
 Aliens, outcasts, every soul of 'em,
 Born but for whips and chains, the whole of em!

Never, in short, did parallel
 Betwixt two heroes *gee* so well;
 And, among the points in which they fit,
 There's one, dear Bob, I can't omit.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song
 That, *like a wounded snail*, drags its slow length along."

That hacking, hectoring blade of thine
 Dealt much in the *Domdaniel* line ; *
 And 'tis but rendering justice due,
 To say that ours and his Tory crew
Damn Daniel most devoutly too.



RIVAL TOPICS.†

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

OH Wellington and Stephenson,
 Oh morn and evening papers,
 Times, Herald, Courier, Globe, and Sun,
 When will ye cease our ears to stun
 With these two heroes' capers?
 Still "Stephenson" and "Wellington,"
 The everlasting two! —
 Still doom'd, from rise to set of sun,
 To hear what mischief one has done,
 And t'other means to do: —
 What bills the banker pass'd to friends,
 But never meant to pay;
 What Rills the other wight intends,
 As honest, in their way; —

* "Vain are the spells, the Destroyer
 Treads the Domdaniel floor."

Thalaba, a Metrical Romance.

† The date of this squib must have been, I think, about 1828-9

Bills, payable at distant sight,
 Beyond the Grecian kalends,
 When all good deeds will come to light,
 When Wellington will do what's right,
 And Rowland pay his balance.

To catch the banker all have sought,
 But still the rogue unhurt is ;
 While t'other juggler — who'd have thought ?
 Though slippery long, has just been caught
 By old Archbishop Curtis ; —
 And, such the power of papal crook,
 The crosier scarce had quiver'd
 About his ears, when, lo, the Duke
 Was of a Bull deliver'd !

Sir Richard Birnie doth decide
 That Rowland " must be mad,"
 In private coach, with crest, to ride,
 When chaises could be had.
 And t'other hero, all agree,
 St. Luke's will soon arrive at,
 If thus he shows off publicly,
 When he might pass in private.

Oh Wellington, oh Stephenson,
 Ye ever-boring pair,
 Where'er I sit, or stand, or run,
 Ye haunt me every where.

Though Job had patience tough enough,
 Such duplicates would try it;
 Till one's turn'd out and t'other off,
 We shan't have peace or quiet.
 But small's the chance that Law affords —
 Such folks are daily let off;
 And, 'twixt the' Old Bailey and the Lords,
 They both, I fear, will get off.



THE BOY STATESMAN.

BY A TOBY.

"That boy will be the death of me." *Matthews at Home*

AH, Tories dear, our ruin is near,
 With Stanley to help us, we can't but fall;
 Already a warning voice I hear,
 Like the late Charles Matthews' croak in my ear,
 "That boy — that boy'll be the death of you all."

He will, God help us! — not ev'n Scriblerius
 In the "Art of Sinking" his match could be;
 And our case is growing exceeding serious,
 For, all being in the same boat as he,
 If down my Lord goes, down go we,
 Lord Baron Stanley and Company,
 As deep in Oblivion's swamp below
 As such "Masters Shallow" well could go;

And where we shall all both low and high,
 Embalm'd in mud, as forgotten lie
 As already doth Graham of Netherby !
 But that boy, that boy ! — there's a tale I know,
 Which in talking of him comes *à-propos*.
 Sir Thomas More had an only son,
 And a foolish lad was that only one,
 And Sir Thomas said, one day to his wife,
 " My dear, I can't but wish you joy,
 " For you pray'd for a boy, and you now have a boy,
 " Who'll continue a boy to the end of his life."

Ev'n such is our own distressing lot,
 With the ever-young statesman we have got ; —
 Nay ev'n still worse ; for Master More
 Wasn't more a youth than he'd been before,
 While *ours* such power of boyhood shows,
 That, the older he gets, the more juv'nile he *grows*,
 And, at what extreme old age he'll close
 His schoolboy course, heaven only knows ; —
 Some century hence, should he reach so far,
 And ourselves to witness it heav'n condemn,
 We shall find him a sort of *cub* Old Parr,
 A whipper-snapper Methusalem ;
 Nay, ev'n should he make still longer stay of it,
 The boy'll want *judgment*, ev'n to the day of it !
 Meanwhile, 'tis a serious, sad infliction ;
 And, day and night, with awe I recall
 The late Mr. Matthews' solemn prediction,
 " That boy'll be the death, the death of you all."

LETTER

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN TO THE REV. MURTAGH O'MULLIGAN.

ABRAHAM, where were *you*, Murthagh, that beautiful day? —

Or, how came it your riverence was^t laid on the
shelf, [away —
When that poor craythur, Bobby — as *you* were
Had to make *twice* as big a Tom-fool of *himself*.

Throth, it wasn't at all civil to lave in the lurch
A boy so desarving your tindh'rest affection ; —
Two such iligant Siamase twins of the Church,
As Bob and yourself, ne'er should cut the connec-
tion.

If thus in two different directions you pull,
'Faith, they'll swear that yourself and your river-
end brother
Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's Bull,
Whose tails were join'd *one* way, while they look'd
another ! *

Och bless'd be he, whosomdever he be,
That help'd soft Magee to that Bull of a Lettther!

* "You will increase the enmity with which they are regarded by their associates in heresy, thus tying these foxes by the tails, that their faces may tend in opposite directions." *Bon's Bull*, read at Exeter Hall, July 14.

Not ev'n my own self, though I sometimes make free
At such bull-manufacture, could make him a
better.

To be sure, when a lad takes to *forgin'*, this way,
'Tis a thrick he's much timplt to carry on gaily;
Till, at last, his "injanious devices," * some day,
Show him up, not at Exether Hall, but the' Ould
Bailey.

That parsons should forge thus appears mighty odd,
And (as if somethin' "odd" in their *names*, too,
must be,)
One forger, of ould, was a riverend Dod,
While a riverend Todd's now his match to a T.†

But, no matter *who* did it — all blessins betide him,
For dishin' up Bob, in a manner so nate;
And there wanted but *you*, Murthagh 'vourneen, be-
side him, [plate.
To make the whole grand dish of *bull-calf* com-

* "An ingenious device of my learned friend." — BOB'S
Letter to Standard.

† Had I consulted only my own wishes, I should not have
allowed this hasty attack on Dr. Todd to have made its ap-
pearance in this Collection; being now fully convinced that the
charge brought against that reverend gentleman of intending
to pass off as genuine his famous mock Papal Letter was alto-
gether unfounded. Finding it to be the wish, however, of my
reverend friend — as I am now glad to be permitted to call
him — that both the wrong and the reparation, the Ode and
the Palinode, should be thus placed in juxtaposition, I have
thought it but due to him to comply with his request.

MUSINGS OF AN UNREFORMED PEER.

OF all the odd plans of this monstrously queer age,
The oddest is that of reforming the peerage ;—
Just as if we, great dons, with a title and star
Did not get on exceedingly well, as we are,
And perform all the functions of noodles, by birth,
As completely as any born noodles on earth.

How *acres* descend, is in law-books display'd,
But we as *wisecres* descend, ready made ;
And, by right of our rank in Debrett's nomenclature
Are, all of us, born legislators by nature ; —
Like ducklings, to water instinctly taking,
So we, with like quackery, take to law-making ;
And God forbid any reform should come o'er us,
To make us more wise than our sires were before us.

The' Egyptians of old the same policy knew —
If your sire was a cook, you must be a cook too :
Thus making, from father to son, a good trade of it.
Poisoners *by right* (so no more could be said of it),
The cooks, like our lordships, a pretty mess made
of it ; [tians
While, fam'd for *conservative* stomachs, th' Egyp-
Without a wry face bolted all the prescriptions.

It is true, we've among us some peers of the past,
Who keep pace with the present most awfully fast—

Fruits, that ripen beneath the new light now arising
 With speed that to *us*, old conserves, is surprising,
 Conserves, in whom — potted, for grandmamma
 uses —

'T would puzzle a sunbeam to find any juices.
 'Tis true, too, I fear, midst the general movement,
 Ev'n *our* House, God help it, is doom'd to improve-
 ment,

And all its live furniture, nobly descended,
 But sadly worn out, must be sent to be mended.
 With *movables* 'mong us, like Brougham and like
 Durham,

No wonder ev'n *fixtures* should learn to bestir 'em ;
 And, distant, ye gods, be that terrible day,
 When — as playful Old Nick, for his pastime, they
 say,

Flies off with old houses, sometimes, in a storm —
 So *ours* may be whipt off, some night, by Reform ;
 And, as up, like Loretto's fam'd house,* through the
 air,

Not angels, but devils, our lordships shall bear,
 Grim, radical phizzes, unus'd to the sky,
 Shall flit round, like cherubs, to wish us "good-by,"
 While, perch'd up on clouds, little imps of plebeians,
 Small Grotes and O'Connells, shall sing *Io Pæans*.

* The *Casa Santa*, supposed to have been carried by angels
 through the air from Galilee to Italy.

THE REVEREND PAMPHLETEER.

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

OH, have you heard what hap'd of late ?
 If not, come lend an ear,
 While sad I state the piteous fate
 Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

All prais'd his skilful jockeyship,
 Loud rung the Tory cheer,
 While away, away, with spur and whip,
 Went the Reverend Pamphleteer.

The nag he rode — how *could* it err ?
 'Twas the same that took, last year,
 That wonderful jump to Exeter
 With the Reverend Pamphleteer.

Set a beggar on horseback, wise men say,
 The course he will take is clear ;
 And in *that* direction lay the way
 Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

“ Stop, stop,” said Truth, but vain her cry —
 Left far away in the rear,
 She heard but the usual gay “ Good-by ”
 From her faithless Pamphleteer.

You may talk of the jumps of Homer's gods,
 When cantering o'er our sphere —
 I'd back for a *bounce*, 'gainst any odds,
 This Reverend Pamphleteer.

But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath !
 In the midst of his career,
 A file of the *Times* lay right in the path
 Of the headlong Pamphleteer.

Whether he tripp'd or shy'd thereat,
 Doth not so clear appear :
 But down he came, as his sermons flat —
 This Reverend Pamphleteer !

Lord King himself could scarce desire
 To see a spiritual Peer
 Fall much more dead, in the dirt and mire,
 Than did this Pamphleteer.

Yet pitying parsons, many a day,
 Shall visit his silent bier,
 And, thinking the while of Stanhope, say
 " Poor dear old Pamphleteer !

" He has finish'd, at last, his busy span,
 " And now *lies coolly* here —
 " As often he did in life, good man,
 " Good, Reverend Pamphleteer !"

A RECENT DIALOGUE.

A BISHOP and a bold dragoon,
 Both heroes in their way
 Did thus, of late, one afternoon,
 Unto each other say : —
 “ Dear bishop,” quoth the brave hussar,
 “ As nobody denies
 “ That you a wise logician are,
 “ And I am — otherwise,
 “ ’Tis fit that in this question, we
 “ Stick each to his own art —
 “ That *yours* should be the sophistry,
 “ And *mine* the *fighting* part.
 “ My creed, I need not tell you, is
 “ Like that of W——n,
 “ To whom no harlot comes amiss,
 “ Save her of Babylon ; *
 “ And when we’re at a loss for words,
 “ If laughing reasoners flout us,
 “ For lack of sense we’ll draw our swords —
 “ The sole thing sharp about us.” —
 “ Dear bold dragoon,” the bishop said,
 “ ’Tis true for war thou art meant ;
 “ And reasoning — bless that dandy head !
 “ Is not in thy department.

* *Ubi nulla meretrix displicuit præter Babylonicam.*

" So leave the argument to me —
 " And, when my holy labour
 " Hath lit the fires of bigotry,
 " Thou'lt poke them with thy sabre.
 " From pulpit and from sentry-box,
 " We'll make our joint attacks,
 " I at the head of my *Cassocks*,
 " And you, of your *Cossacks*.
 " So here's your health, my brave hussar,
 " My exquisite old fighter —
 " Success to bigotry and war,
 " The musket and the mitre!"
 Thus pray'd the minister of heaven —
 While York, just entering then,
 Snor'd out (as if some *Clerk* had given
 His nose the cue) " Amen."



THE WELLINGTON SPA.

" And drink oblation to our woes." ANNA MATILDA.

1828.

TALK no more of your Cheltenham and Harrowgate
 springs,
 'Tis from *Lethe* we now our potations must draw;
 Your *Lethe's* a cure for — all possible things,
 And the doctors have nam'd it the Wellington
 Spa.

For instance, the' inventor — his having once said
 "He should think himself mad, if, at *any one's*
 call, [head,
 "He became what he is" — is so purg'd from his
 That he now doesn't think he's a madman at all.

But ev'n Irish patients can hardly regret
An oblivion, so much in their own native style,
So conveniently plann'd, that, whate'er they forget,
They may go on rememb'ring it still, all the
while! *

"The pleasing memory of things forgot."

A CHARACTER.

1834.

HALF Whig, half Tory, like those midway things,
 'Twixt bird and beast, that by mistake have wings;
 A mongrel Statesman, 'twixt two factions nurst,
 Who, of the faults of each, combines the worst —
 The Tory's loftiness, the Whigling's sneer,
 The leveller's rashness, and the bigot's fear;
 The thirst for meddling, restless still to show
 How Freedom's clock, repair'd by Whigs, will go;
 The alarm when others, more sincere than they,
 Advance the hands to the true time of day.

By Mother Church, high-fed and haughty dame,
 The boy was dandled, in his dawn of fame;
 List'ning, she smil'd, and bless'd the flippant tongue
 On which the fate of unborn tithe-pigs hung.
 Ah; who shall paint the grandam's grim dismay,
 When loose Reform entic'd her boy away;
 When shock'd she heard him ape the rabble's tone,
 And, in Old Sarum's fate, foredoom her own!
 Groaning she cried, while tears roll'd down her
 cheeks,

"Poor, glib-tongued youth, he means not what he
 speaks.

"Like oil at top, these Whig professions flow,

"But, pure as lymph, runs Toryism below.

" Alas, that tongue should start thus, in the race,
 " Ere mind can reach and regulate its pace! —
 " For, once outstripp'd by tongue, poor, lagging
 mind,
 " At every step, still further limps behind.
 " But, bless the boy! — whate'er his wandering be,
 " Still turns his heart to Toryism and me.
 " Like those odd shapes, portray'd in Dante's lay,*
 " With heads fix'd on, the wrong and backward way,
 " His feet and eyes pursue a diverse track,
 " While *those* march onward, *these* look fondly back."
 And well she knew him — well foresaw the day,
 Which now hath come, when snatch'd from Whigs
 away,
 The self-same changeling drops the mask he wore,
 And rests, restor'd, in granny's arms once more.

But whither now, mixt brood of modern light
 And ancient darkness, can'st thou bend thy flight?
 Tried by both factions, and to neither true,
 Fear'd by the *old* school, laugh'd at by the *new*;
 For *this* too feeble, and for *that* too rash,
This wanting more of fire, *that* less of flash,
 Lone shalt thou stand, in isolation cold,
 Betwixt two worlds, the new one and the old,
 A small and "vex'd Bermoothes," which the eye
 Of venturous seamen sees — and passes by.

* " Che dalle reni era tornato 'l volto,
 E indietro venir li convenia,
 Perchè 'l veder dinanzi era lor tolto."

A GHOST STORY.

TO THE AIR OF "UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY."

Nor long in bed had Lyndhurst lain,
When, as his lamp burn'd dimly,
The ghosts of corporate bodies slain,*
Stood by his bed-side grimly.
Dead aldermen, who once could feast,
But now themselves, are fed on,
And skeletons of may'rs deceas'd,
This doleful chorus led on : —
" Oh Lord Lyndhurst,
" Unmerciful Lord Lyndhurst,
" Corpses we,
" All burk'd by thee,
" Unmerciful Lord Lyndhurst ! "

" Avaunt, ye frights ! " his Lordship cried,
" Ye look most glum and whitely."
" Ah, Lyndhurst dear ! " the frights replied,
" You've us'd us unpolitely.
" And now, ungrateful man ! to drive
" Dead bodies from your door so,
" Who quite corrupt enough, alive,
" You've made by death still more so.
" Oh, Ex-Chancellor,
" Destructive Ex-Chancellor,

* Referring to the line taken by Lord Lyndhurst, on the question of Municipal Reform.

“See thy work,
 “Thou second Burke,
 “Destructive Ex-Chancellor!”

Bold Lyndhurst then, whom nought could keep
 Awake, or surely *that* would,
 Cried “Curse you all” — fell fast asleep —
 And dreamt of “Small v. Attwood.”
 While, shock’d, the bodies flew down stairs.
 But, courteous in their panic,
 Precedence gave to ghosts of may’rs,
 And corpses aldermanic,
 Crying, “Oh, Lord Lyndhurst,
 “That terrible Lord Lyndhurst,
 “Not Old Scratch
 “Himself could match
 “That terrible Lord Lyndhurst.”



THOUGHTS ON THE LATE DESTRUCTIVE PROPOSITIONS OF THE TORIES.*

BY A COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

I SAT me down in my easy chair,
 To read, as usual, the morning papers ;
 But — who shall describe my look of despair,
 When I came to Lefroy’s “destructive” capers !

* These verses were written in reference to the Bill brought in at this time, for the reform of Corporations, and the sweeping amendments proposed by Lord Lyndhurst and other Tory Peers, in order to obstruct the measure.

That *he* — that, of all live men, Lefroy
 Should join in the cry “Destroy, destroy!”
 Who, ev’n when a babe, as I’ve heard said,
 On Orange conserve was chiefly fed,
 And never, till now, a movement made
 That was n’t most manfully retrograde!
 Only think — to sweep from the light of day
 Mayors, maces, criers, and wigs away;
 To annihilate — never to rise again —
 A whole generation of aldermen,
 Nor leave them ev’n the’ accustom’d tolls,
 To keep together their bodies and souls! —
 At a time, too, when snug posts and places
 Are falling away from us, one by one,
 Crash — crash — like the mummy-cases
 Belzoni, in Egypt, sat upon,
 Wherein lay pickled, in state sublime,
 Conservatives of the ancient time: —
 To choose such a moment to upset
 The few snug nuisances left us yet;
 To add to the ruin that round us reigns,
 By knocking out mayors’ and town-clerks’ brains;
 By dooming all corporate bodies to fall,
 Till they leave, at last, no bodies at all —
 Nought but the ghosts of by-gone glory,
 Wrecks of a World that once was Tory! —
 Where pensive criers, like owls unblest,
 Robb’d of their roosts, shall still hoot o’er them;
 Nor *may’rs* shall know where to seek a *nest*,
 Till Gally Knight shall *find* one for them; —

Till mayors and kings, with none to rue 'em,
 Shall perish all in one common plague;
 And the *sovereigns* of Belfast and Tuam
 Must join their brother, Charles Dix, at Prague.

Thus mus'd I, in my chair, alone,
 (As above describ'd) till dozy grown,
 And nodding assent to my own opinions,
 I found myself borne to sleep's dominions,
 Where, lo, before my dreaming eyes,
 A new House of Commons appear'd to rise,
 Whose living contents, to fancy's survey,
 Seem'd to me all turn'd topsy-turvy —
 A jumble of polypi — nobody knew
 Which was the head or which the queue.
Here, Inglis, turn'd to a sans-culotte,
 Was dancing the hays with Hume and Grote;
There, ripe for riot, Recorder Shaw
 Was learning from Roebuck "*Ça-ira*;"
 While Stanley and Graham, as *poissarde* wenches,
 Scream'd *à-bas!*" from the Tory benches;
 And Pell and O'Connell, cheek by jowl,
 Were dancing an Irish carmagnole.

The Lord preserve us! — if dreams come true,
 What is this hapless realm to do?

ANTICIPATED MEETING OF THE BRITISH
ASSOCIATION IN THE YEAR 2836.

AFTER some observations from Dr. M'Grig
On that fossile reliquium call'd Petrified Wig,
Or *Perruquolithus* — a specimen rare
Of those wigs, made for antediluvian wear,
Which, it seems, stood the Flood without turning a
hair —

Mr. Tomkins rose up, and requested attention
To facts no less wondrous which *he* had to mention.

Some large fossil creatures had lately been found,
Of a species no longer now seen above ground,
But the same (as to Tomkins most clearly appears)
With those animals, lost now for hundreds of years,
Which our ancestors us'd to call "Bishops" and
"Peers,"

But which Tomkins more erudite names has be-
stow'd on,
Having call'd the Peer fossil the *Aristocratodon*,*
And, finding much food under t'other one's thorax,
Has christen'd that creature the' *Episcopus Vorax*.

Lest the *savantes* and dandies should think this all
fable,

Mr. Tomkins most kindly produc'd, on the table,

* A term formed on the model of the *Mastodon*, etc

A sample of each of these species of creatures,
 Both tol'rably human, in structure and features,
 Except that the' Episcopus seems, Lord deliver us!
 To've been carnivorous as well as granivorous;
 And Tomkins, on searching its stomach, found there
 Large lumps, such as no modern stomach could bear,
 Of a substance call'd Tithe, upon which, as 'tis said,
 The whole Genus Clericum formerly fed;
 And which having lately himself decomposed,
 Just to see what 't was made of, he actually found it
 Compos'd of all possible cookable things
 That e'er tripp'd upon trotters or soar'd upon wings—
 All products of earth, both gramineous, herbaceous,
 Hordeaceous, fabaceous, and eke farinaceous,
 All clubbing their quotas, to glut the œsophagus
 Of this ever greedy and grasping Tithophagus.*

"Admire," exclaim'd Tomkins, "the kind dispensa-
 tion

"By Providence shed on this much-favour'd nation,
 "In sweeping so ravenous a race from the earth,
 "That might else have occasion'd a general dearth—
 "And thus burying 'em, deep as ev'n Joe Hume
 would sink 'em,
 "With the Ichthyosaurus and Palœorynchum,
 "And other queer *ci-devant* things, under ground—
 "Not forgetting that fossilized youth,† so renown'd.

* The zoological term for a tithe-eater.

† The man found by Scheuchzer, and supposed by him to

"Who liv'd just to witness the Deluge — was grati-
fied

"Much by the sight, and has since been found *strat-
ified!*"

This picturesque touch — quite in Tomkins's way —
Call'd forth from the *savantes* a general hurrah;
While inquiries among them went rapidly round,
As to where this young stratified man could be found.

The "learn'd Theban's" discourse next as livelily
flow'd on,

To sketch t'other wonder, the' *Aristocratodon* —
An animal, differing from most human creatures
Not so much in speech, inward structure, or features,
As in having a certain excrescence, T. said,
Which in form of a coronet grew from its head,
And devolv'd to its heirs, when the creature was
dead;

Nor matter'd it, while this heir-loom was transmitted,
How unfit, were the *heads*, so the *coronet* fitted.

He then mention'd a strange zoological fact,
Whose announcement appear'd much applause to
attract.

In France, said the learned professor, this race
Had so noxious become, in some centuries' space,

have witnessed the Deluge ("homo diluvii testis"), but who
turned out, I am sorry to say, to be merely a great lizard.

From their numbers and strength, that the land was
o'errun with 'em,

Every one's question being, "What's to be done with
'em?"

When, lo! certain knowing ones — *savans*, mayhap,
Who, like Buckland's deep followers, understood
trap,*

Slily hinted that nought upon earth was so good
For Aristocratodons, when rampant and rude,
As to stop, or curtail, their allowance of food.
This expedient was tried, and a proof it affords
Of the' effect that short commons will have upon
lords;

For this whole race of bipeds, one fine summer's
morn,

Shed their coronets, just as a deer sheds his horn,
And the moment these gewgaws fell off, they became
Quite a new sort of creature — so harmless and
tame,

That zoologists might, for the first time, maintain 'em
To be near akin to the *genus humanum*,
And the' experiment, tried so successfully then,
Should be kept in remembrance, when wanted again.

* * * * *

* Particularly the formation called *Transition Trap*.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. 1.

LEAVE ME ALONE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

We are ever standing on the defensive. All that we say to them is, 'leave us alone.' The Established Church is part and parcel of the constitution of this country. You are bound to conform to this constitution. We ask of you nothing more;—*let us alone.*"—Letter in *The Times*, Nov. 1838.

COME, list to my pastoral tones,
 In clover my shepherds I keep;
 My stalls are well furnish'd with drones,
 Whose preaching invites one to sleep.
 At my *spirit* let infidels scoff,
 So they leave but the *substance* my own;
 For, in sooth, I'm extremely well off,
 If the world will but let me alone.

Dissenters are grumblers, we know;—
 Though excellent men, in their way,
 They never like things to be *so*,
 Let things be however they may.
 But dissenting's a trick I detest;
 And, besides, 'tis an axiom well known,
 The creed that's best paid is the best,
 If the *unpaid* would let it alone.

To me, I own, very surprising
 Your Newmans and Puseys all seem,
 Who start first with rationalizing,
 Then jump to the other extreme.
 Far better, 'twixt nonsense and sense,
 A nice *half-way* concern, like our own,
 Where piety's mix'd up with pence,
 And the latter are *ne'er* left alone.

Of all our tormentors, the Press is
 The one that most tears us to bits;
 And now, Mrs. Woolfrey's "excesses,"
 Have thrown all its imps into fits.
 The dev'ls have been at us, for weeks,
 And there's no saying when they'll have
 done; —
 Oh dear, how I wish Mr. Breeks
 Had left Mrs. Woolfrey alone!

If any need pray for the dead,
 'Tis those to whom post-obits fall;
 Since wisely hath Solomon said,
 'Tis "money that answereth all."
 But ours be the patrons who *live*; —
 For, once in their glebe they are thrown,
 The dead have no living to give,
 And therefore we leave them alone.

Though in morals we may not excel,
 Such perfection is rare to be had;

A good life is, of course, very well,
 But good living is also — not bad.
 And when, to feed earth-worms, I go,
 Let this epitaph stare from my stone,
 “Here lies the Right Rev. so and so;
 “Pass, stranger, and — leave him alone.”



EPISTLE FROM HENRY OF EXETER TO JOHN
 OF TUAM.

DEAR John, as I know, like our brother of London,
 You’ve sipp’d of all knowledge, both sacred and
 mundane,

No doubt, in some ancient Joe Miller, you’ve read
 What Cato, that cunning old Roman, once said —
 That he ne’er saw two rev’rend soothsayers meet,
 Let it be where it might, in the shrine or the street,
 Without wondering the rogues, ’mid their solemn
 grimaces,

Did n’t burst out a laughing in each other’s faces.*
 What Cato then meant, though ’t is so long ago,
 Even we in the present times pretty well know;
 Having soothsayers also, who — sooth to say, John —
 Are no better in some points than those of days
 gone,

Mirari se, si augur augurem aspiciens sibi temperaret a visu.

And a pair of whom, meeting (between you and
me), [they be.
Might laugh in their sleeves, too — all lawn though

But this, by the way — my intention being chiefly
In this, my first letter, to hint to you briefly,
That, seeing how fond you of *Tuum* * must be,
While *Meum*'s at all times the main point with me,
We scarce could do better than form an alliance,
To set these sad Anti-Church times at defiance :
You, John, recollect, being still to embark,
With no share in the firm but your title † and *mark*;
Or ev'n should you feel in your grandeur inclin'd
To call yourself Pope, why, I shouldn't much mind;
While *my* church as usual holds fast by your *Tuum*,
And every one else's, to make it all *Suum*.

Thus allied, I've no doubt we shall nicely agree,
As no twins can be liker, in most points, than we ;
Both, specimens choice of that mix'd sort of beast,
(See Rev. xiii. 1) a political priest ;

* So spelled in those ancient versicles which Jehn, we understand, frequently chants : —

“ Had every one *Suum*,
You wouldn't have *Tuum*,
But I should have *Meum*,
And sing *Te Deum*.”

† For his keeping the title he may quote classical authority as Horace expressly says, “ *Poteris servare Tuam*.” — *De Ar Pest.* v. 825. — *Chronicle*.

Both mettlesome *chargers*, both brisk pamphleteers,
 Ripe and ready for all that sets men by the ears ;
 And I, at least one, who would scorn to stick longer
 By any giv'n cause than I found it the stronger,
 And who, smooth in my turnings, as if on a swivel,
 When the tone ecclesiastic wo'n't do, try the *civil*.

In short (not to bore you, ev'n *jure divino*)
 We've the same cause in common, John — all but
 the rhino ;
 And that vulgar surplus, whate'er it may be,
 As you're not us'd to cash, John, you'd best leave
 to me.
 And so, without form — as the postman wo'n't
 tarry —
 I'm, dear Jack of Tuam,

Yours,

EXETER HARRY



SONG OF OLD PUCK.

"And those things do best please me,
 That befall preposterously."

PUCK Junior, *Midsummer Night's Dream*

WHO wants old Puck? for here am I,
 A mongrel imp, 'twixt earth and sky,
 Ready alike to crawl or fly ;
 Now in the mud, now in the air,
 And, so 'tis for mischief, reckless where.

As to my knowledge, there's no end to't,
 For, where I have n't it, I pretend to't;
 And, 'stead of taking a learn'd degree
 At some dull university,
 Puck found it handier to commence,
 With a certain share of impudence,
 Which passes one off as learn'd and clever,
 Beyond all other degrees whatever;
 And enables a man of lively sconce
 To be Master of *all* the Arts at once.
 No matter what the science may be —
 Ethics, Physics, Theology,
 Mathematics, Hydrostatics,
 Aerostatics or Pneumatics —
 Whatever it be, I take my luck,
 'Tis all the same to ancient Puck
 Whose head's so full of all sorts of wares,
 That a brother imp, old Smugden, swears
 If I had but of *law* a little smatt'ring,
 I'd then be *perfect* * — which is flatt'ring.

My skill as a linguist all must know
 Who met me abroad some months ago;
 (And heard me *abroad* exceedingly, too,
 In the moods and tenses of *parlez vous*)
 When, as old Chambaud's shade stood mute,
 I spoke such French to the Institute

* Verbatim as said. This tribute is only equalled by that of Talleyrand to his medical friend, Dr. ———: "Il se connoît en tout; et même un peu en médecine."

As puzzled those learned Thebans much,
 To know if 't was Sanscrit or High Dutch,
 And *might* have pass'd with the' unobserving
 As one of the unknown tongues of Irving.
 As to my talent for ubiquity,
 There's nothing like it in all antiquity.
 Like Mungo (my peculiar care)
 "I'm here, I'm dere, I'm ebery where." *

If any one's wanted to take the chair,
 Upon any subject, any where,
 Just look around, and — Puck is there !
 When slaughter's at hand, your bird of prey
 Is never known to be out of the way ;
 And wherever mischief's to be got,
 There's Puck *instantly*, on the spot.

Only find me in negus and applause,
 And I'm your man for *any* cause.
 If *wrong* the cause, the more my delight ;
 But I don't object to it, ev'n when *right*,
 If I only can vex some old friend by 't ;
 There's Durham, for instance ; — to worry *him*
 Fills up my cup of bliss to the brim !

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.)

Those who are anxious to run a muck
 Can't do better than join with Puck.

* Song in "The Padlock."

They'll find him *bon diable* — spite of his phiz —
 And, in fact, his great ambition is,
 While playing old Puck in first-rate style,
 To be *thought* Robin Good-fellow all the while.



POLICE REPORTS.

CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

AMONG other stray flashmen, dispos'd of, this week,
 Was a youngster, nam'd Stanley, genteelly connected,
 Who has lately been passing off coins, as antique,
 Which have prov'd to be *sham* ones, though long unsuspected.

The ancients, our readers need hardly be told,
 Had a coin they call'd "Talents," for wholesale demands; * [bold
 And 'twas some of said coinage this youth was so
 As to fancy he'd got, God knows how, in his hands.

People took him, however, like fools, at his word;
 And these talents (all priz'd at his own valuation,)
 Were bid for, with eagerness ev'n more absurd
 Than has often distinguish'd this great thinking nation.

* For an account of the coin called Talents by the ancients see Budæus de Asse, and the other writers de Re Nummariâ.

Talk of wonders one now and then sees advertiz'd,
 "Black swans" — "Queen Anne farthings" — or
 ev'n "a child's caul" —

Much and justly as all these rare objects are priz'd,
 "Stanley's talents" outdid them — swans, far-
 things, and all !

At length, some mistrust of this coin got abroad ; [it;
 Even quondam believers began much to doubt of
 Some rung it, some rubb'd it, suspecting a fraud —
 And the hard rubs it got rather took the shine
 out of it.

Others, wishing to break the poor prodigy's fall,
 Said 't was known well to all who had studied the
 matter,
 That the Greeks had not only *great* talents but *small*,*
 And those found on the youngster were clearly
the latter.

While others, who view'd the grave farce with a
 grin —
 Seeing counterfeits pass thus for coinage so massy,
 By way of a hint to the dolts taken in,
 Appropriately quoted Budæus de *Asse*.

In short, the whole sham by degrees was found out,
 And this coin, which they chose by such fine names
 to call,

* The *Talentum Magnum* and the *Talentum Atticum* appear
 to have been the same coin.

Prov'd a mere lacker'd article — showy, no doubt,
But, ye gods, not the true Attic Talent at all.

As th' impostor was still young enough to repent,
And, besides, had some claims to a grandee connection,
Their Worships — considerate for once — only sent
The young Thimblerig off to the House of Correction.



REFLECTIONS.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE OF THE
CHURCH IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

I'm quite of your mind ; — though these Pats cry
That they've got "too much Church," 't is all
nonsense and stuff ;
For Church is like Love, of which Figaro vow'd
That even *too much* of it's not quite enough.*

Ay, dose them with parsons, 't will cure all their
ills ; —
Copy Morison's mode when from pill-box un-
daunted he
Pours through the patient his black-coated pills,
Nor cares what their quality, so there's but quan-
tity.

* *Et fait d'amour, trop même n'est pas assez. — Barbier de Seville.*

I verily think, 't would be worth England's while
 To consider, for Paddy's own benefit, whether
 'T would not be as well to give up the green isle
 To the care, wear and tear of the Church alto-
 gether.

The Irish are well us'd to treatment so pleasant ;
 The harlot Church gave them to Henry Planta-
 genet,*
 And now, if King William would make them a pres-
 ent
 To 't other chaste lady — ye Saints, just imagine it !

Chief Secs., Lord-Lieutenants, Commanders-in-chief,
 Might then all be cull'd from the' episcopal benches ;
 While colonels in black would afford some relief
 From the hue that reminds one of the' old scarlet
 wench's.

Think how fierce at a *charge* (being practis'd therein)
 The Right Reverend Brigadier Phillpotts would
 slash on ! [thin,
 How General Blomfield, through thick and through
 To the end of the chapter (or chapters) would
 dash on !

For, in one point alone do the amply fed race
 Of bishope to beggars similitude bear —

* Grant of Ireland to Henry II. by Pope Adrian.

That, set them on horseback, in full steeple chase,
 And they'll ride, if not pull'd up in time — you
 know where.

But, bless you, in Ireland, that matters not much,
 Where affairs have for centuries gone the same
 way ;
 And a good stanch Conservative's system is such
 That he'd back even Beelzebub's long-founded
 sway.

I am therefore, dear Quarterly, quite of your
 mind ; —
 Church, Church, in all shapes, into Erin let's
 pour ;
 And the more she rejecteth our med'cine so kind,
 The more let's repeat it — "Black dose, as before."

Let Coercion, that peace-maker, go hand in hand
 With demure-ey'd Conversion, fit sister and bro-
 ther ;
 And, covering with prisons and churches the land,
 All that wo'n't *go to one*, we'll put *into* the other.

For the sole, leading maxim of us who're inclin'd
 To rule over Ireland, not well, but religiously,
 Is to treat her like ladies, who've just been confin'd
 (Or who *ought* to be so) and to *church* her pro-
 digiously.

NEW GRAND EXHIBITION OF MODELS OF THE
TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

COME, step in, gentlefolks, here ye may view
An exact and nat'ral representation
(Like Siburn's Model of Waterloo *)
Of the Lords and Commons of this here nation.

There they are — all cut out in cork —
The "Collective Wisdom" wondrous to see;
My eyes! when all them heads are at work,
What a vastly weighty consarn it must be.

As for the "wisdom," — *that* may come anon;
Though, to say truth, we sometimes see
(And I find the phenomenon no uncommon 'un)
A man who's M. P. with a head that's M. T.

Our Lords are *rather* too small, 'tis true;
But they do well enough for Cabinet shelves;
And, besides, — *what's* a man with creeturs to do
That make such *verry* small figures themselves?

There — don't touch those lords, my pretty dears —
(*Aside.*) [nation:
Curse the children! — this comes of reforming a

* One of the most interesting and curious of all the exhibitions of the day.

Those meddling young brats have so damaged my
peers,
I must lay in more cork for a new creation.

Them yonder's our bishops — "to whom much is
giv'n," [please :
And who're ready to take as much more as you
The seers of old times saw visions of heaven,
But these holy seers see nothing but Sees.

Like old Atlas * (the chap, in Cheapside, there be-
low,)
'Tis for so much *per cent.* they take heav'n on
their shoulders ;
And joy 'tis to know that old High Church and Co.,
Though not capital priests, are such capital holders.

There's one on 'em, Phillpotts, who now is away,
As we're having him fill'd with bumbustible stuff,
Small crackers and squibs, for a great gala-day,
When we annually fire his Right Reverence off.

'T would do your heart good, ma'am, then to be by,
When, bursting with gunpowder, 'stead of with
bile,
Crack, crack, goes the bishop, while dowagers cry,
"How like the dear man, both in matter and
style !"

* The sign of the Insurance Office in Cheapside.

Should you want a few Peers and M. P.s, to bestow,
As presents to friends, we can recommend
these : —*

Our nobles are come down to nine-pence, you know,
And we charge but a penny a piece for M. P.s.

Those of *bottle*-corks made take most with the trade,
(At least, 'mong such as my *Irish* writ summons,)
Of old *whiskey* corks our O'Connells are made,
But those we make Shaws and Lefroys of, are
rum 'uns.

So, step in, gentlefolks, etc. etc.

Da Capo.



ANNOUNCEMENT

OF A NEW GRAND ACCELERATION COMPANY FOR THE PRO-
MOTION OF THE SPEED OF LITERATURE.

LOUD complaints being made, in these quick-reading
times,

Of too slack a supply, both of prose works and
rhymes,

A new Company, form'd on the keep-moving plan,
First propos'd by the great firm of Catch-'em-who
can,

Beg to say they've now ready, in full wind and
speed,

* Producing a bag full of lords and gentlemen.

Some fast-going authors, of quite a new breed —
Such as not he who *runs* but who *gallops* may
read —

And who, if well curried and fed, they've no doubt,
Will beat ev'n Bentley's swift stud out and out.

It is true, in these days, such a drug is renown,
We've "Immortals" as rife as M. P.s about town;
And not a Blue's rout but can off-hand supply
Some invalid bard who's insur'd "not to die."
Still, let England but once try *our* authors, she'll
find

How fast they'll leave ev'n these Immortals behind;
And how truly the toils of Alcides were light,
Compar'd with *his* toil who can read all they write.

In fact, there's no saying, so gainful the trade,
How fast immortalities now may be made;
Since Helicon never will want an "Undying One,"
As long as the public continues a Buying One;
And the company hope yet to witness the hour,
When, by strongly applying the mare-motive * power,
A three-decker novel, 'midst oceans of praise,
May be written, launch'd, read, and — forgot, in
three days!

In addition to all this stupendous celerity,
Which — to the no small relief of posterity —

* "'T is money makes the mare to go.'

Pays off at sight the whole debit of fame,
 Nor troubles futurity ev'n with a name
 (A project that wo'n't as much tickle Tom Tegg as
us,

Since 't will rob *him* of his second-priced Pegasus);
 We, the Company — still more to show how immense
 Is the power o'er the mind of pounds, shillings, and
 pence;

And that not even Phœbus himself, in our day,
 Could get up a *lay* without first an *outlay* —
 Beg to add, as our literature soon may compare,
 In its quick make and vent, with our Birmingham
 ware,

And it doesn't at all matter in either of these lines,
 How *sham* is the article, so it but *shines*, —
 We keep authors ready, all perch'd, pen in hand,
 To write off, in any giv'n style, at command.
 No matter what bard, be he living or dead,*
 Ask a work from his pen, and 'tis done soon as said:
 There being, on th' establishment, six Walter Scotts,
 One capital Wordsworth, and Southey's in lots; —
 Three choice Mrs. Nortons, all singing like syrens,
 While most of our pallid young clerks are Lord
 Byrons.

Then we've * * *s and * * *s (for whom there's
 small call),
 And * * *s and * * *s (for whom no call at all).

* We have lodgings apart, for our posthumous people,
 As we find that, if left with the live ones, they *keep* ill.

In short, whosoe'er the last "Lion" may be,
 We've a Bottom who'll copy his roar * to a T,
 And so well, that not one of the buyers who've got
 'em
 Can tell which is lion, and which only Bottom.

N. B. — The company, since they set up in this line,
 Have mov'd their concern, and are now at the sign
 Of the Muse's Velocipede, *Fleet* Street, where all
 Who wish well to the scheme are invited to call.



SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DINNER TO DAN.

From tongue to tongue the rumour flew;
 All ask'd, aghast, "Is't true? is't true?"
 But none knew whether 't was fact or fable:
 And still the unholy rumour ran,
 From Tory woman to Tory man,
 Though none to come at the truth was able —
 Till, lo, at last, the fact came out,
 The horrible fact, beyond all doubt,
 That Dan had din'd at the Viceroy's table;
 Had flesh'd his Popish knife and fork
 In the heart of th' Establish'd mutton and pork!

* "Bottom: Let me play the lion; I will roar you as 'twere
 any nightingale."

Who can forget the deep sensation
 That news produc'd in this orthodox nation?
 Deans, rectors, curates, all agreed,
 If Dan was allow'd at the Castle to feed,
 'Twas clearly *all up* with the Protestant creed!

There had n't, indeed, such an apparition
 Been heard of, in Dublin, since that day
 When, during the first grand exhibition
 Of Don Giovanni, that naughty play,
 There appear'd, as if rais'd by necromancers,
 An *extra* devil among the dancers!
 Yes — ev'ry one saw, with fearful thrill,
 That a devil too much had join'd the quadrille;
 And sulphur was smelt, and the lamps let fall
 A grim, green light o'er the ghastly ball,
 And the poor *sham* dev'ls did n't like it at all;
 For, they knew from whence th' intruder had come,
 Though he left, *that* night, his tail at home.

This fact, we see, is a parallel case
 To the dinner that, some weeks since, took place.
 With the difference slight of fiend and man,
 It shows what a nest of Popish sinners
 That city must be, where the devil and Dan
 May thus drop in, at quadrilles and dinners!

But, mark the end of these foul proceedings,
 These demon hops and Popish feedings.

• History of the Irish Stage.

Some comfort 'twill be — to those, at least,
 Who've studied this awful dinner question —
 To know that Dan, on the night of that feast,
 Was seiz'd with a dreadful indigestion ;
 That envoys were sent, post-haste, to his priest,
 To come and absolve the suffering sinner,
 For eating so much at a heretic dinner ;
 And some good people were even afraid
 That Peel's old confectioner — still at the trade —
 Had poison'd the Papist with *orangeade*.



NEW HOSPITAL FOR SICK LITERATI

WITH all humility we beg
 To inform the public, that Tom Tegg —
 Known for his spunky speculations,
 In buying up dead reputations,
 And, by a mode of galvanizing
 Which, all must own, is quite surprising,
 Making dead authors move again,
 As though they still were living men ; —
 All this, too, manag'd, in a trice,
 By those two magic words, " Half Price,
 Which brings the charm so quick about,
 That worn-out poets, left without
 A second *foot* whereon to stand,
 Are made to go at second *hand* ; —
 'T will please the public, we repeat,
 To learn that Tegg, who works this feat,

And, therefore, knows what care it needs
 To keep alive Fame's invalids,
 Has oped an Hospital, in town,
 For cases of knock'd-up renown —
 Falls, fractures, dangerous *Epic fits*
 (By some call'd *Cantos*), stabs from wits ;
 And, of all wounds for which they're nurst,
Dead cuts from publishers, the worst ;—
 All these, and other such fatalities,
 That happen to frail immortalities,
 By Tegg are so expertly treated,
 That oft-times, when the cure's completed,
 The patient's made robust enough
 To stand a few more rounds of *puff*,
 Till, like the ghosts of Dante's lay,
 He's puff'd into thin air away !

As titled poets (being phenomenons)
 Don't like to mix with low and common 'uns,
 Tegg's Hospital has separate wards,
 Express for literary lords,
 Where *prose*-peers, of immoderate length,
 Are nurs'd, when they've out grown their
 strength,
 And poets, whom their friends despair of,
 Are — put to bed and taken care of.

Tegg begs to contradict a story,
 Now current both with Whig and Tory,
 That Doctor Warburton, M. P.,
 Well known for his antipathy,

His deadly hate, good man, to all
 The race of poets, great and small —
 So much, that he's been heard to own,
 He would most willingly cut down
 The holiest groves on Pindus' mount,
 To turn the timber to account! —
 The story actually goes, that he
 Prescribes at Tegg's Infirmary;
 And oft, not only stints, for spite,
 The patients in their copy-right,
 But that, on being call'd in lately
 To two sick poets, suffering greatly,
 This vaticidal Doctor sent them
 So strong a dose of Jeremy Bentham,
 That one of the poor bards but cried,
 "Oh, Jerry, Jerry!" and then died;
 While t'other, though less stuff was given,
 Is on his road, 'tis fear'd, to heaven!

Of this event, howe'er unpleasant,
 Tegg means to say no more at present, —
 Intending shortly to prepare
 A statement of the whole affair,
 With full accounts, at the same time,
 Of some late cases (prose and rhyme),
 Subscrib'd with every author's name,
 That's now on the Sick List of Fame.

RELIGION AND TRADE.

"Sir Robert Peel believed it was necessary to originate all respecting religion and trade in a Committee of the House." — *Church Extension*, May 22, 1830.

SAY, who was the wag, indecorously witty,
 Who first, in a statute, this libel convey'd;
 And thus slily referr'd to the self-same committee,
 As matters congenial, Religion and Trade?

Oh surely, my Phillpotts, 't was thou did'st the deed;
 For none but thyself, or some pluralist brother,
 Accustom'd to mix up the craft with the creed,
 Could bring such a pair thus to twin with each
 other.

And yet, when one thinks of times present and gone,
 One is forc'd to confess, on maturer reflection,
 That 'tisn't in the eyes of committees alone
 That the shrine and the shop seem'd to have some
 connection.

Not to mention those monarchs of Asia's fair land,
 Whose civil list all is in "god-money" paid;
 And where the whole people, by royal command,
 Buy their gods at the government mart, ready
 made; — *

* The Birmans may not buy the sacred marble in mass but must purchase figures of the deity already made. — SYMES.

There was also (as mention'd, in rhyme and in prose,
is)

Gold heap'd, throughout Egypt, on every shrine,
To make rings for right reverend crocodiles' noses —
Just such as, my Phillpotts, would look well in
thine.

But one needn't fly off, in this erudite mood ;
And 'tis clear, without going to regions so sunny,
That priests love to do the *least* possible good,
For the largest *most* possible quantum of money.

"Of him," saith the text, "unto whom much is given,
"Of him much, in turn, will be also required : " —
"By *me*," quoth the sleek and obese man of
heaven —
"Give as much as you will — more will still be
desir'd."

More money ! more churches ! — oh Nimrod, had'st
thou
'Stead of *Tower*-extension, some shorter way
gone —
Had'st thou known by what methods we mount to
heav'n *now*,
And tried *Church*-extension, the feat had been
done !

MUSINGS,

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE PROMOTION OF MRS. NETHERCOAT.

"The widow Nethercoat is appointed gaoler of Loughrea, in the room of her deceased husband." — *Limerick Chronicle*.

WHETHER as queens or subjects, in these days,
 Women seem form'd to grace alike each station; —
 As Captain Flaherty gallantly says,
 "You, ladies, are the lords of the creation!"

Thus o'er my mind did prescient visions float
 Of all that matchless woman yet may be;
 When, hark, in rumours less and less remote,
 Came the glad news o'er Erin's ambient sea,
 The important news — that Mrs. Nethercoat
 Had been appointed gaoler of Loughrea;
 Yes, mark it, History — Nethercoat is dead,
 And Mrs. N. now rules his realm instead;
 Hers the high task to wield the' uplocking keys,
 To rivet rogues and reign o'er Rapparees!

Thus, while your blust'ers of the Tory school
 Find Ireland's sanest sons so hard to rule,
 One meek-ey'd matron, in Whig doctrines nurst,
 Is all that's ask'd to curb the maddest, worst!

Show me the man that dares, with blushless brow
 Prate about Erin's rage and riot now; —

Now, when her temperance forms her sole excess ;
 When long-lov'd whiskey, fading from her sight,
 "Small by degrees, and beautifully less,"
 Will soon, like other *spirits*, vanish quite ;
 When of red coats the number's grown so small,
 That soon, to cheer the warlike parson's eyes,
 No glimpse of scarlet will be seen at all,
 Save that which she of Babylon supplies ; —
 Or, at the most, a corporal's guard will be,
 Of Ireland's *red* defence the sole remains ;
 While of its gaols bright woman keeps the key,
 And captive Paddies languish in her chains !
 Long may such lot be Erin's, long be mine !
 Oh yes — if ev'n this world, though bright it shine,
 In Wisdom's eyes a prison-house must be,
 At least let woman's hand our fetters twine,
 And blithe I'll sing, more joyous than if free,
 The Nethercoats, the Nethercoats for me !

INTENDED TRIBUTE

TO THE AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE IN THE LAST NUMBER OF
 THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, ENTITLED
 "ROMANISM IN IRELAND."

It glads us much to be able to say,
 That a meeting is fix'd, for some early day,
 Of all such dowagers — *he* or *she* —
 (No matter the sex, so they dowagers be,)
 Whose opinions, concerning Church and State,
 From about the time of the Curfew date —

Staunch sticklers still for days by-gone,
 And admiring *them* for their rust alone —
 To whom if we would a leader give,
 Worthy their tastes conservative,
 We need but some mummy-statesman *raise*,
 Who was pickled and potted in Ptolemy's days;
 For *that's* the man, if waked from his shelf
 To conserve and swaddle this world, like himself.

Such, we're happy to state, are the old *he-dames*
 Who've met in committee, and given their names
 (In good hieroglyphics), with kind intent
 To pay some handsome compliment
 To their sister-author, the nameless he,
 Who wrote, in the last new *Quarterly*,
 That charming assault upon Popery:
 An article justly prized by them,
 As a perfect antediluvian gem —
 The work, as Sir Sampson Legend would say,
 Of some "fellow the Flood couldn't wash away." *

The fund being rais'd, there remain'd but to see
 What the dowager-author's gift was to be.
 And here, I must say, the Sisters Blue
 Show'd delicate taste and judgment too.
 For, finding the poor man suffering greatly
 From the awful stuff he has thrown up lately —
 So much so, indeed, to the alarm of all,
 As to bring on a fit of what doctors call

* See Congreve's *Love for Love*.

The Antipapistico-monomania
 (I'm sorry with such a long word to detain ye),
 They've acted the part of a kind physician,
 By suiting their gift to the patient's condition ;
 And, as soon as 'tis ready for presentation,
 We shall publish the facts, for the gratification
 Of this highly-favour'd and Protestant nation.

Meanwhile, to the great alarm of his neighbours,
 He still continues his *Quarterly* labours ;
 And often has strong No-Popery fits,
 Which frighten his old nurse out of her wits.
 Sometimes he screams, like Scrub in the play,*
 "Thieves ! Jesuits ! Popery !" night and day ;
 Takes the Printer's Devil for Doctor Dens,†
 And shies at him heaps of High-church pens ; ‡
 Which the Devil (himself a touchy Dissenter)
 Feels all in his hide, like arrows, enter.

'Stead of swallowing wholesome stuff from the
 druggist's,
 He *will* keep raving of "Irish Thuggists ;" §

* Beaux Stratagem.

† The writer of the article has groped about, with much success, in what he calls "the dark recesses of Dr. Dens's disquisitions." — *Quarterly Review*.

‡ 'Pray, may we ask, has there been any rebellious movement of Popery in Ireland, since the planting of the Ulster colonies, in which something of the kind was not visible among the Presbyterians of the North ?" — *Ibid*.

§ "Lord Lorton, for instance, who, for clearing his estate of a village of Irish Thuggists," etc. etc. — *Quarterly Review*.

Tells us they all go murd'ring, for fun,
 From rise of morn till set of sun,
 Pop, pop, as fast as a minute-gun ! *
 If ask'd how comes it the gown and cassock are
 Safe and fat, 'mid this general massacre —
 How haps it that Pat's own population
 But swarms the more for this trucidation —
 He refers you, for all such memoranda,
 To the "*archives of the Propaganda* !" †

This is all we've got, for the present, to say —
 But shall take up the subject some future day.



GRAND DINNER OF TYPE AND CO.

A POOR POET'S DREAM.‡

As I sate in my study, lone and still,
 Thinking of Sergeant Talfourd's Bill,
 And the speech by Lawyer Sugden made,
 In spirit congenial, for "the Trade,"
 Sudden I sunk to sleep, and, lo,

* "Observe how murder after murder is committed like minute-guns." — *Ibid.*

† "Might not the archives of the Propaganda possibly supply the key?"

‡ Written during the late agitation of the question of Copyright.

Upon Fancy's reinless night-mare flitting,
 I found myself, in a second or so,
 At the table of Messrs. Type and Co.

With a goodly group of diners sitting ; —
 All in the printing and publishing line,
 Drest, I thought, extremely fine,
 And sipping, like lords, their rosy wine ;
 While I, in a state near inanition,

With coat that had n't much nap to spare
 (Having just gone into its second edition),
 Was the only wretch of an author there.

But think, how great was my surprise,
 When I saw, in casting round my eyes,
 That the dishes, sent up by Type's she-cooks,
 Bore all, in appearance, the shape of books ;
 Large folios — God knows where they got 'em,
 In these *small* times — at top and bottom ;
 And quartos (such as the Press provides
 For no one to read them) down the sides.
 Then flash'd a horrible thought on my brain,
 And I said to myself, " 'T is all too plain,
 " Like those, well known in school quotations,
 " Who ate up for dinner their own relations,
 " I see now, before me, smoking here,
 " The bodies and bones of my brethren dear ; —
 " Bright sons of the lyric and epic Muse,
 " All cut up in cutlets, or hash'd in stews ;
 " Their *works*, a light through ages to go, —
 " *Themselves*, eaten up by Type and Co. ! "

While thus I moralized, on they went,
Finding the fare most excellent;
And all so kindly, brother to brother,
Helping the tidbits to each other:
"A slice of Southey let me send you" —
"This cut of Campbell I recommend you" —
"And here, my friends, is a treat indeed,
"The immortal Wordsworth fricassee'd!"

Thus having, the cormorants, fed some time,
Upon joints of poetry — all of the prime —
With also (as Type in a whisper averr'd it)
"Cold prose on the sideboard, for such as preferr'd
it" —

They rested awhile to recruit their force,
Then pounc'd, like kites, on the second course,
Which was singing birds merely — Moore and
others —

Who all went the way of their larger brothers;
And, num'rous now though such songsters be,
'T was really quite distressing to see
A whole dishful of Toms — Moore, Dibdin, Bayly, —
Bolted by Type and Co. so gaily!

Nor was this the worst — I shudder to think
What a scene was disclos'd when they came to drink.
The warriors of Odin, as every one knows,
Used to drink out of skulls of slaughter'd foes:
And Type's old port, to my horror I found,
Was in skulls of bards sent merrily round.

And still as each well-fill'd cranium came,
A health was pledg'd to its owner's name ;
While Type said slily, midst general laughter,
" We eat them up first, then drink to them after."

There was *no* standing this — incensed I broke
From my bonds of sleep, and indignant woke,
Exclaiming, " Oh shades of other times,
" Whose voices still sound, like deathless chimes,
" Could you e'er have foretold a day would be,
" When a dreamer of dreams should live to see
" A party of sleek and honest John Bulls
" Hobnobbing each other in poets' skulls !"

CHURCH EXTENSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Sir—A well-known classical traveller, while employed in exploring, some time since, the supposed site of the temple of Diana of Ephesus, was so fortunate, in the course of his researches, as to light upon a very ancient bark manuscript, which has turned out, on examination, to be part of an old Ephesian newspaper;—a newspaper published, as you will see, so far back as the time when Demetrius, the great Shrine-Extender,* flourished.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

EPHESIAN GAZETTE.

Second edition.

IMPORTANT event for the rich and religious!

Great Meeting of Silversmiths held in Queen Square;—

Church Extension, their object,—the' excitement prodigious;—

[chair!

Demetrius, head man of the craft, takes the

Third edition.

The Chairman still up, when our dev'l came away;

Having prefac'd his speech with the usual state prayer,

[day,

That the Three-headed Dian † would kindly, this

Take the Silversmiths' Company under her care.

* "For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen; whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth."—*Acts*, xix.

† *Tria Virginis ora Dianæ*

Being ask'd by some low, unestablish'd divines,
 "When your churches are up, where are flocks to
 be got?"

He manfully answer'd, "Let *us* build the shrines,*
 "And we care not if flocks are found for them or
 not."

He then added — to show that the Silversmiths'
 Guild

Were above all confin'd and intolerant views —
 "Only *pay* through the nose to the altars we build,
 "You may *pray* through the nose to what altars
 you choose."

This tolerance, rare from a shrine-dealer's lip
 (Though a tolerance mix'd with due taste for the
 till) —

So much charm'd all the holders of scriptural scrip,
 That their shouts of "Hear!" "Hear!" are re-
 echoing still.

Fourth edition.

Great stir in the Shrine Market! altars to Phœbus
 Are going dog-cheap — may be had for a rebus.
 Old Dian's, as usual, outsell all the rest; —
 But Venus's also are much in request.

* The "Shrines" are supposed to have been small churches
 or chapels, adjoining to the great temples; — "*ædiculæ, in
 quibus statuæ reponebantur.*" — ERASM.

LATEST ACCOUNTS FROM OLYMPUS.

As news from Olympus has grown rather rare,
Since bards, in their cruises, have ceas'd to *touch*
there,

We extract for our readers the' intelligence given,
In our latest accounts from that *ci-devant* Heaven,—
That realm of the By-gones, where still sit, in state,
Old god-heads and nod-heads, now long out of date.

Jove himself, it appears, since his love-days are o'er,
Seems to find immortality rather a bore ;
Though he still asks for news of earth's capers and
crimes,
And reads daily his old fellow-Thund'rer, the Times.
He and Vulcan, it seems, by their wives still hen-
peck'd are,
And kept on a stinted allowance of nectar.

Old Phœbus, poor lad, has given up inspiration,
And pack'd off to earth on a *puff*-speculation.
The fact is, he found his old shrines had grown dim,
Since bards look'd to Bentley and Colburn, not him.
So, he sold off his stud of ambrosia-fed nags,
Came incog. down to earth, and now writes for the
Mags ; [in't,
Taking care that his work not a gleam hath to linger
From which men could guess that the god had a
finger in't.

There are other small facts, well deserving attention,

Of which our Olympic despatches make mention.

Poor Bacchus is still very ill, they allege,

Having never recover'd the Temperance Pledge.

"What, the Irish!" he cried — "those I look'd to the most!

"If they give up the *spirit*, I give up the ghost:"

While Momus, who us'd of the gods to make fun,

Is turn'd Socialist now, and declares there are none

But these changes, though curious, are all a mere farce

Compared to the new "casus belli" of Mars,

Who, for years, has been suffering the horrors of quiet,

Uncheer'd by one glimmer of bloodshed or riot!

In vain from the clouds his belligerent brow

Did he pop forth, in hopes that somewhere or somehow,

Like Pat at a fair, he might "coax up a row:"

But the joke wouldn't take — the whole world had got wiser;

Men liked not to take a Great Gun for adviser;

And, still less, to march in fine clothes to be shot,

Without very well knowing for whom or for what.

The French, who of slaughter had had their full swing,

Were content with a shot, now and then, at their King;

While, in England, good fighting's a pastime so hard
to gain,
Nobody's left to fight *with*, but Lord Cardigan.

'Tis needless to say, then, how monstrously happy
Old Mars has been made by what's now on the *tapis* ;
How much it delights him to see the French rally,
In Liberty's name, around Mehemet Ali ;
Well knowing that Satan himself could not find
A confection of mischief much more to his mind
Than the old Bonnet Rouge and the Bashaw combin'd.

Right well, too, he knows, that there ne'er were
attackers,
Whatever their cause, that they did n't find backers ;
While any slight care for Humanity's woes
May be soothed by that "Art Diplomatique," which
shows
How to come, in the most approv'd method, to blows.

This is all, for to-day — whether Mars is much vext
At his friend Thiers's exit, we'll know by our next.



THE TRIUMPHS OF FARCE.

Our earth, as it rolls through the regions of space,
Wears always two faces, the dark and the sunny ;
And poor human life runs the same sort of race,
Being sad, on one side — on the other side, funny

Thus oft we, at eve, to the Haymarket hie,
 To weep o'er the woes of Macready ; — but scarce
 Hath the tear-drop of Tragedy pass'd from the
 eye,
 When, lo, we're all laughing in fits at the Farce.

And still let us laugh — preach the world as it may —
 Where the cream of the joke is, the swarm will
 soon follow ;
 Heroics are very grand things, in their way,
 But the laugh at the long run will carry it hollow.

For instance, what sermon on human affairs
 Could equal the scene that took place t'other day
 'Twixt Romeo and Louis Philippe, on the stairs —
 The Sublime and Ridiculous meeting half-way !

• Yes, Jocus ! gay god, whom the Gentiles supplied,
 And whose worship not ev'n among Christians
 declines,
 In our senate thou'st languish'd since Sheridan
 died,
 But Sydney still keeps thee alive in our shrines.

Rare Sydney ! thrice honour'd the stall where he
 sits,
 And be his ev'ry honour he deigneth to climb at !
 Had England a hierarchy form'd all of wits,
 Who but Sydney would England proclaim as its
 primate ?

And long may he flourish, frank, merry, and brave —
 A Horace to hear, and a Paschal to read ; *
 While he *laughs*, all is safe, but, when Sydney grows
 grave,
 We shall then think the Church is in danger
indeed.

Meanwhile, it much glads us to find he's preparing
 To teach *other* bishops to "seek the right way ;" †
 And means shortly to treat the whole bench to an
 airing,
 Just such as he gave to Charles James t' other day.

For our parts, though gravity's good for the soul,
 Such a fancy have we for the side that there's fun
 on,
 We'd rather with Sydney south-west take a "stroll,"
 Than *coach* it north-east with his Lordship of
 Lunnun.

Some parts of the *Provinciales* may be said to be of the
 highest order of *jeux d'esprit*, or squibs.

† "This stroll in the metropolis is extremely well contrived
 for your Lordship's speech ; but suppose, my dear Lord, *that*,
 instead of going E. and N. E. you had turned about," etc. etc. —
 SYDNEY SMITH'S *Last Letter to the Bishop of London*.

THOUGHTS ON PATRONS, PUFFS, AND OTHER
MATTERS.

IN AN EPISTLE FROM T. M. TO S. R.

WHAT, *thou*, my friend! a man of rhymes,
And, better still, a man of guineas,
To talk of "patrons," in these times,
When authors thrive, like spinning-jennies,
And Arkwright's twist and Bulwer's page
Alike may laugh at patronage!

No, no — those times are past away,
When, doom'd in upper floors to star it,
The bard inscrib'd to lords his lay, —
Himself, the while, my Lord Mountgarret.
No more he begs, with air dependent,
His "little bark may sail attendant"
Under some lordly skipper's steerage;
But launch'd triumphant in the Row,
Or ta'en by Murray's self in tow,
Cuts both *Star Chamber* and the peerage.

Patrons, indeed! when scarce a sail
Is whisk'd from England by the gale,
But bears on board some authors, shipp'd
For foreign shores, all well equipp'd
With proper book-making machinery,
To sketch the morals, manners, scenery,

Of all such lands as they shall see,
 Or *not* see, as the case may be : —
 It being enjoin'd on all who go
 To study first Miss Martineau,
 And learn from her the method true,
 To *do* one's books — and readers, too.
 For so this nymph of *nous* and nerve
 Teaches mankind "How to Observe ;"
 And, lest mankind at all should swerve,
 Teaches them also "*What* to Observe."

No, no, my friend — it can't be blink'd —
 The Patron is a race extinct ;
 As dead as any Megatherion
 That ever Buckland built a theory on.
 Instead of bartering, in this age,
 Our praise for pence and patronage,
 We, authors, now, more prosperous elves,
 Have learn'd to patronize ourselves ;
 And since all-potent Puffing's made
 The life of song, the soul of trade,
 More frugal of our praises grown,
 We puff no merits but our own.

Unlike those feeble gales of praise
 Which critics blew in former days,
 Our modern puffs are of a kind
 That truly, really *raise the wind* ;
 And since they've fairly set in blowing,
 We find them the best *trade-winds* going

'Stead of frequenting paths so slippery
 As her old haunts near Aganippe,
 The Muse, now, taking to the till,
 Has open'd shop on Ludgate Hill
 (Far handier than the Hill of Pindus,
 As seen from bard's back attic windows);
 And swallowing there without cessation
 Large draughts (*at sight*) of inspiration,
 Touches the *notes* for each new theme,
 While still fresh "*change* comes o'er her dream.

What Steam is on the deep — and more —
 Is the vast power of Puff on shore;
 Which jumps to glory's future tenses
 Before the present ev'n commences;
 And makes "immortal" and "divine" of us
 Before the world has read one line of us.

In old times, when the God of Song
 Drove his own two-horse team along,
 Carrying inside a bard or two,
 Book'd for posterity "all through;" —
 Their luggage, a few close-pack'd rhymes,
 (Like yours, my friend,) for after-times —
 So slow the pull to Fame's abode,
 That folks oft slept upon the road; —
 And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,
 Took to his nightcap on the way.*

* Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus. — HORAT.

Ye Gods ! how different is the story
 With our new galloping sons of glory,
 Who, scorning all such slack and slow time,
 Dash to posterity in *no* time !
 Raise but one general blast of Puff
 To start your author — that's enough.
 In vain the critics, set to watch him,
 Try at the starting post to catch him :
 He's off — the puffers carry it hollow —
 The critics, if they please, may follow.
 Ere *they*'ve laid down their first positions,
 He's fairly blown through six editions !
 In vain doth Edinburgh dispense
 Her blue and yellow pestilence
 (That plague so awful in my time
 To young and touchy sons of rhyme) —
 The Quarterly, at three months' date,
 To catch the' Unread One, comes too late ;
 And nonsense, litter'd in a hurry,
 Becomes " Immortal," spite of Murray.

But, bless me ! — while I thus keep fooling,
 I hear a voice cry, " Dinner's cooling."
 That postman, too, (who, truth to tell,
 'Mong men of letters bears the bell.)
 Keeps ringing, ringing, so infernally
 That I *must* stop —

Yours sempiternally.

THOUGHTS ON MISCHIEF.

BY LORD STANLEY.

(HIS FIRST ATTEMPT IN VERSE.)

"Evil, be thou my good." MILTON.

How various are the inspirations
Of different men, in different nations !
As genius prompts to good or evil,
Some call the Muse, some raise the devil.
Old Socrates, that pink of sages,
Kept a pet demon, on board wages,
To go about with him incog.,
And sometimes give his wits a jog.
So Lyndhurst in *our* day, we know,
Keeps fresh relays of imps below,
To forward, from that nameless spot,
His inspirations, hot and hot.

But, neat as are old Lyndhurst's doings —
Beyond ev'n Hecate's "hell-broth" brewings —
Had I, Lord Stanley, but my will,
I'd show you mischief prettier still ;
Mischief, combining boyhoods' tricks
With age's sourest politics ;
The urchin's freaks, the vet'ran's gall,
Both duly mix'd, and matchless all ;

A compound nought in history reaches
But Machiavel, when first in breeches !

Yes, Mischief, Goddess multiform,
Whene'er thou, witch-like, rid'st the storm,
Let Stanley ride cockhorse behind thee —
No livelier lackey could they find thee.
And, Goddess, as I'm well aware,
So mischief's *done*, you care not *where*,
I own, 'twill most *my* fancy tickle
In Paddyland to play the Pickle ;
Having got credit for inventing
A new, brisk method of tormenting —
A way, they call the Stanley fashion,
Which puts all Ireland in a passion ;
So neat it hits the mixture due
Of injury and insult too ;
So legibly it bears upon't
The stamp of Stanley's brazen front.

Ireland, we're told, means land of *Ire* ;
And *why* she's so, none need inquire,
Who sees her millions, martial, manly,
Spat upon thus by me, Lord Stanley.
Already in the breeze I scent
The whiff of coming devilment ;
Of strife, to me more stirring far
Than the' Opium or the Sulphur war,
Or any such drug fermentations are.

Yes — sweeter to this Tory soul
Than all such pests, from pole to pole,
Is the rich, “swelter’d venom” got
By stirring Ireland’s “charmed pot;” *
And, thanks to practice on that land,
I stir it with a master-hand.

Again thou’lt see, when forth hath gone
The War-Church cry, “On, Stanley, on!”
How Caravats and Shanavests
Shall swarm from out their mountain nests,
With all their merry moonlight brothers,
To whom the Church (*step*-dame to others)
Hath been the best of nursing mothers.
Again o’er Erin’s rich domain
Shall Rockites and right reverends reign;
And both, exempt from vulgar toil,
Between them share that titheful soil;
Puzzling ambition *which* to climb at,
The post of Captain, or of Primate.

And so, long life to Church and Co. —
Hurrah for mischief! — here we go.

“Swelter’d venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i’ the charmed pot.”

EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN ROCK TO LORD
LYNDHURST.

DEAR Lyndhurst, — you'll pardon my making thus
free, —

But form is all fudge 'twixt such "comrogues" as we,
Who, whate'er the smooth views we, in public, may
drive at,

Have both the same praiseworthy object, in pri-
vate —

Namely, never to let the old regions of riot,
Where Rock hath long reign'd, have one instant of
quiet,

But keep Ireland still in that liquid we've taught
her

To love more than meat, drink, or clothing — *hot*
water.

All the diff'rence betwixt you and me, as I take it,
Is simply, that *you* make the law and *I* break it;
And never, of big-wigs and small, were there two
Play'd so well into each other's hands as we do;
Insomuch, that the laws you and yours manufacture,
Seem all made express for the Rock-boys to fracture.
Not Birmingham's self — to her shame be it spoken —
E'er made things more neatly contriv'd to be broken;
And hence, I confess, in this island religious,
The breakage of laws — and of heads *is* prodigious.

And long may it thrive, my Ex-Bigwig, say I, —
 Though, of late, much I fear'd all our fun was gone
 by ;

As, except when some tithe-hunting parson show'd
 sport,

Some rector — a cool hand at pistols and port,
 Who "keeps dry" his *powder*, but never *himself* —
 One who, leaving his Bible to rust on the shelf,
 Sends his pious texts home, in the shape of ball-
 cartridges,

Shooting his "dearly beloved," like partridges ; —
 Except when some hero of this sort turn'd out,
 Or, the' Exchequer sent, flaming, its tithe-writs *
 about —

A contrivance more neat, I may say, without flattery,
 Than e'er yet was thought of for bloodshed and bat-
 tery ;

So neat, that even *I* might be proud, I allow,
 To have hit off so rich a receipt for a *row* ; —
 Except for such rigs turning up, now and then,
 I was actually growing the dullest of men ;
 And, had this blank fit been allow'd to increase,
 Might have snor'd myself down to a Justice of Peace
 Like you, Reformation in Church and in State
 Is the thing of all things I most cordially hate.
 If once these curst Ministers do as they like,
 All's o'er, my good Lord, with your wig and my
 pike,

* Exchequer tithe processes, served under a commission of rebellion. — *Chronicle*.

And one may be hung up on t' other, henceforth,
Just to show what *such* Captains and Chanc'llors
were worth.

But we must not despair — ev'n already Hope sees
You're about, my bold Baron, to kick up a breeze
Of the true baffling sort, such as suits me and you,
Who have box'd the whole compass of party right
through,

And care not one farthing, as all the world knows,
So we *but* raise the wind, from what quarter it blows,
Forgive me, dear Lord, that thus rudely I dare
My own small resources with thine to compare:
Not ev'n Jerry Didler, in "raising the wind," durst
Compete, for one instant, with thee, my dear Lynd-
hurst.

But, hark, there s a shot! — some parsonic practi-
tioner?

No — merely a bran-new Rebellion Commissioner;
The Courts having now, with true law erudition,
Put even Rebellion itself "in commission."
As seldom, in *this* way, I'm any man's debtor,
I'll just *pay my shot*, and then fold up this letter.
In the mean time, hurrah for the Tories and Rocks
Hurrah for the parsons who fleece well their flocks!
Hurrah for all mischief in all ranks and spheres,
And, above all, hurrah for that dear House of Peers

CAPTAIN ROCK IN LONDON.

LETTER FROM THE CAPTAIN TO TERRY ALT, ESQ.*

HERE I am, at head-quarters, dear Terry, once
 more,
 Deep in Tory designs, as I've oft been before :—
 For, bless them ! if 't was n't for this wrong-headed
 crew,
 You and I, Terry Alt, would scarce know what to
 do ;
 So ready they're always, when dull we are growing,
 To set our old concert of discord a-going,
 While Lyndhurst's the lad, with his Tory-Whig
 face,
 To play, in such concert, the true *double-base*.
 I had fear'd this old prop of my realm was begin-
 ning
 To tire of his course of political sinning,
 And, like Mother Cole, when her heyday was past,
 Meant, by way of a change, to try virtue at last.
 But I wrong'd the old boy, who as staunchly de-
 rides
 All reform in himself as in most things besides ;
 And, by using *two* faces through life, all allow,
 Has acquir'd face sufficient for *any* thing now.

* The subordinate officer or lieutenant of Captain Rock.

In short, he's all right ; and, if mankind's old foe,
My " Lord Harry " himself — who's the leader, we
know,

Of another red-hot Opposition, below —
If that " Lord," in his well-known discernment, but
spares

Me and Lyndhurst, to look after Ireland's affairs,
We shall soon such a region of devilment make it,
That Old Nick himself for his own may mistake it.

Ev'n already — long life to such Big-wigs, say I,
For, as long as they flourish, we Rocks cannot die —
He has serv'd our right riotous cause by a speech
Whose perfection of mischief he only could reach ;
As it shows off both *his* and *my* merits alike,
Both the swell of the wig, and the point of the pike ;
Mixes up, with a skill which one can't but admire,
The lawyer's cool craft with the' incendiary's fire,
And enlists, in the gravest, most plausible manner,
Seven millions of souls under Rockery's banner !

Oh Terry, my man, let this speech *never* die ;
Through the regions of Rockland, like flame, let it fly ;
Let each syllable dark the Law-Oracle utter'd
By all Tipperary's wild echoes be mutter'd,
Till nought shall be heard, over hill, dale, or flood,
But "*You're aliens in language, in creed, and in
blood ;*"

While voices, from sweet Connemara afar,
Shall answer like true *Irish* echoes, " We are ! "

And, though false be the cry, and though sense must
abhor it,

Still the' echoes may quote *Law* authority for it,
And nought Lyndhurst cares for my spread of
dominion

So he, in the end, touches cash "for the' *opinion*."

But I've no time for more, my dear Terry, just now,
Being busy in helping these Lords through their *row*.
They're bad hands at mob-work, but, once they
begin,

They'll have plenty of practice to break them well in.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND;

BEING A SEQUEL

TO THE

"FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."

PREFACE.

THE name of the country town, in England — a well-known fashionable watering-place — in which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details before the Public; while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD
CURATE OF ———, IN IRELAND.

Who d'ye think we've got here? — quite reformed
from the giddy,

Fantastic young thing, that once made such a
noise —

Why, the famous Miss Fudge — that delectable
Biddy,

Whom you and I saw once at Paris, when boys,
In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and 'airs —

Such 'a thing as no rainbow hath colours to paint;
Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers,

And the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint.

Poor "Pa" hath popp'd off — gone, as charity judges,
To some choice Elysium reserv'd for the Fudges;

And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations

From some much-revered and much-palsied relations,

Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet, —

Age thirty or thereabouts — stature six feet,

And warranted godly — to make all complete.

Nota bene — a Churchman would suit, if he's *high*,
But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.

What say you, Dick? doesn't this tempt your ambition?

The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd man
of pith,
All brought to the hammer, for Church competition, —
Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken therewith.

Think, my boy, for a Curate how glorious a catch!
While, instead of the thousands of souls you *now*
watch,
To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need do;
And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of *you*.

You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,
Wanting substance ev'n more than 'your spiritual
self,
Should thus generously lay my own claims on the
shelf,
When, God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman
yet
So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt
Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her
With tender love-suit — at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,
Which thus to your reverend breast I commend:

Miss Fudge hath a niece — such a creature! — with
eyes

Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-
night skies

At astronomers-royal, and laugh with delight
To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.

While her figure — oh, bring all the gracefulest
things

That are borne through the light air by feet or by
wings,

Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,
Which combines in itself the perfection of each;

While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

Ne'er, in short, was there creature more form'd to
bewilder

A gay youth like me, who of castles aërial
(And *only* of such) am, God help me! a builder;
Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,
And now, to this nymph of the scraph-like eye,
Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the sky.*

But, alas! nothing's perfect on earth — even she,
This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes;
Talks learning — looks wise (rather painful to see),
Prints already in two County papers her rhymes;

* That floor which a facetious garreteer called "le premier
en descendant du ciel."

And raves — the sweet, charming, absurd little dear
About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,
In a manner which plainly bad symptoms portends
Of that Annual *blue* fit, so distressing to friends ;
A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,
Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

However, let's hope for the best — and, meanwhile,
Be it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile ;
While you, if you're wise, Dick, will play the gallant
(Uphill work, I confess,) to her Saint of an Aunt.
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you, who've a
lack,

Not indeed of rupees, but of all other specie,
What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back,
An old goose with gold eggs, from all debts to re-
lease ye !

Never mind, tho' the spinster be reverend and thin,
What are all the Three Graces to her Three per
Cents. ?

While her acres ! — oh Dick, it don't matter one
pin

How she touches the' affections, so *you* touch the
rents ;

And Love never looks half so pleas'd as when, bless
him, he

Sings to an old lady's purse " Open, Sesame."

By the way, I've just heard, in my walks, a report,
Which if true will insure for your visit some sport.

Tis rumour'd our Manager means to bespeak
The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall for next
week ;

And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rummer set
Throw, for th' amusement of Christians, a *summerset*.
'Tis fear'd their chief "Merriman," C—ke, cannot
come,

Being called off, at present, to play Punch at home ;*
And the loss of so practis'd a wag in divinity
Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on the Trinity ; —
His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately
Having pleas'd Robert Taylor, the *Reverend*, greatly.†

'T will prove a sad drawback, if absent he be,
As a wag Presbyterian's a thing quite to see ;
And, 'mong the Five Points of the Calvinists, none
of 'em

Ever yet reckon'd a point of wit one of 'em.
But ev'n though depriv'd of this comical elf,
We've a host of *buffoni* in Murtagh himself,

* See the *Dublin Evening Post*, of the 9th of this month (July), for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the Synod of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question appears to have been worthy of all his former reputation in that line.

† "All are punsters if they have wit to be so ; and therefore when an Irishman has to commence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a *bull*. (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the famous Bull that is called Unigenitus, referring to the only-begotten Son of God." — *Report of the Rev. Doctor's Speech June 20 in the Record Newspaper.*

Who of all the whole troop is chief mummer and
 mime,
 As C—ke takes the *Ground* Tumbling, *he* the *Sub-*
lime ; *
 And of him we're quite certain, so, pray, come in
 time.



LETTER II.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH ———.

JUST in time for the post, dear, and monstrosly busy,
 With godly concernments — and worldly ones, too;
 Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my dear Lizzy,
 In this little brain till, bewilder'd and dizzy,
 'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I
 do.

First I've been to see all the gay fashions from Town,
 Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the spring has
 had down.

Sleeves *still* worn (which *I* think is wise), *à la folle*,
 Charming hats, *pou de soie* — though the shape
 rather droll.

But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace,
 With the *mentonnières*, look on this poor sinful face ;

* In the language of the play-bills, "Ground and *Left* Tumbling."

And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,
To wear one at Mrs. Fitz-wigram's to-night.

The silks are quite heav'nly : — I'm glad, too, to say,
Gimp herself grows more godly and good every
day ;

Hath had sweet experience — yea, ev'n doth begin
To turn from the Gentiles, and put away sin —
And all since her last stock of goods was laid in.
What a blessing one's milliner, careless of pelf,
Should thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self!

So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit
I've had since we met, and they're more than I
merit! —

Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,
Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be one of the'
Elect.

But now for the picture's reverse. — You remember
That footman and cook-maid I hired last December ;
He, a Baptist Particular — *she*, of some sect
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect ;
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the
Lord."

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the aptest ;
And, long as he staid, do him justice, more rich in
Sweet savours of doctrine there never was kitchen.

He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall,
 He preach'd to the chambermaids, scullions, and all
 All heard with delight his reprovings of sin,
 But above all, the cook-maid ; — oh, ne'er would she
 tire —

Though, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire
 She would oft let the soles she was frying fall in.
 (God forgive me for punning on points thus of
 piety ! —

A sad trick I've learn'd in Bob's heathen society.)
 But ah ! there remains still the worst of my tale ;
 Come, Ast'risks, and help me the sad truth to veil —
 Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own secret turn pale .

* * * * *

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair,
 Chosen "vessels of mercy," as *I* thought they were,
 Have together this last week eloped ; making bold
 To whip off as much goods as both vessels could
 hold — [shelves,
 Not forgetting some scores of sweet Tracts from my
 Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,
 And besides, from the drawer — I neglecting to lock
 it —

My neat "Morning Manna, done up for the pocket." *

* "Morning Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the pocket," and chiefly intended to assist the members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, "to induce the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland to commit one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. **At**

Was there e'er known a case so distressing, dear
Liz?

It has made me quite ill:—and the worst of it is,
When rogues are *all* pious, 't is hard to detect
Which rogues are the reprobate, *which* the elect.
This man "had a *call*," he said—impudent mockery!
What call had he to *my* linen and crockery?

I'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase
Of some godly young couple this pair to replace.
The inclos'd two announcements have just met my
eyes,

In that ven'erable Monthly where Saints advertise
For such temporal comforts as this world supplies; *
And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made
An essential in every craft, calling, and trade.

ready, it is known, several thousand persons in Scotland, besides
tens of thousands in America and Africa, are *every morning*
learning the same verse.

* The Evangelical Magazine. — A few specimens taken at
random from the wrapper of this highly esteemed periodical
will fully justify the character which Miss Fudge has here
given of it. "Wanted, in a pious pawnbroker's family, an
active lad as an apprentice." "Wanted, as housemaid, a
young female who has been brought to a saving knowledge of
the truth." "Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety,
to assist in the baking business." "A gentleman who under-
stands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership,
etc. etc. He is not desirous of being connected with any one
whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in
the sight of God, and seeks connection only with a truly pious
man, either Churchman or Dissenter "

Where the' attorney requires for his 'prentice some
youth

Who has "learn'd to fear God and to walk in the
truth ;"

Where the sempstress, in search of employment,
declares,

That pay is no object, so she can have prayers ;
And the' Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives
out

That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London, one feels, as one reads o'er the pages,
Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages ;
Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,
And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock
All lay in religion as part of their stock.*

* According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology got up expressly for the money-market. "I know how far wide," he says, "of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world." "Let these preachers," he adds, "(for I will not call them theologians), cry up, broker-like, their article."

Morning Watch. — No. iii. 442, 443.

From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "This shows," says the writer in question, "that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members is quite as essential as that of substitution, by taking which latter alone the *Stock-Exchange Divinity* has been produced." — No. x. p. 375.

Among the ancients, we know the money-market was pre

Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,
 When thus thro' all London the Spirit keeps moving,
 And heaven's so in vogue, that each shop advertisement
 Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

P. S.

Have mislaid the two paragraphs — can't stop to look,
 But both describe charming — both Footman and
 Cook.

She, "decidedly pious" — with pathos deplores
 The' increase of French cook'ry, and sin on our
 shores ;

And adds — (while for further accounts she refers
 To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers,) —
 That "though *some* make their Sabbaths mere
 matter-of-fun days,

She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays."
 The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge ; —
 Has late been to Cambridge — to Trinity College ;
 Serv'd last a young gentleman, studying divinity,
 But left — not approving the morals of Trinity.

P. S.

I inclose, too, according to promise, some scraps
 Of my Journal — that Day-book I keep of my
 heart ;

vided with more than one presiding Deity — "*Deæ Pecuniæ
 says an ancient author ' commendabantur ut pecuniosi essent. '*"

Where, at some little items, (partaking, perhaps,
 More of earth than of heaven,) thy prud'ry may
 start,
 And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art
 For the present, I'm mute — but, whate'er may
 befall,
 Recollect, dear, (in Hebrews, xiii. 4,) St. Paul
 Hath himself declar'd, "marriage is honourable in
 all."



EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday.

TRIED a new châlé gown on — pretty.
 No one to see me in it — pity!
 Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid ; —
 The Lord forgive me ! — she look'd dismay'd ;
 But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,
 While she curl'd my hair, which made me *calm*.
 Nothing so soothes a Christian heart
 As sacred music — heavenly art !

Tuesday.

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan —
 A remarkably handsome, nice young man ;
 And, all Hibernian though he be,
 As civiliz'd, strange to say, as we !

I own this young man's spiritual state
 Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late ;

And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,
To have some talk with him thereupon.

At present, I nought can do or say,
But that troublesome child is in the way:
Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he

Would also her absence much prefer,
As oft, while listening intent to me,
He's forc'd, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho! — what a blessing should Mr. Magan
Turn out, after all, a “renewed” young man;
And to me should fall the task, on earth,
To assist at the dear youth's second birth.
Blest thought! and, ah, more blest the tie,
Were it heaven's high will, that he and I —
But I blush to write the nuptial word —
Should wed, as St. Paul says, “in the Lord;”
Not *this* world's wedlock — gross, gallant,
But pure — as when Amram married his aunt.

Our ages differ — but who would count
One's natural sinful life's amount,
Or look in the Register's vulgar page
For a regular twice-born Christian's age,
Who, blessed privilege! only then
Begins to live when he's born again.

And, counting in *this* way — let me see —
I myself but five years old shall be,

And dear Magan, when th' event takes place,
An actual new-born child of grace —
Should Heav'n in mercy so dispose —
A six-foot baby, in *swaddling* clothes.

Wednesday

Finding myself, by some good fate,
With Mr. Magan left *tête-à-tête*,
Had just begun — having stirr'd the fire,
And drawn my chair near his — to inquire
What his notions were of Original Sin,
When that naughty Fanny again bounc'd in ;
And all the sweet things I had got to say
Of the Flesh and the Devil were whisk'd away !

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan
Is actually pleased and amused with Fan !
What charms any sensible man can see
In a child so foolishly young as she —
But just eighteen, come next May-day,
With eyes, like herself, full of nought but play —
Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY —.

STANZAS (INCLOSED)

TO MY SHADOW; OR, WHY? — WHAT? — HOW?

DARK comrade of my path! while earth and sky
Thus wed their charms, in bridal light array'd,
Why in this bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh,
Blackening my footsteps with thy length of shade —
Dark comrade, WHY?

Thou mimic Shape that, mid these flowery scenes,
Glidest beside me o'er each sunny spot,
Sadd'ning them as thou goest — say, what means
So dark an adjunct to so bright a lot —
Grim goblin, WHAT?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,
Thou bendest, too — then risest when I rise; —
Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is't that thou
Thus com'st between me and those blessed skies —
Dim shadow, HOW?

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge
Than gloom of soul; while, as I eager cried,

Oh Why? What? How? — a Voice, that one might
judge

To be some Irish echo's, faint replied,

Oh, fudge, fudge, fudge!

You have here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion;

And, with it, that odious "additional stanza,"

Which Aunt *will* insist I must keep, as conclusion,

And which, you'll *at once* see, is Mr. Magan's; — a

Most cruel and dark-design'd extravaganza,

And part of that plot in which he and my Aunt are

To stifle the flights of my genius by banter.

Just so 't was with Byron's young eagle-ey'd strain,

Just so did they taunt him; — but vain, critics, vain

All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with a chain!

To blot out the splendour of Fancy's young stream,

Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledg'd beam!!!

Thou perceiv'st, dear, that, ev'n while these lines I
indite,

Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong or
right,

And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards

Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of all bards —

That *she* should make light of my works I can't
blame;

But that nice, handsome, odious Magan — what a
shame!

Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I
rate him,

I'm really afraid — after all, I — *must* hate him.

He is *so* provoking — nought's safe from his tongue ;

He spares no one authoress, ancient or young.

Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou

Once shone as contributor, Lord how he'd quiz you !

He laughs at *all* Monthlies — I've actually seen

A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine ! —

While of Weeklies, poor things, there's but one he
peruses,

And buys every book which that Weekly abuses.

But I care not how others such sarcasm may fear,

One spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer ;

And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall
burn as

Uninjured as crucified gold in the furnace !

(I suspect the word "crucified" must be made "cru-
cible,"

Before this fine image of mine is producible.)

And now, dear — to tell you a secret which, pray

Only trust to such friends as with safety you may —

You know, and, indeed the whole county suspects

(Though the Editor often my best things rejects),

That the verses signed *so*, , which you now and
then see

In our County Gazette (*vide last*) are by me.

But 'tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes

The vile country Press in one's prosody makes.

For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* must
print;

And you can't think what havoc these demons some-
times

Choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of
one's rhymes.

But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talk'd of the "dewdrops from freshly-blown
roses,"

The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"
And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had
tried

To commem'rate some saint of her *clique*, who'd just
died,

Having said he "had tak'n up in heav'n his posi-
tion,"

They made it, he'd "tak'n up to heav'n his physi-
cian!"

This is very disheartening;—but brighter days
shine,

I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nine;
For, what do you think?—so delightful! next year,

Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news pre-
pare—

I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitty, my dear
To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you're
there!!

I' other night, at a Ball, 'twas my fortunate chance
With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,
Who, 'twas plain, from some hints which I now and
then caught,
Was the author of *something* — one couldn't tell
what ;
But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt
It was something that Colburn had lately brought
out.

We convers'd of *belles-lettres* through all the quad-
rille, —
Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still ;
Talk'd of Intellect's march — whether right 'twas or
wrong —
And then settled the point in a bold *en avant*.
In the course of this talk 'twas that, having just
hinted
That *I* too had Poems which — long'd to be printed,
He protested, kind man ! he had seen, at first sight,
I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to write.
“ In the Annals of England let some,” he said, “ shine,
“ But a place in her Annuals, Lady, be thine !
“ Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,
“ Through the vista of years, as I gaze on those
eyes, —
“ All letter'd and press'd, and of large-paper size ! ”
How *unlike* that Magan, who my genius would
smother,
And how we, true geniuses, find out each other !

This, and much more he said, with that fine frenzied
glance

One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the
dance ;

Till between us 't was finally fix'd that, next year,

In this exquisite task I my pen should engage ;
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and lisp'd in my
ear

These mystical words, which I could but *just* hear,
“Terms for rhyme — if it's *prime* — ten and six-
pence per page.”

Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his words right,
What a mint of half-guineas this small head con-
tains ;

If for nothing to write is itself a delight,
Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains!

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a court'sy profound,
Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran ;
And from what I could learn, do you know, dear,
I've found

That he's quite a new species of lit'rary man ;
One, whose task is — to what will not fashion accus-
tom us? —

To *edite* live authors, as if they were posthumous.
For instance — the plan, to be sure, is the oddest! —
If any young he or she author feels modest
In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher
Lends promptly a hand to the int'resting blusher ;
Indites a smooth Preface, brings merit to light,

Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,
And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.
My Aunt says — though scarce on such points one
can credit her —

He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor.
'Tis certain the fashion's but newly invented ;

And, quick as the change of all things and all
names is,

Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are *presented*,
We, girls, may be *edited* soon at St. James's?

I must now close my letter — there's Aunt, in full
screech,

Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite
preach.

God forgive me, I'm not much inclin'd, I must say,
To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to-day.

And, besides — 'twill be all against dancing, no
doubt,

Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred de-
vout,

That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a
head,

For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,
She'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.

There, again — coming, Ma'am ! — I'll write more
if I can,

Before the post goes,

Your affectionate Fan.

Four o'clock.

Such a sermon!—though *not* about dancing, my
dear;

'Twas only on the' end of the world being near.
Eighteen Hundred and Forty's the year that some
state

As the time for that accident—some Forty Eight: *
And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,
As then I shall be an old maid, and 't wo'n't matter.
Once more, love, good-bye—I've to make a new
cap;

But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap
Of the end of the world, that I *must* take a nap.



LETTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ. TO THE REV. RICHARD ———.

HE comes from Erin's speechful shore
Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er
With hot effusions—hot and weak;
Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,
He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms
To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.

* With regard to the exact time of this event, there appears to be a difference only of about two or three years among the respective calculators. M. Alphonse Nicole, Docteur en Droit, et Avocat, merely doubts whether it is to be in 1846 or 1847 "A cette époque," he says, "les fidèles peuvent espérer de von s'effectuer la purification du Sanctuaire."

Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,*
 Twin proserers, Watchman and Record!
 Journals reserv'd for realms of bliss,
 Being much too good to sell in this.
 Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners,
 Ye Spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets;
 And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,
 Blow all your little penny trumpets.
 He comes, the reverend man, to tell
 To all who still the Church's part take,
 Tales of parsonic woe, that well
 Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache:—
 Of ten whole Bishops snatch'd away
 For ever from the light of day;
 (With God knows, too, how many more,
 For whom that doom is yet in store)—
 Of Rectors cruelly compell'd
 From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,
 Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,
 Will *not* to Bath or Cheltenham come;
 Nor will the flocks consent to pay
 Their parsons thus to stay away;—
 Though, with *such* parsons, one may doubt
 If 'tis'n't money well laid out;—
 Of all, in short, and each degree
 Of that once happy Hierarchy,
 Which us'd to roll in wealth so pleasantly;

* "Our anxious desire is to be found on the side of the Lord."
 — *Record Newspaper*.

But now, alas, is doom'd to see
Its surplus brought to nonplus presently!

Such are the themes this man of pathos,
Priest of prose and Lord of bathos,
Will preach and preach t'ye, till you're dull
again,
Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim,
Shout to the stars his tuneful name,
Which Murtagh *was*, ere known to fame,
But now is *Mortimer* O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you're alive —
I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.
Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant —
And Tuesday, in the market-place,
Intends, to every saint and sinner in't,
To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case;
Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop, —
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,
And all those other grades seraphic,
That make men's souls their special traffic,
Though caring not a pin *which* way
The' erratic souls go, so they *pay*. —
Just as some roguish country nurse,
Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,
First pops the payment in her purse,
Then leaves poor dear to — suck its knuckle
Ev'n so these reverend rigmaroles
Pocket the money — starve the souls.

Murtagh, however, in his glory,
 Will tell, next week, a different story ;
 Will make out all these men of barter,
 As each a saint, a downright martyr,
 Brought to the *stake*—i. e. a *beef* one,
 Of all their martyrdoms the chief one ;
 Though try them ev'n at this, they'll bear it,
 If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,
 Your saintly, *next* to great and high 'uns —
 (A Viscount, be he what he may,
 Would cut a saint out, any day,)
 Has just announc'd a godly rout,
 Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,
 And shown in his tame, *week-day* state :—
 "Pray'rs half-past seven, tea at eight."
 Ev'n so the circular missive orders —
 Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Haste, Dick — you're lost, if you lose time ;—
 Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,
 And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,
 Will surely carry off old Biddy,
 Unless some spark at once propose,
 And distance him by downright prose.
 That sick, rich squire, whose wealth and lands
 All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,
 (The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories !)
 Is dying of *angina pectoris* ;—

So that, unless you're stirring soon,
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,
May come in for a honey-moon,
And be the *man* of it, himself!

As for *me*, Dick — 'tis whim, 'tis folly,
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.
'Tis true, the girl's a vile verse-maker —
Would rhyme all nature, if you'd let her; —
But ev'n her oddities, plague take her,
But make me love her all the better.
Too true it is, she's bitten sadly
With this new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath seiz'd all ranks and classes,
Down to that new Estate, "the masses;"
Till one pursuit all tastes combines —
One common rail-road o'er Parnassus,
Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,
And the whole world runs mad *in lines*.
Add to all this — what's ev'n still worse,
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,
Sounds better to a chinking purse —
Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,
While I can muster just a groat;
So that, computing self and Venus,
Tenpence would clear the' amount between *us*.

However, things may yet prove better: —
Meantime, what awful length of letter!

And how, while heaping thus with gibes
 The Pegasus of modern scribes,
 My own small hobby of farrago
 Hath beat the pace at which ev'n *they* go!



LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE
 JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

DEAR JUDY, I sind you this bit of a letther,
 By mail-coach conveyance — for want of a betther —
 To tell you what luck in this world I have had
 Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.
 Och, Judy, that night! — when the pig which we
 meant
 To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,
 Julianna, the craythur — that name was the death
 of her — *
 Gave us the shlip and we saw the last breath of her.
 And *there* were the childher, six innocent sows,
 For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls;
 While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin's a
 folly),
 Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy —

* The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelard and Eloisa.

Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money
"Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sow'd you, my
honey?"

But God's will be done!—and then, faith, sure
enough,

As the pig was desaiced, 'twas high time to be off.
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,
Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the
thatch,

Then tuk laave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the Ark;
The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone!
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands,
And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on my hands,
Is, at this present writin', too tadious to speak,
So I'll mintion it all in a postscript, next week:—
Only starv'd I was, surely, as thin as a lath,
'Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,
Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a meal's meat,
By dhraggin owld ladies all day through the street—
Which their docthors (who pocket, like fun, the
pound starlins,)

Have brought into fashion to plase the owld darlins.
Div'l a boy in all Bath, though *I* say it, could carry
The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry;
And the higher they liv'd, like owld crows, in the air
The more *I* was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,
And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong way.
For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame I'd just had
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my sinses so plasin' a flutter,
That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the
gutther,
Muff, feathers and all! — the descint was most
awful,
And — what was still worse, faith — I knew 't was
unlawful:
For, though, with mere *women*, no very great evil,
'T upset an owld *Countess* in Bath is the divil!
So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it,
(For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet,)
Without even mentionin' "By your lave, ma'am,"
I tuk to my heels and — here, Judy, I am!

What's the name of this town I can't say very well,
But your heart sure will jump when you hear what
befell

Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay,)
When his brogues to this city of luck found their
way.

Bein' hungry, God help me, and happenin' to stop,
Just to dine on the shmell of a pasthry-cook's shop,
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,
And read there a name, och! that made my heart
caper —

Though printed it *was* in some quare A B C,
 That might bother a schoolmasther, let alone *me*.
 By gor, you'd have laughed, Judy, could you've but
 listen'd,

As, doubtin', I cried, "why it *is*! — no, it *isn't*:"
 But it *was*, after all — for, by spellin' quite slow,
 First I made out "Rev. Mortimer" — then a great
 "O;"

And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull
 again,
 Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

Up I jump'd, like a sky-lark, my jew'l, at that
 name, —

Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it *must* be the same.
 "Masther Murthagh, himself," says I, "all the world
 over!"

My own fosther-brother — by jinks, I'm in clover.
 Though *there*, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,
One wet-nurse it was brought us *both* up by hand,
 And he'll not let me shtarve in the inemy's land!"

Well, to make a long hishtory short, niver doubt
 But I manag'd, in no time, to find the lad out;
 And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me,
 Such a pair of owld cumrogues — was charmin' to see
 Nor is Murthagh less plas'd with the' evint than *I am*
 As he just then was wanting a Valley-de-sham;
 And, for *dressin'* a gintleman, one way or t'other,
 Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case ;
And, in throth, it's the only drawback on my place.
'T was Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,
With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago ;
That's to say, he turn'd Protestant — *why*, I can't
larn ;

But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it's not *my* consarn.
All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,
And myself am so still — nayther betther nor worse.
Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jifley,
And lads more contint never yet left the Liffey,
When Murthagh — or Morthimer, as he's *now*
chrishen'd,

His *name* being convarted, at laist, if *he* is n't —
Lookin' sly at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see)
“ *Of coorse*, you're a Protestant, Larry,” says he.
Upon which says myself, wid a wink just as shly,
“ Is't a Protestant? — oh yes, *I am*, sir,” says I ; —
And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word
Controversial between us has since then occur'd.
What Murthagh could mane, and, in troth, Judy dear
What *I myself* meant, does n't seem mighty clear ;
But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a
stickler,

I was just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar : —
And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair
Of twin Protestants could n't be seen *any* where.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I mintion'd,
Address'd to the loyal and god'y intintion'd,)

His riverence, my master, comes forward to preach,—
Myself does n't know whether sarmon or speech,
But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand at each ;
Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations
Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.

But, whisht! — there's his Rivirence, shoutin' out
“ Larry,”

And sorra a word more will this shmall paper carry ;
So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letther,
Which, faix, I'd have made a much bigger and
better,

But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town
Fit to swallow a dacent siz'd billy-dux down.
So good luck to the childer! — tell Molly, I love
her ;

Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all
over —

Not forgettin' the mark of the red-currant whiskey
She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.
The heav'ns be your bed! — I will write when I
can again,

Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

LETTER VI.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH ———.

How I grieve you're not with us ! — pray, come, if
you can,

Ere we're robb'd of this dear, oratorical man,
Who combines in himself all the multiple glory
Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist and Tory ; —
(Choice mixture ! like that from which, duly con-
founded,

The best sort of *brass* was, in old times, compound-
ed) —

The sly and the saintly, the worldly and godly,
All fused down in brogue so deliciously oddly !
In short, he's a *dear* — and *such* audiences draws,
Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause,
As *can't* but do good to the Protestant cause.

Poor dear Irish Church ! — he to-day sketch'd a
view

Of her hist'ry and prospects, to *me* at least new,
And which (if it *takes* as it ought) must arouse
The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse.
As to *reasoning* — you know, dear, that's now of no
use,

People still will their *facts* and dry *figures* produce,
As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were
A thing to be managed "according to Cocker !"

In vain do we say, (when rude radicals hector
 At paying some thousands a year to a Rector,
 In places where Protestants *never yet were*,)
 "Who knows but young Protestants *may* be born
 there ?

And granting such accident, think, what a shame,
 If they didn't find Rector and Clerk when they
 came !

It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,
 These little Church embryos *must* go astray ;
 And, while fools are computing what Parsons would
 cost,

Precious souls are meanwhile to the' Establishment
 lost !

In vain do we put the case sensibly thus ; —
 They'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,
 And ask "if, while all, choosing each his own road,
 Journey on, as we can, tow'rds the Heav'nly Abode,
 Is it right that *seven* eighths of the trav'lers should
 pay

For *one* eighth that goes quite a different way ? " —
 Just as if, foolish people, this wasn't, in reality,
 A proof of the Church's extreme liberality,
 That, though hating Pop'ry in *other* respects,
 She to Catholic *money* in no way objects ;
 And so lib'ral her very best Saints, in this sense,
 That they ev'n go to heav'n at the Cath'lic's expense

But, though clear to *our* minds all these arguments be
 People cannot or *will* not their cogency see :

And, I grieve to confess, did the poor Irish Church
Stand on reasoning alone, she'd be left in the lurch.
It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere,
That I heard this nice Rev'rend O' *something* we've
here, [reading,
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding,
In novelty, force, and profoundness of thought,
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught.

Looking through the whole history, present and past,
Of the Irish Law Church, from the first to the last ;
Considering how strange its original birth —
Such a thing having *never* before been on earth —
How oppos'd to the instinct, the law, and the force
Of nature and reason has been its whole course ;
Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, resist-
ance,
Scorn, hate, execration — yet still in existence !
Considering all this, the conclusion he draws
Is that Nature exempts this one Church from her
laws —

That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dispute,
And before the portentous anom'y stands mute ; —
That, in short, 't is a Miracle ! — and, *once* begun,
And transmitted through ages, from father to son,
For the honour of miracles, *ought to go on.*

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound.
Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound.

For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,
The more they make out the miraculous case,
And the more all good Christians must deem it pro-
fane
To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign.

As for scriptural proofs, he quite plac'd beyond
doubt
That the whole in the Apocalypse may be found out,
As clear and well-prov'd, he would venture to swear,
As any thing else has been *ever* found there : —
While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he
deals
With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,
And the ease with which vial on vial he strings,
Shows him quite a *first-rate* at all these sort of things.

So much for theology : — as for the' affairs
Of this temporal world — the light, drawing-room
cares
And gay toils of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,
From no love of such things, but in humbleness
meek,
And to be, as the' Apostle was, "weak with the
weak,"
Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm somewhat less
busy)
In the' extracts inclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Thursday.

LAST night, having nought more holy to do,
 Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,
 About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,"
 Which we wish by some shorter name to dub :—
 As the use of more vowels and consonants
 Than a Christian, on Sunday, *really* wants,
 Is a grievance that ought to be done away,
 And the Alphabet left to rest, that day.

Sunday.

Sir Andrew's answer!—but, shocking to say,
 Being franked unthinkingly yesterday,
 To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,
 It arriv'd on this blessed Sunday morn!!—
 How shocking!—the postman's self cried "shame
 on't,"
 Seeing the' immaculate Andrew's name on't!!
 What will the Club do?—meet, no doubt.
 'Tis a matter that touches the Class Devout,
 And the friends of the Sabbath *must* speak out.

Tuesday.

Saw to-day, at the raffle—and saw it with pain—
 That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain
 Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces—
 She, who long has stood by me through a'll sorts o.
 flounces,

And showed, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,
That we, girls, may be Christians, without being
frights.

This, I own, much alarms me; for though one's
religious,
And strict and — all that, there's no need to be
hideous;

And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way
Of one's going to heav'n, 't isn't easy to say.

Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing — if her custom
we drop,

Pray, what's to become of her soul and her shop?
If by saints like ourselves no more orders are given,
She'll lose all the interest she now takes in heaven;
And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd from the
burning,"

May fall in again at the very next turning.

Wednesday.

Mem. — To write to the India-Mission Society;
And send £20 — heavy tax upon piety!

Of all Indian lux'ries we now-a-days boast, [most.
Making "Company's Christians" * perhaps costs the
And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,
Having lived in *our* faith mostly die in their *own*,†

* The title given by the natives to such of their countrymen
as become converts.

† Of such relapses we find innumerable instances in the ac-
counts of the Missionaries.

Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they say,
When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and
whey.*

Think, how horrid, my dear! — so that all's thrown
away ;

And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice
They consum'd, while believers, we saints pay the
price.

Still 'tis cheering to find that we *do* save a few —
The Report gives six Christians for Cunnangcadoo ;
Doorkotchum reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,
While but one and a half's left at Cooropadum.
In this last-mention'd place 'tis the barbers enslave
'em,

For, once they turn Christians, no barber will shave
'em.†

To atone for this rather small Heathen amount,
Some Papists, turn'd Christians,‡ are tack'd to the'
account.

* The god Krishna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu.
" One day (says the Bhagavata) Krishna's playfellows complained
to Tasuda that he had pilfered and ate their curds."

† " Roteen wants shaving; but the barber here will not do it.
He is run away lest he should be compelled. He says he will
not shave Yesoo Kreest's people." — *Bapt. Mission Society*, vol.
ii. p. 493.

‡ In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics are
almost always classed along with the Heathen. " I have ex-
tended my labours, (says James Venning, in a Report for 1831,)
to the Heathen, Mahomedans, and Roman Catholics." " The

And though, to catch Papists, one needn't go so far
 Such fish are worth hooking, wherever they are ;
 And *now*, when so great of such converts the lack is,
One Papist well caught is worth millions of Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and funny,
 I cannot resist recording it here. —
 Methought that the Genius of Matrimony
 Before me stood, with a joyous leer,
 Leading a husband in each hand,
 And both for *me*, which look'd rather queer ; —
One I could perfectly understand,
 But why there were *two* wasn't quite so clear.
 'Twas meant, however, I soon could see,
 To afford me a *choice* — a most excellent plan ;
 And — who should this brace of candidates be,
 But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan : —
 A thing, I suppose, unheard of till then,
 To dream, at once, of *two* Irishmen ! —
 That handsome Magan, too, with wings on *his*
 shoulders
 (For all this pass'd in the realms of the Blest),
 And quite a creature to dazzle beholders ;
 While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and drest
 As an elderly cherub, was looking his best.
 Ah Liz, you, who know me, scarce can doubt
 As to *which* of the two I singled out.

Heathen and Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood (*says*
 another missionary for the year 1882) are not indifferent, *bu*
 withstand, rather than yield to, the force of truth."

But — awful to tell — when, all in dread
 Of losing so bright a vision's charms,
 I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,
 Like a mist, away, and I found but the head
 Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my arms!
 The Angel had flown to some nest divine,
 And the elderly Cherub alone was mine!
 Heigho! — it is certain that foolish Magan
 Either can't or *wo'n't* see that he *might* be the man;
 And, perhaps, dear — who knows? — if nought bet-
 ter befall
 But — O'Mulligan *may* be the man, after all.

N. B.

Next week mean to have my first scriptural rout,
 For the special discussion of matters devout; —
 Like those *soirées*, at Pow'rscourt,* so justly re-
 nown'd, [round;
 For the zeal with which doctrine and negus went

* An account of these Powerscourt Conversazioni (under the direct presidency of Lord Roden), as well as a list of the subjects discussed at the different meetings, may be found in the *Christian Herald* for the month of December, 1832. The following is a specimen of the nature of the questions submitted to the company: — "*Monday evening, Six o'clock, September 24, 1832.* — 'An examination into the quotations given in the New Testament from the Old, with their connection and explanation, viz.' etc. etc. — *Wednesday.* — 'Should we expect a personal Anti-christ? and to whom will he be revealed?' etc. etc. — *Friday.* — What light does Scripture throw on present events, and their moral character? *What is next to be looked for or expected?* " etc.

The rapid progress made at these tea-parties in settling points

Those theology-routs which the pious Lord Roden,
 That pink of Christianity, first set the mode in ;
 Where, blessed down-pouring ! * from tea until nine.
 The subjects lay all in the Prophecy line ; —
 Then, supper — and then, if for topics hard driven,
 From thence until bed-time to Satan was given ;
 While Roden, deep read in each topic and tome,
 On all subjects (especially the last) was *at home*.

of Scripture, may be judged from a paragraph in the account given of one of their evenings, by the *Christian Herald* : —

“ On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown, and there was some, I think not so much perhaps, upon the Revelations ; though particular parts of it were discussed with considerable accession of knowledge. There was some very interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New ; particularly on the point, whether there was any ‘accommodation,’ or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the Spirit in the Old ; this gave occasion to some very interesting development of Scripture. The progress of the Antichristian powers was very fully discussed.”

* “ About eight o’clock the Lord began to pour down his spirit copiously upon us — for they had all by this time assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. This down-pouring continued till about ten o’clock.” — Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of Row, (dated Fernicary, April 4, 1830, giving an account of her “miraculous cure.”

LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY —

IRREGULAR ODE.

BRING me the slumbering souls of flowers,
 While yet, beneath some northern sky,
 Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,
 They wait the breath of summer hours,
 To wake to light each diamond eye,
 And let loose every florid sigh!

Bring me the first-born ocean waves,
 From out those deep primeval caves,
 Where from the dawn of Time they've lain —
 THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN! —
 Untaught as yet, young things, to speak
 The language of their PARENT SEA.
 (Polyphlysbæan * nam'd, in Greek);
 Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,
 Round startled isle and wondering peak,
 They'll thunder loud and long as HE!

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,
 Young fires —

If you guess what this word means, 't is more than I can: —
 I but give 't as I got it from Mr. Magan.

I had got, dear, thus far in my ODE,
 Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,
 But, having invok'd such a lot of fine things,
 Flowers, billows, and thunderbolts, rainbows and
 wings,
 Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got
 'em.

The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,
 Of past MSS. any new ones to try.
 This very night's coach brings my destiny in it —
 Decides the great question, to live or to die!
 And, whether I'm henceforth immortal or no,
 All depends on the answer of Simpkins and Co.!

You'll think, love, I rave, so 'tis best to let out
 The whole secret, at once — I have publish'd a
 Book!!!

Yes, an actual Book : — if the marvel you doubt,
 You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,
 And you'll find "This day publish'd by Simpkins
 and Co.

A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled ' Woe, Woe!
 By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly
 so ."

This I put that my friends may 'nt be left in the dark,
 But may guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*.

How I manag'd, at last, this great deed to achieve,
 Is itself a "Romaunt" which you'd scarce, dear,
 believe;

Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,
 Looking out for the Magnet,* explain it, dear girl.
 Suffice it to say, that one half the expense
 Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence —
 ('Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble
 ambition

Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition,) —
 One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,
 I've manag'd, to scrape up, this year past, by stinting
 My own little wants in gloves, ribands, and shoes,
 Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse!

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?
 What's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?
 Yards of riband soon end — but the measures of
 rhyme,
 Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through
 all time.

Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,
 While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,
 And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,
 While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk — and, alas!
 My poor copyright too — into other hands pass;
 And my friend, the Head Dev'l of the "County
 Gazette"
 (The only Mæcenas I've ever had yet)

* A day-coach of that name.

He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,
Is now set up by them for the rest of his days ;
And while Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology"
says)
Live on nought but ambrosia, *his* lot how much
sweeter
To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre !

As for *puffing* — that first of all lit'rary boons,
And essential alike both to bards and balloons
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 'tis found
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the
ground ; —

In *this* respect, nought could more prosp'rous befall ;
As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)
Knows the whole world of critics — the *hypers*
and all.

I suspect he himself, indeed, dabbles in rhyme,
Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time ;
As I've heard uncle Bob say, 't was known among
Gnostics,
That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acros-
tics.

But hark ! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from
Town —

How my heart, Kitty, beats ! I shall surely drop
down.

That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum,
All full of my book — I shall sink when I see 'em.

And then the great point — whether Simpkins and
Co.

Are actually pleas'd with their bargain or no! —

Five o'clock.

All's delightful — such praises! — I really fear
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear,
I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps —
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'Tis known that a certain distinguish'd physician
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edi-
tion

(Ere critics have injured their powers of nutrition),
Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of
feeding.

Satires irritate — love-songs are found calorific;
But smooth, female sonnets he deems a specific,
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.
Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we
know;

Is a volume just published by Simpkins and Co.,
Where all such ingredients — the flowery, the sweet,
And the gently narcotic — are mix'd *per* receipt,
With a hand so judicious, we've no hesitation
To say that — 'bove all, for the young generation —
'Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.

Nota bene — for readers, whose object's *to sleep*,
And who read, in their nightcaps, the publishers keep
Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE — FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of * * * 's rout,
An amusing event was much whisper'd about.
It was said that Lord —, at the Council, that day,
Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like
a rocket,
And flown to a corner, where — heedless, they say,
How the country's resources were squander'd away—
He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his
pocket.
Some thought them despatches from Spain or the
Turk,
Others swore they brought word we had lost the
Mauritius;
But it turn'd out 't was only Miss Fudge's new work,
Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal ex-
peditious —
Messrs. Simpkins and Co., to avoid all delay,
Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,
He had distanc'd the whole reading world by a day.

LETTER VIII.

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN.

Tuesday evening.

I MUCH regret, dear Reverend Sir,

I could not come to * * * to meet you ;
But this curst gout wo'n't let me stir —

Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you ;
As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is,
Owes all to an amanuensis.

Most other scourges of disease
Reduce men to *extremities* —
But gout wo'n't leave one even *these*.

From all my sister writes, I see
That you and I will quite agree.

I'm a plain man, who speak the truth,
And trust you'll think me not uncivil,
When I declare that, from my youth,

I've wish'd your country at the devil :
Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all

I've heard of your high patriot fame —
From every word your lips let fall —

That you most truly wish the same.
It plagues one's life out — thirty years
Have I had dinning in my ears,

“Ireland wants this, and that, and t’other,”
And, to this hour, one nothing hears
But the same vile, eternal bother.
While, of those countless things she wanted,
Thank God, but little has been granted,
And ev’n that little, if we’re men
And Britons, we’ll have back again !

I really think that Catholic question
Was what brought on my indigestion ;
And still each year, as Popery’s curse
Has gather’d round us, I’ve got worse ;
Till ev’n my pint of port a day
Can’t keep the Pope and bile away.
And whereas, till the Catholic bill,
I never wanted draught or pill,
The settling of that cursed question
Has quite *unsettled* my digestion.

Look what has happen’d since — the *Elect*
Of all the bores of every sect,
The chosen triers of men’s patience,
From all the Three Denominations,
Let loose upon us ; — even Quakers
Turn’d into speakers and law-makers,
Who’ll move no question, stiff-rump’d elves,
Till first the Spirit moves themselves ;
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus,
Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,
Will soon to death’s own slumber snore us.

Then, too, those Jews! — I really sicken
 To think of such abomination;
 Fellows, who wo'n't eat ham with chicken,
 To legislate for this great nation! —
 Depend upon't, when once they've sway,
 With rich old Goldsmid at the head o' them,
 Th' Excise laws will be done away,
 And *Circumcise* ones pass'd instead o' them!

In short, dear sir, look where one will,
 Things all go on so devilish ill,
 That, 'pon my soul, I rather fear
 Our reverend Rector may be right,
 Who tells me the Millennium's near;
 Nay, swears he knows the very year,
 And regulates his leases by't —
 Meaning their terms should end, no doubt,
 Before the world's own lease is out.
 He thinks, too, that the whole thing's ended
 So much more soon than was intended,
 Purely to scourge those men of sin
 Who brought th' accurst Reform Bill in.*

However, let's not yet despair;
 Though Toryism's eclips'd, at present,

* This appears to have been the opinion also of an eloquent writer in the *Morning Watch*. "One great object of Christ's second Advent, as the Man and as the King of the Jews, is to *punish the Kings* who do not acknowledge that their authority is derived from him, and *who submit to receive it from that many-headed monster, the mob.*" Nc. x. p. 878.

And — like myself, in this old chair —
 Sits in a state by no means pleasant ;
 Feet crippled — hands, in luckless hour,
 Disabled of their grasping power ;
 And all that rampant glee, which revell'd
 In this world's sweets, bedull'd, bedevill'd —
 Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more,
 And both in Chair of Penance set,
 There's something tells me, all's not o'er
 With Toryism or Bobby yet ;
 That though, between us, I allow,
 We've not a leg to stand on now ;
 Though curst Reform and *colchicum*
 Have made us both look deuced glum,
 Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,
 Again we'll shine triumphant out !

Yes — back again shall come, egad,
 Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.
 And then, O'Mulligan — oh then,
 When mounted on our nags again,
 You, on your high-flown Rosinante,
 Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallantee
 (Glitter great from substance scanty) ; —
 While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride
 Your faithful Sancho, by your side ;
 Then — talk of tilts and tournaments !
 Dam'me, we'll —

* * * * *

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents
 To Reverend Sir his compliments ;

Is griev'd to say an accident
Has just occur'd which will prevent
The Squire — though now a little better—
From finishing this present letter.
Just when he'd got to "Dam'me, we'll ——
His Honour, full of martial zeal,
Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able
 To keep his balance or his hold,
 Tumbled, both self and crutch, and roll'd
Like ball and bat, beneath the table.

All's safe — the table, chair, and crutch ; —
Nothing, thank God, is broken much,
But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,
Got bump'd consid'rably — that's all.
At this no great alarm we feel,
As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

Wednesday morning

Squire much the same — head rather light —
Rav'd about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.

Our housekeeper, old Mrs. Griggs,
Suspects that he meant "barbarous Whigs."

VOL. III.

25

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, TO HIS WIFE JUDY.

As it was but last week that I sint you a letther,
 You'll wondher, dear Judy, what this is about;
 And, throth, it's a letther myself would like betther,
 Could I manage to lave the contints of it out;
 For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy,
 Who takes things quiet, 'twill dhrive *you* crazy.

Oh, Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scran to him!
 That e'er I should come to've been sarvant-man to
 him,
 Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,
 And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not ev'n the
 Flood
 Was able to wash away clane from the earth) *
 As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's
 birth,
 Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,
 Than mine can to wear a great Q at its *end*.

.But that's now all over — last night I gev warnin',
 And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this mornin

* "I am of your Patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families — fellows that the Flood could not wash away."
 — CONGREVE, *Love for Love*.

The thief of the world! — but it's no use balraggin'; — *

All I know is, I d fifty times rather be draggin'
Ould ladies up hill to the ind of my days,
Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise, at my aise,
And be forc'd to discind thro' the same dirty ways.
Arrah, sure, if I'd heerd where he last show'd his
phiz,

I'd have known what a quare sort of monsther he is ;
For, by gor, 't was at Exether Change, sure enough,
That himself and his other wild Irish show'd off ;
And it's pity, so 't is, that they hadn't got no man
Who knew the wild crathurs to act as their show-
man —

Sayin', "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take notice,

"How shlim and how shleek this black animal's coat is ;

"All by raison, we're towld, that the nathur o' the baste

"Is to change its coat *once* in its lifetime, *at laste* ;

"And such objiks, in *our* counthry, not bein' common ones,

"Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of Fine Nomenons.

* To *balrag* is to abuse — Mr. Lover makes it *bally, ug*, and he is high authority: but if I remember rightly, Curran in his national stories used to employ the word as above. — See Lover's most amusing and genuinely Irish work, the "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

"In regard of its *name* — why, in throth, I'm co-sarn'd

"To differ on this point so much with the Larn'd,
 "Who call it a '*Morthimer*,' whereas the craythur
 "Is plainly a '*Murthagh*,' by name and by nathur."

This is how I'd have towld them the rights of it all,
 Had *I* been their showman at Exether Hall —
 Not forgettin' that other great wondher of Airin
 (Of th' owld bitther breed which they call Prosbe-
 tairin),

The fam'd Daddy C—ke— who, by gor, I'd have
 shown 'em

As proof how such bastes may be tam'd, when you've
 thrown 'em

A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem*.*

But, throth, I've no laisure just now, Judy dear,
 For any thing, barrin' our own doings here,
 And the cursin' and dammin' and thund'rin', like
 mad,

We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh have had.
 He says we're all murtherers — div'l a bit less —
 And that even our priests, when we go to confess,
 Give us lessons in murth'ring and wish us success!

When ax'd how he daar'd, by tongue, or by pen,
 To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,

* Larry evidently means the *Regium Donum*; — a sum con-
 tributed by the government annually to the support of the Pres-
 byterian churches in Ireland.

Faith, he said 't was all towld him by Docthor Den ! *
 * And who the div'l's *he* ? " was the question that flew
 From Chrishtian to Chrishtian — but not a sowl
 knew.

While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,
 Blasphaming us Cath'lics all the while,
 As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, villians,
 All the whole kit of th' aforesaid millions, — †
 Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
 And the innocent craythur that's at your breast,
 All rogues together, in word and deed,
 Owld Den our instrhuctor and Sin our creed !

When ax'd for his proofs again and again,
 Div'l an answer he'd give but Docthor Den.
 Could'n't he call into coort some *livin'* men ?
 " No, thank you " — he'd stick to Docthor Den —
 An owld gentelman dead a century or two,
 Who all about *us*, live Cath'lics, knew ;
 And of coorse was more handy, to call in a hurry,
 Than Docthor Mac Hale or Docthor Murray !

But, throth, it's no case to be jokin' upon,
 Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'* it one.

* Correctly, Dens — Larry not being very particular in his nomenclature.

† The deeds of darkness which are reduced to horrid practice over the drunken debauch of the midnight assassin are debated, in principle, in the sober morning religious conferences of the priests." — *Speech of the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee*. " The character of the Irish people *generally* is, that they are given to lying and to acts of theft." — *Speech of the Rev. Robert Daly*.

Even you, had you witness'd his grand climacterics,
Which actially threw one owld maid in hysterics —
Or, och ! had you heerd such a purty remark as his,
That Papists are only "*Humanity's carcasses*,
"*Ris'n*" — but, by dad, I'm afeard I can't give it
ye —

"*Ris'n from the sepulchre of — inactivity ;*
"*And, like owld corpses, dug up from antikity,*
"*Wandrin' about in all sorts of inikity !!*" — *

Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Owld Light,
Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this iligant flight
Of that figure of speech call'd the Blatherumskite.

As for me, though a funny thought now and then
came to me,

Rage got the betther at last — and small blame to
me !

So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers of Delf,"
Says I bowldly "I'll make a noration myself."

And with that up I jumps — but, my darlint, the
minit

I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse remain'd in it.

* "But she (Popery) is no longer *the tenant of the sepulchre of inactivity*. She has come from the burial-place, walking forth a monster, as if the spirit of evil had corrupted *the carcass of her departed humanity* ; noxious and noisome, an object of abhorrence and dismay to all who are not *leagued with her in iniquity*." — Report of the Rev. Gentleman's Speech, June 20, in the Record Newspaper.

We may well ask, after reading this and other such reverend ravings, "*Quis dubitat quin omne sit hoc rationis egestas ?*"

Though, *saited*, I could have got beautiful on,
 When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was all gone :—
 Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, whate'er we've a
 hand in,
 At laste in our *legs* show a sthrong understandin'.

Howsunmdever, detarmin'd the chaps should pursaive
 What I thought of their doin's, before I tuk lave,
 "In regard of all that," says I—there I stopp'd
 short—

Not a word more would come, though I shtruggled
 hard for't.

So, shnapping my fingers at what's call'd the Chair,
 And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'lieve) that sat
 there—

"In regard of all that," says I bowldly again—
 "To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer—*and* Docthor
 Den;"—

Upon which the whole company cried out "Amen;"
 And myself was in hopes 't was to what *I* had said,
 But, by gor, no such thing—they were not so well
 bred: [out,

For, 't was all to a pray'r Murthagh just had read
 By way of fit finish to job so devout;

That is—*afther* well damning one half the com-
 munity,

To pray God to keep all in pace an' in unity!

This is all I can shtuff in this letther, though plinty
 Of news, faith, I've got to fill more—if 't was twinty.

But I'll add, on the *outside*, a line, should I need it,
 (Writin' "Private" upon it, that no one may read it,)
 To tell you how *Mortimer* (as the Saints chrishten
 him)
 Bears the big shame of his sarvant's dismissin' him.

(*Private outside.*)

Just come from his riv'rence — the job is all done —
 By the powers, I've discharg'd him as sure as a gun
 And now, Judy dear, what on earth I'm to do
 With myself and my appetite — both good as new —
 Without ev'n a single traneeen in my pocket,
 Let alone a good, dacent pound-starlin', to stock it —
 Is a mysht'ry I lave to the One that's above,
 Who takes care of us, dissolute sowls, when hard
 dhrove!



LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO THE REV. ———

THESE few brief lines, my reverend friend,
 By a safe, private hand I send
 (Fearing lest some low Catholic wag
 Should pry into the Letter-bag),
 To tell you, far as pen can dare
 How we, poor errant martyrs, fare ; —
 Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,
 As Saints were, some few ages back,

But — scarce less trying in its way —
To laughter, wheresoe'er we stray ;
To jokes, which Providence mysterious
Permits on men and things so serious,
Lowering the Church still more each minute,
And — injuring our preferment in it.
Just think, how worrying 'tis, my friend,
To find, where'er our footsteps bend,
 Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing
And bear the eternal torturing play
Of that great engine of our day,
 Unknown to the' Inquisition — quizzing!

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks
Aim'd at the *body* their attacks ;
But modern torturers, more refin'd,
Work *their* machinery on the *mind*.
Had St. Sebastian had the luck

 With me to be a godly rover,
Instead of arrows, he'd be stuck
 With stings of ridicule all over ;
And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd
By being on a gridir'n grill'd,
Had he but shar'd *my* errant lot,
Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,
A *moral* roasting would have got.
Nor should I (trying as all this is)

 Much heed the suffering or the shame —
As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,
 I long have known no other fame,

But that (as I may own to *you*,
 Though to the *world* it would not do,)
 No hope appears of fortune's beams
 Shining on *any* of my schemes ;
 No chance of something more *per ann.*
 As supplement to K—llym—n ;
 No prospect that, by fierce abuse
 Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce
 The rulers of this thinking nation
 To rid us of Emancipation ;
 To forge anew the sever'd chain,
 And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah happy time ! when wolves and priests
 Alike were hunted, as wild beasts ;
 And five pounds was the price, *per head*,
 For bagging *either*, live or dead ; — *
 Though oft, we're told, *one* outlaw'd brother
 Sav'd cost, by eating up *the other*.
 Finding thus all those schemes and hopes
 I built upon my flowers and tropes
 All scatter'd, one by one, away,
 As flashy and unsound as they,
 The question comes — what's to be done ?
 And there's but one course left me — *one*.

* " Among other amiable enactments against the Catholics at this period (1649), the price of five pounds was set on the head of a Romish priest — being exactly the same sum offered by the same legislators for the head of a wolf."

Memoirs of Capt. Rock, book i. chap. 10.

Heroes, when tir'd of war's alarms,
Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms.
The weary Day-God's last retreat is
The breast of silv'ry footed Thetis ;
And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,
Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge !

Start not, my friend, — the tender scheme,
Wild and romantic though it seem,
Beyond a parson's fondest dream,
Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes,
So pleasing to a parson's eyes —
That only *gilding* which the Muse
Cannot around *her* sons diffuse ; —
Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,
From wealthy Miss or benefice,
To Mortimer indiff'rent is,
So he can only make it *his*.
There is but one slight damp I see
Upon this scheme's felicity,
And that is, the fair heroine's claim
That I shall take *her* family name.
To this (though it may look henpeck'd),
I can't quite decently object,
Having myself long-chos'n to shine
Conspicuous in the *alias* * line ;

* In the first edition of his Dictionary, Dr. Johnson very significantly exemplified the meaning of the word "*alias*" by the instance of Mallet, the poet, who had exchanged for this more refined name his original Scotch patronymic, Malloch. "What

So that henceforth, by wife's decree,
 (For Biddy from this point wo'n't budge)
 Your old friend's new address must be
 The *Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge* —
 The "O" being kept, that all may see
 We're *both* of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,
 My public life's calm Euthanasia.
 Thus bid I long farewell to all
 The freaks of Exeter's old Hall —
 Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,
 And rivalling its bears in breeding.
 Farewell, the platform fill'd with preachers —
 The pray'r giv'n out, as grace,* by speakers,
 Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures :—
 Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,
 And, scarce less dead, old Standard's columns :—
 From each and all I now retire,
 My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,
 To bring up little filial Fudges,
 To be M. P.s, and Peers, and Judges —
Parsons I'd add too, if, alas !
 There yet were hope the Church could pass

other proofs he gave (says Johnson) of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend." — *Life of Mallet*.

* "I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this solemn object, when I call on the Rev. Doct^r Holloway to open it by prayer." — *Speech of Lord Kenyon*.

The gulf now oped for hers and her,
 Or long survive what *Exeter* —
 Both Hall and Bishop, of that name —
 Have done to sink her reverend fame.
 Adieu, dear friend — you'll oft hear *from* me,
 Now I'm no more a travelling drudge;
 Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge
 How well the surname will become me)
 Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE.

— ◆ —

LETTER XI.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ———

———, *Ireland*.

DEAR DICK — just arriv'd at my own humble *gîte*,
 I inclose you, post-haste, the account all complete,
 Just arriv'd, *per* express, of our late noble feat.

[*Extract from the "County Gazette."*]

This place is getting gay and full again.

* * * * *

Last week was married, "in the Lord,"
 The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,
 Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word,
 (He, who the Lord's force lately led on —
 Exeter Hall his *Armagh*-geddon,) *

* The rectory which the Rev. gentleman holds is situated in

To Miss B. Fudge of Pisgah Place,
 One of the chos'n, as "heir of grace,"
 And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,
 Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge.

Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 'tis hinted —
 Niece of the above, (whose "Sylvan Lyre,"
 In our Gazette, last week, we printed,)
 Elop'd with Pat. Magan, Esquire.
 The fugitives were track'd, some time,
 After they'd left the Aunt's abode,
 By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,
 Found strew'd along the Western road ; —
 Some of them, *ci-devant* curl-papers,
 Others, half burnt in lighting tapers.
 This clue, however, to their flight,
 After some miles was seen no more ;
 And, from inquiries made last night,
 We find they've reach'd the Irish shore.

Every word of it true, Dick — th' escape from
 Aunt's thrall — [all.
 Western road — lyric fragments — curl-papers and
 My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine
 (As some balance between Fanny's *numbers* and
 mine), [Nine ;
 Was that, when we were *one*, she must give up the
 the county of *Armagh* ! — a most remarkable coincidence — and
 well worthy of the attention of certain expounders of the Apoca-
 'ypse.

Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS.
With a vow never more against prose to transgress.
This she did, like a heroine ; — smack went to bits
The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits —
Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets —
Some twisted up neatly, to form *allumettes*,
Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to rise
And enwreath Berenice's bright locks in the skies !
While the rest, honest Larry (who's now in *my* pay),
Begg'd, as "lover of *po'thry*," to read on the way.

Having thus of life's *poetry* dar'd to dispose,
How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its
prose,
With such slender materials for *style*, Heaven knows !
But — I'm call'd off abruptly — *another* Express !
What the deuce can it mean ? — I'm alarm'd, I confess.

P. S.

Hurrah, Dick, hurrah, Dick, ten thousand hurrahs !
I'm a happy, rich dog to the end of my days.
There — read the good news — and while glad, for
my sake,
That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining
wake,
Admire also the *moral* — that he, the sly elf,
Who has fudg'd all the world, should be now fudg'd
himself !

EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.

With pain the mournful news I write,
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;
And much to mine and friends' surprise,
By will doth all his wealth devise —
Lands, dwellings — rectories likewise —
To his "belov'd grand-niece," Miss Fanny,
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many
Long years hath waited — not a penny!
Have notified the same to latter,
And wait instructions in the matter.
For self and partners, etc. etc.

END OF VOL. III.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE.

VOLUME IV.

PREFACE

TO THE IRISH MELODIES.

THE recollections connected, in my mind, with that early period of my life, when I first thought of interpreting in verse the touching language of my country's music, tempt me again to advert to those long past days ; and, even at the risk of being thought to indulge overmuch in what Colley Cibber calls "the great pleasure of writing about one's self all day," to notice briefly some of those impressions and influences under which the attempt to adapt words to our ancient Melodies was for some time meditated by me, and, at last, undertaken.

There can be no doubt that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilized life ; and seldom anywhere but in the huts of the proscribed race could the sweet voice of the songs

of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers, among whom for a long period our ancient music had been kept alive, there remained but few to continue the precious tradition; and a great music-meeting held at Belfast in the year 1792, at which the two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish music, to preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavoured vainly through so many centuries to effect, — the utter extinction of Ireland's Minstrelsy, — the deadly pressure of the Penal Laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished; and, but for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume; and the national spirit and hope then awakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work; — flattering as it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilization.

It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted

with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies; — a mine, from the working of which my humble labours as a poet have since derived their sole lustre and value. About the same period I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class, in the university; for when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the Debating Society, — a sort of nursery to the authorized Historical Society, — I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners.

Of the political tone of this minor school of oratory, which was held weekly at the rooms of different resident members, some notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion, — one of which, I recollect, was, “Whether an Aristocracy or a Democracy is most favourable to the advancement of science and literature?” while another, bearing even more pointedly on the relative position of the government and the people, at this crisis, was thus significantly propounded: — “Whether a soldier was bound, on all occasions, to obey the

orders of his commanding officer?" On the former of these questions, the effect of Emmet's eloquence upon his young auditors was, I recollect, most striking. The prohibition against touching upon modern politics, which it was subsequently found necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced; and Emmet, who took of course ardently the side of democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of science and the arts, proceeded, lastly, to the grand and perilous example, then passing before all eyes, the young Republic of France. Referring to the circumstance told of Cæsar, that, in swimming across the Rubicon, he contrived to carry with him his Commentaries and his sword, the young orator said, "Thus France wades through a sea of storm and blood; but while, in one hand, she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the glories of science and literature unsullied by the ensanguined tide through which she struggles." In another of his remarkable speeches, I remember his saying, "When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power, perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? What, but to pull the government *up* to the people?"

In a few months after, both Emmet and myself were admitted members of the greater and recognized institution, called the Historical Society; and, even

here, the political feeling so rife abroad contrived to mix up its restless spirit with all our debates and proceedings; notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the college authorities, as well as of a strong party within the Society itself, devoted adherents to the policy of the government, and taking invariably part with the Provost and Fellows in all their restrictive and inquisitorial measures. The most distinguished and eloquent of these supporters of power were a young man named Sargent, of whose fate in after days I know nothing, and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick, who was then, as he continued to be through life, much respected for his private worth and learning.

Of the popular side, in the Society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to exclude from the subjects of debate all questions verging towards the politics of the day, it was always easy enough, by a side-wind of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland and the prospects then opening upon her within the scope of the orator's view. So exciting and powerful, in this respect, were Emmet's speeches, and so little were even the most eloquent of the adverse party able to cope with his powers, that it was at length thought advisable, by the higher authorities, to send among us a man of more advanced standing, as well as belonging to a former race of renowned speakers, in that Society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavour to obviate the

mischievous impression they were thought to produce. The name of this mature champion of the higher powers it is not necessary here to record; but the object of his mission among us was in some respect gained; as it was in replying to a long oration of his, one night, that Emmet, much to the mortification of us who gloried in him as our leader, became suddenly embarrassed in the middle of his speech, and, to use the parliamentary phrase, broke down. Whether from a momentary confusion in the thread of his argument, or possibly from diffidence in encountering an adversary so much his senior, — for Emmet was as modest as he was high-minded and brave, — he began, in the full career of his eloquence, to hesitate and repeat his words, and then, after an effort or two to recover himself, sate down.

It fell to my own lot to be engaged, about the same time, in a brisk struggle with the dominant party in the Society, in consequence of a burlesque poem which I gave in, as candidate for the Literary Medal, entitled "An Ode upon Nothing, with Notes, by Trismegistus Rustifustius, D. D." etc. etc. For this squib against the great Dons of learning, the medal was voted to me by a triumphant majority. But a motion was made in the following week to rescind this vote; and a fierce contest between the two parties ensued, which I at last put an end to by voluntarily withdrawing my composition from the Society's Book.

I have already adverted to the period when Mr.

Bunting's valuable volume first became known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work, and though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the piano-forte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me, when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the Red Fox,* and exclaiming, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!"

How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad, but proud feeling; † or that another of those mournful strains ‡ would long be associated, in the hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her § who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer.

Though fully alive, of course, to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had not yet undertaken the task of adapting words to any of the airs; and it was, I am ashamed to say, in dull and turgid prose, that I made my first appearance in print as a champion of the popular cause. Towards the latter end of the year 1797, the celebrated

* "Let Erin remember the days of old."

† "Oh, breathe not his name."

‡ "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

§ Miss Curran.

newspaper called "The Press" was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmett, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis then fast approaching. This memorable journal, according to the impression I at present retain of it, was far more distinguished for earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for any great display of literary talent;—the bold letters written by Emmett (the elder), under the signature of "Montanus," being the only compositions I can now call to mind, as entitled to praise for their literary merit. It required, however, but a small sprinkling of talent to make bold writing, at that time, palatable; and, from the experience of my own home, I can answer for the avidity with which every line of this daring journal was devoured. It used to come out, I think, twice a week, and, on the evening of publication, I always read it aloud to our small circle after supper.

It may easily be conceived that, what with my ardour for the national cause, and a growing consciousness of some little turn for authorship, I was naturally eager to become a contributor to those patriotic and popular columns. But the constant anxiety about me which I knew my own family felt,—a feeling more wakeful far than even their zeal in the public cause,—withheld me from hazarding any step that might cause them alarm. I had ventured, indeed, one evening, to pop privately into the letter

box of The Press, a short Fragment in imitation of Ossian. But this, though inserted, passed off quietly; and nobody was, in *any* sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I was soon tempted, however, to try a more daring flight. Without communicating my secret to any one but Edward Hudson, I addressed a long Letter, in prose, to the * * * * * of * * * *, in which a profusion of bad flowers of rhetoric was entwreathed plentifully with that weed which Shakespeare calls "the cockle of rebellion," and, in the same manner as before, committed it tremblingly to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected my prose would be honoured with insertion, when, lo, on the next evening of publication, when, seated as usual in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my select auditory, there was my own Letter staring me full in the face, being honoured with so conspicuous a place as to be one of the first articles my audience would expect to hear. Assuming an outward appearance of ease, while every nerve within me was trembling, I contrived to accomplish the reading of the Letter without raising; in either of my auditors a suspicion that it was my own. I enjoyed the pleasure, too, of hearing it a good deal praised by them; and might have been tempted by this to acknowledge myself the author, had I not found that the language and sentiments of the article were considered by both to be "very bold." *

* So thought also higher authorities; for among the extracts from The Press brought forward by the Secret Committee of the

I was not destined, however, to remain long undetected. On the following day, Edward Hudson,* — the only one, as I have said, intrusted with my secret, called to pay us a morning visit, and had not been long in the room, conversing with my mother, when looking significantly at me, he said — “Well, you saw ——” Here he stopped; but the mother’s eye had followed his, with the rapidity of lightning, to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth. “That Letter was yours, then?” she asked of me eagerly; and, without hesitation, of course, I acknowledged the fact; when in the most earnest manner she entreated of me never again to have any connection with that paper; and, as every wish of hers was to me law, I readily pledged the solemn promise she required.

Though well aware how easily a sneer may be raised at the simple details of this domestic scene, I have yet ventured to put it on record, as affording an instance of the gentle and womanly watchful-

House of Commons, to show how formidable had been the designs of the United Irishmen, there are two or three paragraphs cited from this redoubtable Letter.

* Of the depth and extent to which Hudson had involved himself in the conspiracy, none of our family had harboured the least notion; till, on the seizure of the thirteen Leinster delegates, at Oliver Bond’s, in the month of March, 1798, we found, to our astonishment and sorrow, that he was one of the number.

To those unread in the painful history of this period, it is right to mention that almost all the leaders of the United Irish conspiracy were Protestants. Among these companions of my own alluded to in these pages, I scarcely remember a single Catholic

ness,—the Providence, as it may be called, of the little world of home,—by which, although placed almost in the very current of so headlong a movement, and living familiarly with some of the most daring of those who propelled it, I yet was guarded from any participation in their secret oaths, counsels, or plans, and thus escaped all share in that wild struggle to which so many far better men than myself fell victims.

In the mean while, this great conspiracy was hastening on, with fearful precipitancy, to its outbreak; and vague and shapeless as are now known to have been the views, even of those who were engaged practically in the plot, it is not any wonder that to the young and uninitiated like myself it should have opened prospects partaking far more of the wild dreams of poesy than of the plain and honest prose of real life. But a crisis was then fast approaching, when such self-delusions could no longer be indulged; and when the mystery which had hitherto hung over the plans of the conspirators was to be rent asunder by the stern hand of power.

Of the horrors that foreran and followed the frightful explosion of the year 1798, I had neither inclination nor, luckily, occasion to speak. But among those introductory scenes, which had somewhat prepared the public mind for such a catastrophe, there was one, of a painful description which, as having been myself an actor in it, I may be allowed briefly to notice.

It was not many weeks, I think, before this crisis, that, owing to information gained by the college authorities of the rapid spread, among the students, not only of the principles but the organization of the Irish Union,* a solemn Visitation was held by Lord Clare, the vice-chancellor of the University, with the view of inquiring into the extent of this branch of the plot, and dealing summarily with those engaged in it.

Imperious and harsh as then seemed the policy of thus setting up a sort of inquisitorial tribunal, armed with the power of examining witnesses on oath, and in a place devoted to the instruction of youth, I cannot but confess that the facts which came out in the course of the evidence, went far towards justifying even this arbitrary proceeding; and to the many who, like myself, were acquainted only with the general views of the Union leaders, without even knowing, except from conjecture, who those leaders were, or what their plans or objects, it was most startling to hear the disclosures which every succeeding witness brought forth. There were a few,—and among that number, poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two * * * * *s†, whose total absence

* In the Report from the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Lords, this extension of the plot to the College is noticed as "a desperate project of the same faction to corrupt the youth of the country by introducing their organized system of treason into the University."

† One of these brothers has long been a general in the French army; having taken a part in all those great enterprises of Na-

from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that, day after day, followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the unlawful proceedings inquired into by this tribunal.

But there was one young friend of mine, *****, whose appearance among the suspected and examined as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. He and Emmet had long been intimate and attached friends;—their congenial fondness for mathematical studies having been, I think, a far more binding sympathy between them than any arising out of their political opinions. From his being called up, however, on this day, when, as it appeared afterwards, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there could be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the college authorities must have possessed some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the conspiracy. In the course of his examination, some questions were put to him which he refused to answer,—most probably from their tendency to involve or inculcate others; and he was accordingly dismissed, with the melancholy certainty

poleon which have now become matter of history. Should these pages meet the eye of General *****, they will call to his mind the days we passed together in Normandy, a few summers since;—more especially our excursion to Bayeux, when as we talked on the way of old college times and friends, all the eventful and stormy scenes he had passed through since seemed forgotten.

that his future prospects in life were blasted ; it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was not merely expulsion from the University, but exclusion from all the learned professions.

The proceedings, indeed, of this whole day had been such as to send me to my home in the evening with no very agreeable feelings or prospects. I had heard evidence given affecting even the lives of some of those friends whom I had long regarded with admiration as well as affection ; and what was still worse than even their danger, — a danger ennobled, I thought, by the cause in which they suffered, — was the shameful spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them. Of these witnesses, the greater number had been themselves involved in the plot, and now came forward either as voluntary informers, or else were driven by the fear of the consequences of refusal to secure their own safety at the expense of companions and friends.

I well remember the gloom, so unusual, that hung over our family circle on that evening, as, talking together of the events of the day, we discussed the likelihood of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest advisers came, was that, overwhelming as the consequences were to all their plans and hopes for me, yet, if the questions leading to criminate others, which had been put to almost all examined on that day, and which poor * * * * * alone had refused to answer

[should be put to me] I must, in the same manner, and at all risks, return a similar refusal. I am not quite certain whether I received any intimation, on the following morning, that I was to be one of those examined in the course of the day; but I rather think some such notice had been conveyed to me;—and, at last, my awful turn came, and I stood in presence of the formidable tribunal. There sate, with severe look, the vice-chancellor, and, by his side, the memorable Doctor Duigenan,—memorable for his eternal pamphlets against the Catholics.

The oath was proffered to me. “I have an objection, my Lord,” said I, “to taking this oath.” “What is your objection?” he asked sternly. “I have no fears, my Lord, that any thing I might say would criminate myself; but it might tend to involve others, and I despise the character of the person who could be led, under any such circumstances, to inform against his associates.” This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day; and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood. “How old are you, Sir?” he then asked. “Between seventeen and eighteen, my Lord.” He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him, in an under tone of voice. “We cannot,” he resumed, again addressing me, “suffer any one to remain in our University, who refuses to take this oath.” “I shall, then, my Lord,” I replied, “take the oath,—still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have just

described." "We do not sit here to argue with you, Sir," he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witnesses' chair.

The following are the questions and answers that then ensued. After adverting to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, "Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?" "No, my Lord." "Have you ever known of any of the proceedings that took place in them?" "No, my Lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings, for the purchase of arms and ammunition?" "Never, my Lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposition made, in one of these societies, with respect to the expediency of assassination?" "Oh no, my Lord." He then turned again to Duigenan, and, after a few words with him, said to me: "When such are the answers you are able to give,* pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?" "I have already told your Lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural."†

* There had been two questions put to all those examined on the first day,—"Were you ever asked to join any of these societies?"—and "By whom were you asked?"—which I should have refused to answer, and must, of course, have abided the consequences.

† For the correctness of the above report of this short examination, I can pretty confidently answer. It may amuse, therefore, my readers,—as showing the manner in which biographers make the most of small facts,—to see an extract or two from an-

I was now dismissed without any further questioning; and, however trying had been this short operation, was amply repaid for it by the kind zeal with which my young friends and companions flocked to congratulate me;—not so much, I was inclined to hope, on my acquittal by the court, as on the manner in which I had acquitted *myself*. Of my reception, on returning home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description;—it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish.

I have been induced thus to continue down to the very verge of the warning outbreak of 1798, the slight sketch of my early days which I ventured to commence in the First Volume of this Collection:

other account of this affair, published not many years since by an old and zealous friend of our family. After stating with tolerable correctness one or two of my answers, the writer thus proceeds:—"Upon this, Lord Clare repeated the question, and young Moore made such an appeal, as caused his lordship to relax, austere and rigid as he was. The words I cannot exactly remember; the substance was as follows:—that he entered college to receive the education of a scholar and a gentleman; that he knew not how to compromise these characters by informing against his college companions; that his own speeches in the debating society had been ill construed, when the worst that could be said of them was, if the truth had been spoken, that they were patriotic that he was aware of the high-minded nobleman he had the honour of appealing to, and if his lordship could for a moment condescend to step from his high station and place himself in his situation, then say how he would act under such circumstances,—it would be his guidance."—HERBERT'S *Irish Varieties*. London 1836

nor could I have furnished the *Irish Melodies* with any more pregnant illustration, as it was in those times, and among the events then stirring, that the feeling which afterwards found a voice in my country's music, was born and nurtured.

I shall now string together such detached notices and memoranda respecting this work, as I think may be likely to interest my readers.

Of the few songs written with a concealed political feeling, — such as “When he who adores thee,” and one or two more, — the most successful, in its day, was “When first I met thee warm and young,” which alluded, in its hidden sense, to the Prince Regent's desertion of his political friends. It was little less, I own, than profanation to disturb the sentiment of so beautiful an air by any connection with such a subject. The great success of this song, soon after I wrote it, among a large party staying at Chatsworth, is thus alluded to in one of Lord Byron's letters to me: — “I have heard from London that you have left Chatsworth and all there full of ‘entusymusy’ and, in particular, that ‘When first I met thee’ has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog * * * * wanted you to omit part of it.”

It has been sometimes supposed that “Oh, breathe not his name,” was meant to allude to Lord Edward Fitzgerald: but this is a mistake; the song having been suggested by the well known passage in Rober

Emmet's dying speech, "Let no man write my epitaph let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."

The feeble attempt to commemorate the glory of our great Duke — "When History's Muse," etc. — is in so far remarkable, that it made up amply for its want of poetical spirit, by an outpouring, rarely granted to bards in these days, of the spirit of prophecy. It was in the year 1815 that the following lines first made their appearance :—

And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame, etc.

About fourteen years after these lines were written, the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the great measure of Catholic Emancipation.

The fancy of the "Origin of the Irish Harp," was (as I have elsewhere acknowledged*) sug-

* "When, in consequence of the compact entered into between government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the State Prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid a visit to Edward Hudson, in the jail of Kimmagh, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come. I found that to amuse his solitude he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish Harp

gested, by a drawing made under peculiarly painful circumstances, by the friend so often mentioned in this sketch, Edward Hudson.

In connection with another of these matchless airs, — one that defies all poetry to do it justice, — I find the following singular and touching statement in an article of the *Quarterly Review*. Speaking of a young and promising poetess, Lucretia Davidson, who died very early from nervous excitement, the Reviewer says, "She was particularly sensitive to music. There was one song (it was Moore's Farewell to his Harp) to which she took a special fancy. She wished to hear it only at twilight, — thus (with that same perilous love of excitement which made her place the *Æolian* harp in the window when she was composing), seeking to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous system, already diseasedly susceptible; for it is said that, whenever she heard this song, she became cold, pale, and almost fainting; yet it was her favourite of all songs, and gave occasion to those verses addressed in her fifteenth year to her sister." *

With the Melody entitled "Love, Valour, and Wit," an incident is connected, which awakened feelings in me of proud, but sad pleasure, to think that my songs had reached the hearts of some of the descendants of those great Irish families, who found

which, some years after, I adopted as the subject of one of the Melodies." — *Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, vol.

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xli. p. 294.

themselves forced, in the dark days of persecution, to seek in other lands a refuge from the shame and ruin of their own; — those, whose story I have thus associated with one of their country's most characteristic airs: —

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain.

From a foreign lady, of this ancient extraction, — whose names, could I venture to mention them, would lend to the incident an additional Irish charm, — I received, about two years since, through the hands of a gentleman to whom it had been intrusted, a large portfolio, adorned inside with a beautiful drawing, representing Love, Wit, and Valour, as described in the song. In the border that surrounds the drawing are introduced the favourite emblems of Erin, the harp, the shamrock, the mitred head of St. Patrick, together with scrolls containing each, inscribed in letters of gold, the name of some favourite melody of the fair artist.

This present was accompanied by the following letter from the lady herself; and her Irish race, I fear, is but too discernible in the generous indiscretion with which, in this instance, she allows praise so much to outstrip desert: —

“Le 25 Août, 1826.

“Monsieur,

“Si les poètes n'étoient en quelque sorte une pro-

priété intellectuelle dont chacun prend sa part à raison de la puissance qu'ils exercent, je ne saurois en vérité comment faire pour justifier mon courage ! — car il en falloit beaucoup pour avoir osé consacrer mon pauvre talent d'amateur à vos délicieuses poésies, et plus encore pour en renvoyer le pâle reflet à son véritable auteur.

“J'espère toutefois que ma sympathie pour l'Irlande vous fera juger ma foible production avec cette heureuse partialité qui impose silence à la critique : car, si je n'appartiens pas à l'Ile Verte par ma naissance, ni mes relations, je puis dire que je m'y intéresse avec un cœur Irlandais, et que j'ai conservé plus que le nom de mes pères. Cela seul me fait espérer que mes petits voyageurs ne subiront pas le triste noviciat des étrangers. Puissent-ils remplir leur mission sur le sol natal, en agissant conjointement et toujours pour la cause Irlandaise, et amener enfin une ère nouvelle pour cette héroïque et malheureuse nation : — le moyen de vaincre de tels adversaires s'ils ne font qu'un ?

“Vous dirai-je, Monsieur, les doux moments que je dois à vos ouvrages ? ce seroit répéter une fois de plus ce que vous entendez tous les jours et de tous les coins de la terre. Aussi j'ai garde de vous ravir un tems trop précieux par l'écho de ces vieilles vérités.

“Si jamais mon étoile me conduit en Irlande, je ne m'y croirai pas étrangère. Je sais que le passé y laisse de longs souvenirs, et que la conformité des

désirs et des espérances rapproche en dépit de l'espace et du tems.

“ Jusque-là, recevez, je vous prie, l'assurance de ma parfaite considération, avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

“ Monsieur,

“ Votre très-humble servante,

“ LA COMTESSE * * * * *.”

Of the translations that have appeared of the Melodies in different languages, I shall here mention such as have come to my knowledge.

Latin. — “ Cantus Hibernici,” Nicholas Lee Torre, London, 1835.

Italian. — G. Flechia, Torino, 1836. — Adele Custi, Milano, 1836.

French. — Madame Belloc, Paris, 1823. — Loeve Veimars, Paris, 1829.

Russian. — Several detached Melodies, by the popular Russian poet Kozlof.

Polish. — Selections, in the same manner, by Niemcewich, Kosmian, and others.

I have now exhausted not so much my own recollections, as the patience, I fear, of my readers on this subject. We are told of painters calling those last touches of the pencil which they give to some favourite picture the “ultima basia;” and with the same sort of affectionate feeling do I now take leave of the Irish Melodies, — the only work of my pen,

24 PREFACE TO THE IRISH MELODIES.

as I very sincerely believe, whose fame (thanks to the sweet music in which it is embalmed) may boast a chance of prolonging its existence to a day much beyond our own.

LETTER
TO
THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL,
PREFIXED TO THE THIRD NUMBER.

WHILE the publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number, to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated. I know that, though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, you still continue to remember it well and warmly, — that you have not suffered the attractions of English society to produce, like the taste of lotus, any forgetfulness of your own country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest and sympathy from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather tends to strengthen our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile from it must remember with most

enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become at a distance softened, or altogether invisible. Nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes, — the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her, — the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to “wring her into undutifulness.” *

It has been often remarked, and still oftener felt, that in our music is found the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency, — a burst of turbulence dying away into softness, — the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next, — and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are even many airs, which it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems applicable. Sometimes, for instance, when the strain is open and spirited, yet here and there shaded by a

* A phrase which occurs in a Letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time. — *Scrimia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose,* marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan takes us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth,—like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated. In many of these mournful songs we seem to hear the last farewell of the exile,† mingling regret for the ties which he

* There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose" (1660). See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. vi. p. 49; and for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. vii. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to the small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

† The associations of the Hindu music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) "they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months," etc.—*Asiatic Transactions*, vol. iii. on the Musical Modes of the Hindus.—What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be asserted, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs:—"Elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avoit fait entendre à des hommes d'un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens."—*Réflex. sur la Peinture*, etc. tom. i. sect. 45.

leaves at home, with sanguine hopes of the high honours that await him abroad, — such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, “decantare loca dolentia.” Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion * that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, Cries,† etc.), which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon

* Dissertation, prefixed to the 2d volume of his *Scottish Ballads*.

† Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker’s *Work upon the Irish bards*. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

which our taste for antiquity has been rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise;* that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks,† or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland.‡

By some of these zealous antiquarians it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point;§ and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms

* See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

† O'Halloran, vol. i. part iv. chap. vii.

‡ Id. ib. chap. vi.

§ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diésis, or enharmonic interval. — The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its *practical* use, we must agree with Mersenne, (*Préludes de l'Harmonie*, quest. 7,) that the *theory* of Music would be imperfect without it. Even in practice, too, as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, (*Observations on Florid Song*, chap. i. sect. 16,) there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

of this eulogy are much too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts; * and it is in general now conceded, I believe, by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the "light of Song" through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting,†) must have furnished but

* The words *ποικίλια* and *ἐτεροφωνία*, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in Fragment, lib. ii. de Republ., induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily. (Examen d'un Passage de Platon, in the 8d vol. of *Histoire de l'Acad.*) M. Huet is of opinion (*Pensées Diverses*), that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages, which I recollect, in favour of this supposition, occurs in the Treatise (*Περὶ Κόσμου*) attributed to Aristotle — *Μουσικὴ δὲ οἷετις ἀμα καὶ βαρεῖς*, τ. τ. λ.

† Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequent occurrence of, what composers call, consecutive fifths; but this, I must say, is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not conversant with all the rules of composition. If I may venture, indeed, to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has

wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. I was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp * were enlarged by additional strings, that our airs can be supposed to have assumed the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,† our music became by

even, at times, appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with no small reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule? — I have been told that there are instances in Haydn, of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

* A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs: — "The Irish (says he) according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II. had two kinds of Harps, 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundum: the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing.' How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton; and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler: "Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyrâ tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam.*" — Hist. Angliæ. Script. page 1075. I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

† The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are

degrees more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

While profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still keeps its original character sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan, it appears, had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other great masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to any ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation; * and the chief corruptions of

strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was for this offence called "The Saint Stealer." It must have been some Irishman, I suppose, who by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa. — See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part i. page 25.

* Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description,) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, etc. which disgraces so often the works of even Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation. — *Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie*. The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in *Avisos*

which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, "*auri per ramos aura refulget*," * the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it, — and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom,

upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

* Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. vi. verse 204.

and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than for their sense. Yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through any want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,* and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics, — as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin†),

* See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, etc. in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

† “Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris quod cum eis nobis propinatur.” — Lib. I. Confess chap. xvi.

from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness,—like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered,* — to such men I shall not condescend to offer an apology for the too great warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet be of opinion that allusions, in the least degree inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who more sincerely deprecates than I do, any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers,—it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich and the educated,—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting

* This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (ῥαπαζοπουλος) to Alexander the Great.—*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth. Lib. i.*

much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them ; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection, which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies ; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought to this task an innate and national feeling, which it would be vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music ; and, far from agreeing with those fastidious critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, on the contrary, they resemble, in general, those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs, which he has arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims on our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independently of the rest;—so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not well known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you now can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from your practice of it. — May the mind which such talents adorn, continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous

Believe me, your Ladyship's

Grateful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

DEDICATION

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT,

PREFIXED TO THE TENTH NUMBER.

It is with a pleasure, not unmixed with melancholy, that I dedicate the last Number of the Irish Melodies to your Ladyship; nor can I have any doubt that the feelings with which you receive the tribute will be of the same mingled and saddened tone. To you, — who, though but little beyond the season of childhood, when the earlier numbers of this work appeared, — lent the aid of your beautiful voice, and, even then, exquisite feeling for music, to the happy circle who met, to sing them together, under your father's roof, the gratification, whatever it may be, which this humble offering brings, cannot be otherwise than darkened by the mournful reflection, how many of the voices, which then joined with ours, are now silent in death!

I am not without hope that, as far as regards the grace and spirit of the Melodies, you will find this closing portion of the work not unworthy of wha.

has preceded it. The Sixteen *Airs*, of which the Number and the Supplement consists, have been selected from the immense mass of Irish music, which has been for years past accumulating in my hands; and it was from a desire to include all that appeared most worthy of preservation, that the four supplementary songs which follow this Tenth Number have been added.

Trusting that I may yet again, in remembrance of old times, hear our voices together in some of the harmonized *airs* of this Volume, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's faithful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE

Slaperton Cottage,

May, 1834.

IRISH MELODIES.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to one whose character reflected honour on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every succeeding year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity,
Your Ladyship's ever attached friend,
THOMAS MOORE.

IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee ;
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh ! then remember me !

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh ! thus remember me.

Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh ! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh ! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee ;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee, —
Oh ! then remember me.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE
BRAVE.*

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er ;
Tho' lost to Mononia † and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora ‡ no more.
That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set ;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia ! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there ?
No ! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

* Brien Boromhe, the great monarch of Ireland, who was
killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th cen-
tury, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements

† Munster.

‡ The palace of Brien.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood *
 In the day of distress by our side ;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
 That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain ; —
 Oh ! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain.



ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN
 THINE EYES.

ERIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
 Weep while they rise.

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. — "*Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*" "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops ; — never was such another sight exhibited." — *History of Ireland*, book xii. chap. i

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
 Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form in heaven's sight
 One arch of peace !

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid :
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it
 weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
 sleeps ;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd ?

Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
Every thought of my reason was thine ;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see ;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.



THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S
HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled. —
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;

The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives,
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.



FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon.
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.
 Oh! stay, — Oh! stay, —
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
 In times of old through Ammon's shade,*
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near.

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS
AS LIGHT.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No:— life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile —
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows.
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd

And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my
mind.

But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship se-
curest,

Is happy indeed if 't was never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be
mine, —

That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our de-
cline.



THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH
SORROW I SEE.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no
more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes ;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that
 hair.*



RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE
 WORE†

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
 But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
 Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

* " In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired." — *Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p. 184. Mr. Walker informs us also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

† This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: " The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
 "So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
 "Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
 "As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
 "No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
 "For though they love woman and golden store,
 "Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the green isle;
 And blest for ever is she who relied
 Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.



AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
 So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels." — *Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book x.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting —

Oh ! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright
 ray ;
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
 meet ; †
 Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
 heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh ! no, — it was something more exquisite still.

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

T was that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were
near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require:
But, oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book:
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,

Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep ;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray —
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way.



THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calmly recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall ;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.*

* "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music." —
O'Halloran.

Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried,
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days! *
Star after star decays,

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude

Every bright name, that shed
 Light o'er the land, is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;
 But brightly flows the tear,
 Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights —
 Thou, of the Hundred Fights! *
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung! †
 Both mute, — but long as valour shineth,
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they liv'd and died.



WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

WE may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;

to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

* This designation, which has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Guive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 488. "Con, of the Hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories."

† Fox, "Romanorum ultimus."

And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west ;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at
home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within call ;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells ;
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,

Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward
you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,
Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh ! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came ;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame ;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the Valley crost over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,*
Which he won from her proud invader,
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger; — †

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory." — *Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book ix.

† "Military orders of knights were very early established in

Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.*

Ireland: long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bronbhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—*O' Halloran's Introduction*, etc., part i. chap. 5.

* It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aqua illius turres ecclesiasticas, quas moro patrias arcias sunt et alia, necnon et rotunda, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.* — *Topogr. Hib. dist. 2. c. 9.*

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

SILENT, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

* To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of
belief

To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the
schools.

Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!



SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.

Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the
west —

Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot

While you add to your garland the Olive of
Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their
rights,

Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,

If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,

Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!

And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,

Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,

Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,

For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to
find

That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for
in vain,

Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you
light,

May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright,

And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,

Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause

Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause! — oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

ERIN, OH ERIN.

LIKE the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy
fane,*

And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,

Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower †
Thus Erin, oh Erin, *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blossom at last.

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions: "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solícite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus." — *Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.* dist. 2. c. 34.

† Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the Lily, has applied this image to a still more important object.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh ! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone ;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "*which* might pass ?"
She answer'd, " he, who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass — but 't would not do :
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome,
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Tho' woman keeps it here.
 Then drink to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
 Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
 The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;†

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

† It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is

And the lip, which now breathes but the song of
 desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country! — her pride is gone by,
 And that spirit is broken, which never would
 bend;

O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their
 sires;

And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's
 way,
 Must be caught from the pile, where their country
 expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
 He should try to forget, what he never can heal:
 Oh! give but a hope — let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how
 he'll feel!

That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
 Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;

derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which
 weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is cer-
 tainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland,
 called the land of *Ire*, from the constant broils therein for 400
 years, was now become the land of concord." — *Lloyd's State*
Worthies, art. *The Lord Grandison*.

While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his
 sword.*

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
 Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy
 wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy
 chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and
 weep!



WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
 A moment from her smile I turn'd,
 To look at orbs, that, more bright,
 In lone and distant glory burn'd.
 But *too* far
 Each proud star,

See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Εν μύρτῳ κλειτὸ το
 ξυρὸς φορητὸν* — "I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like
 Harmodius, and Aristogiton," etc.

For me to feel its warming flame ;
 Much more dear
 That mild sphere,
 Which near our planet smiling came ; *
 Thus, Mary, be but thou my own ;
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meet,
 Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
 I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
 "The moon looks
 "On many brooks,
 "The brook can see no moon but this ;" †
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they al. put together."—*Whiston's Theory, etc.*

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with these words, *Non mille, quod absens.*

† This image was suggested by the following thought, which

ILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and
her soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er
misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly,* fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him — he fell, alas; never to rise:
‘Ah! such,’ said the girl, “is the pride of our faces,
“For which the soul's innocence too often dies.”

While she stole thro' the garden, where hearts-ease
was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;

occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: “The moon
looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but on
moon.”

* An emblem of the soul

And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,

That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too :
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the hearts-ease was lost :
' Ah ! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at
its meaning),
" That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost !

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife ;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life —
Oh ! remember life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free ?
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine
And light him down the steep of years : —
But oh, how blest they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast !

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,

When his heart that field remembers,
 Where we tamed his tyrant might.
 Never let him bind again
 A chain, like that we broke from then.
 Hark! the horn of combat calls —
 Ere the golden evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round! *

Many a heart that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken even at victory's sound: —
 But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!



AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day,
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost —
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost?

* "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day." — *Walker*.

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, moved slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world, where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss; —
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?



'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.*
 The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,

* I believe it is Marmontel who says, "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*" — There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near

'T were a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'T were a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're change-
able too,
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.*

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath
cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round
me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love
burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;

* Meaning, allegorically, the ancient Church of Ireland.

Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more
dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd
and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows
adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in
caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were
slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from
thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are
frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd
less pale.
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering
chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their ser-
vile stains—
Oh! foul is the slander,—no chain could that soul
subdue—
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!*

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." — *St. Paul
Corinthians*, iii. 17.

ON MUSIC.

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT
SHED.*

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded ;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying !



THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for
thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea ;

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and
dear relative, who had died lately at Madeira.

And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.
But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true-love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair — still her cheeks smil'd
the same —

While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light
frame;

And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was chang'd to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been
known

To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when
away.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.

New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream :
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past ;
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.

No, — that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed ;
'Twas morning's winged dream ;
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream .
Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

THO' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in
showers:

There never were hearts, if our rulers would let
them,

More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.

But just when the chain

Has ceas'd to pain,

And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,

There comes a new link

Our spirits to sink —

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,

Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;

But, though 't were the last little spark in our souls,

We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!

Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;

And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,

Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.

While cowards, who blight

Your fame, your right,

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birthday, given by my friend, Major Eryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen,—
Oh, my life on your faith ! were you summon'd this
minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray ;
Each fragment will cast
A light, to the last,—
And thus, Erin, my country tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay
A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.



WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past
Your dreams of pride are o'er ;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.

In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;—
Oh, Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

Weep on — perhaps in after days,
They'll learn to love your name ;
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave ?

“T was fate,” they'll say, “ a wayward fate
“ Your web of discord wove ;
“ And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
“ You never join'd in love.
“ But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
“ And man profan'd what God had given ;
“ Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
“ Where others knelt to heaven !”



LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.

Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises !
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.
Oh ! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd .
To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes —

Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh ! my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina !
Wit, tho' bright,
Hath no such light,
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary !
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath ;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary !
So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere ;
 Or could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet,
 Than to remember thee, Mary ! *



BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.†

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
 Sky-lark never warbles o'er,‡
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
 " Here, at least," he calmly said,
 " Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
 Ah ! the good Saint little knew
 What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew, —
 Eyes of most unholy blue !

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, " *Heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse !* "

† This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

‡ There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, etc.

She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh ;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last ;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be :
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat ;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts !
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave !
Soon the saint (yet ah ! too late,)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.

When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking;—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
 Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
 The spell of those eyes,
 The balm of thy sighs,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds
 That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
 While those which the tide
 Of ruby had dy'd
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
 Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.



AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin *
 On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd! —
 For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her
 blade.

* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. i. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula of Macpherson" is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Touran;' 'The death of the children of Lear;' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans); and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected, that in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir; "Silent, oh Moyle!" etc.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nation-

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,*

When Ulad's † three champions lay sleeping in gore —

By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore —

We swear to revenge them ! — no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch ! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall ;

Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,

Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all !



WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

He. — WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,

ality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

* "Oh Nasi! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman-green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." — *Deirdre's Song*.

† Ulster.

Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

She. — What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

She. — But they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly, when sweets are gone ;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He. — Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they *may*.



LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

" HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
" Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend ;
" Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
" To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
" Do not disturb our calm, oh Love !
" So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
" It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
 P's laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
 His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
 "Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
 "That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
 His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise,
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
 Love is the Saint enshrin'd in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a
 guest,
 If he came to them cloth'd in Piety's vest.



THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH
 PLEASURES AND WOES.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,—
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awak'd e'er the tear can be dried
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.

But pledge me the cup — if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
And the light, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of light, and with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.*
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have
tasted

The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have
wasted,

And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet; — while Idleness weaves
These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 't is sufficient for me.



OH THE SHAMROCK.

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,

* *Proposito florem prætulit officio.*

PROPERT. lib. i. eleg. 20.

With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd.
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass *
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Thro' purest crystal gleaming.
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock
Chosen leaf,
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, " See,
" They spring for me,
" Those leafy gems of morning ! " —
Says Love, " No, no,
" For *me* they grow,
" My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, " Oh ! do not sever

* It is said that St. Patrick, when preaching the Trinity to the Pagan Irish, used to illustrate his subject by reference to that species of trefoil called in Ireland by the name of the Shamrock; and hence, perhaps, the Island of Saints adopted this plant as their national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tip-toes and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand.

“ A type, that blends
“ Three godlike friends,
“ Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !”
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

So firmly fond
May last the bond,
They wove that morn together
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em ;
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom !
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in
thine eye ;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the re-
gions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come
to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 't was once such pleasure
to hear!
When our voices commingling breath'd, like one, on
the ear ;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad
orison rolls,
I think, oh my love ! 't is thy voice from the King-
dom of Souls,*
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so
dear.

* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter which we call Echo."

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting! — tho' many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come, — may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours —
Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come — may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright;
And now, let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim —
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up,
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love, .
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,*
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love !
Then awake ! — the heavens look bright, my dear
'T is never too late for delight, my dear,

* "Steals silently to Morna's grove." — See, in Mr. Bunting's collection, a poem translated from the Irish, by the late John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake! — till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.



THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him. —
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
"One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
"One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;

The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, " No chains shall sully thee,
"Thou soul of love and bravery !
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
"They shall never sound in slavery."

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind ;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That saddened the joy of my mind.

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran: "The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." — The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
 Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd;
 But, though darkness began to infold me,
 No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber — 'twas lonely,
 As if the lov'd tenant lay dead; —
 Ah, would it were death, and death only!
 But no, the young false one had fled.
 And there hung the lute that could soften
 My very worst pains into bliss;
 While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,
 Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women,
 When Breffni's good sword would have sought
 That man, thro' a million of foemen,
 Who dar'd but to wrong thee *in thought*!
 While now — oh degenerate daughter
 Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
 And thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
 Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already, the curse is upon her,
 And strangers her valleys profane;

O Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Camorensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

They come to divide, to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward ! — the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH ! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF
OUR OWN.

OH ! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of
flowers ;

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day ;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden
time ;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer
there.

With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And, with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

**FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU
WELCOME THE HOUR.**

FAREWELL! — but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your
bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of
pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with
you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that
night;

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your
wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your
smiles —
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were
here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot des-
troy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been dis-
till'd —
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you
will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH! doubt me not — the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now 'the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
Altho' this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,

They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not — the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And tho' my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not — the season
Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William, at length, in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth,—
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believ'd him crazed, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.

But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year .
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam:—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not ;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where *thou art not*.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone ?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us —
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine thrc' sunshine, storm, and snows ;

Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear? —
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,*
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine —
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,†
That flitted from tree to tree

* Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes
deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.

† "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the

With the talisman's glittering glory —
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself looked bright;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear: —
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.



NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full quire of heaven is near, —
 Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign, blessed sounds again.

talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it
 would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and
 disappeared. *Arabian Nights.*

Sweet voice of comfort ! 't was like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell —
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
'T was whisper'd balm — 't was sunshine spoken ! —
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, tho' false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver ! go,
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled the unwelcome story ;
Or found, in ev'n the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver ! go, —
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee :
The few who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it ;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go — go — tho' worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
When even those ties shall sever ;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever ;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,

And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go — go — 'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.



WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's
name.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all spark-
 ling [skies —
 With beams, such as break from her own dewy
 'Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 "I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
 "For, tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their
 lot,

"And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of
Fame; —

"But oh! there is not

"One dishonouring blot

"On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's
name.

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,

"The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet
known;

"Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,

"Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy
own.

"At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou
hast stood,

"Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,

"And, bright o'er the flood

"Of her tears and her blood,

"Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's
name!"



THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,

In watching and pursuing

The light, that lies

In woman's eyes,

Has been my heart's undoing.

Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite,*
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?

* This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power; — but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan, (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel,) has given a very different account of that goblin.

No, vain, alas ! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever ;
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.



WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

OH, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly ?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it ?

Farewell, Erin, — farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall !

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
 Than that, whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.

We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin, — farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this, —
'Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee and save thee, — or perish there
too!

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the
dead —

When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it
fled.

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were
darting [world;
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.*
Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then — had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations — how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the bless-
ing!

And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the an-
cient Irish to the Royal Banner.

Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furics, caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood.
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,

A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
Each wave that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from
us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adoring
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's
best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his
frame,
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in
burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions:—
So we, Sages, sit,
And, mid bumpers bright'ning,

From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning

Would'st thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us :

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in. —
But oh his joy, when, round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us,
Hence its mighty power
O'er that Flame within us.

Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.



DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found
 thee,

The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee
 long,* [thee,

When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and
 song!

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;

But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sad-
 ness, [still.

That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee

* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose,"
 there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric
 among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated con-
 tention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's
 palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if pos-
 sible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of
 Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the
Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish
 Poetry*.

Dear Harp of my country ! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine !
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine ;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain ;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those Harps whose heav'nly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes — that now are turn'd to shame.

Yet even then, while Peace was singing
 Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
 Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,
 She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
 My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
 Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
 As ill would suit the swan's decline!
 Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
 Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
 When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee,
 Are sadly mix'd — half flow'rs, half chains?

But come — if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
 And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be;
 How gaily, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill —
 Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
 'Mid desolation tuneful still! *

* *Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ. — Juvenal*

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh 't is not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we
may ; —
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return ;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so
high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ;
Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no
worth ;
'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers,
That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.

So it is not 'mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming, —
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;

We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast
loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to
roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true love to adore

To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho', sometimes, the shades of past folly might
rise,

And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile and rekindled it there.



REMEMBER THEE.

REMEMBER thee? yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and
free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it
runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons —
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's
nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy
breast.

WREATH THE BOWL.

WREATH the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That Joy th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!

Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright —
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruined hope, the friend unkind,
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind : —
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain.
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears
Can never shine so bright again.

IF THOU'LT BE MINE

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds *most* sweet,
Shall be ours — if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes — if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, — if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 't is hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup — where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We 're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As shining beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
While some — oh ! ne'er believe them —
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them !)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup — where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We 're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips — but this is telling —
So here they go ! so here they go !
Fill up, fill up — where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone — and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave !

Oh ! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more ; —

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,

No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again !

But 'tis past — and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free
Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

THEY may rail at this life — from the hour I began
it,

I found it a life full of kindness and bliss ;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the
skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring
them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,

Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing
them,*

They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as
tender,

And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.†
But tho' they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why — this earth is the planet for you, love, and
me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could
spare.

* Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs. — *Pluralité des Mondes.*

† La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous. — *Pluralité des Mondes.*

Oh ! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and
me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time !
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them :
When free yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords, etc. etc.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them.
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men
 Were all the ramparts round them !



ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.*

"OH ! haste and leave this sacred isle,
 "Unholy bark, ere morning smile ;
 "For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 "A female form I see ;
 "And I have sworn this sainted sod
 "Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party ; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:—

*Cui Præsul, quid feminis
 Commune est cum monachis ?
 Nec te nec ullam aliam
 Admittemus in insulam.*

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.*, page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon ; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny the metamorphose indignantly.

THE LADY.

"Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
"Through wintry winds and billows dark;
"I come with humble heart to share
 "Thy morn and evening prayer;
"Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
"The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

NE'ER ask the hour — what is it to us
 How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments lent us thus.
 Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them o'er could add to their blisses,
 I'd number each glorious second:
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
 Too quick and too sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup — what is it to us
 How time his circle measures?

The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow
stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup — what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark —
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
"Less cold we are, less false than they,
"Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on, — through endless space —
 Through calm — through tempest — stop no more
 The stormiest sea's a resting-place
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
 Or — if some desert land we meet,
 Where never yet false-hearted men
 Profaned a world, that else were sweet, —
 Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.



THE PARALLEL.

YES, sad one of Sion,* if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart —
 If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trem-
 bling"
 Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
 And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown,
 In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
 And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone
 down." †

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
 Die far from the home it were life to behold;

* These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

† 'Her sun is gone down while it was yet day.' — Jer. xv. 9

Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of
old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the For-
saken," *

Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are
slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they
waken,
Have tones 'mid their mirth like the wind over
graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance — yet came there the
morrow,

That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and
sorrow,

Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden
City †

Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own
lips;

And the world she had trampled on heard, without
pity,

The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

* "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken." — *Isaiah* lxii. 4

† "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!"

Isaiah xiv. 4.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came
over

Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,*
The Lady of Kingdoms † lay low in the dust.



DRINK OF THIS CUP.

DRINK of this cup ;— you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality ;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of
it ;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must drain every
drop of it ;
Send round the cup — for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality ;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing ;

* "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave and the
worms cover thee." — *Isaiah* xiv. 11.

† "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms.
— *Isaiah* xlvii. 5.

Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindest
weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together.
Then drink of the cup — you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality ;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps — but breathe it to no one —
Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,
This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,
Yet 'tisn't less potent for being unlawful.
And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden —
Fill up — there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though as lawless
and hidden.
So drink of the cup — for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality ;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen !
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever 'twas told, by the new-moon's light,
To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
Such secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go further, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition, — the image of him
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,
So fondly around you he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion —
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
 As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
 To settle, ere morning, between them.



OH, YE DEAD!

OH, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead!* whom we know by
 the light you give
 From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move
 like men who live,
 Why leave you thus your graves,
 In far off fields and waves,
 Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
 To haunt this spot where all
 Those eyes that wept your fall,
 And the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie
 dead?

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;
 And the fair and the brave whom we lov'd on earth
 are gone;

* Paul Zealand mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

But still thus ev'n in death,
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd
o'er,
That e'er, condemn'd, we go,
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and think we live once
more!

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, thou'rt dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed * for him
Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

* The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
 White Steed, most joy to thee ;
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
 My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls
When newly launch'd, thy long mane * curls,
 Fair Steed, as white and free ;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
 Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
 Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
 Dear love, I'll die for thee.

his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May morning threw herself into the lake.

* The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then, —
The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again !



OH BANQUET NOT.

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts, but come to me :
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.

And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour ;
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.



THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

THE dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.

Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To th' ocean hurries, resting never,
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT.

SHALL the Harp then be silent, when he who first
gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all
eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first — where the last of her Patriots
lies?

No — faint tho' the death-song may fall from his
lips,
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be
crost,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been
lost ; — *

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit — whose centre was
ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sub-
lime —
Like a pyramid raised in the desert — where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time ;

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal ?

Who, that ever hath heard him — hath drank at the
source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the
force, [shown ?
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are

* These lines were written on the death of our great patriot,
Grattan, in the year 1820. It is only the two first verses that are
either intended or fitted to be sung.

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that
shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the
crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which
bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his
head —

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life
But at distance observed him — through glory,
through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the
same, —

Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is
shrined —
O'er a monument fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind !

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

OH, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
 When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song, whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating.
 Oh the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.

Yet, 't is not helm or feather —
 For ask yon despot, whether
 His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together.
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em —
 Give man but heart and freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.

The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis mind alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever.
Oh that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing,
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine !
How fair thou art let others tell, —
 To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
 In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,
 Who had to turn to paths of care —
Through crowded haunts again to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there ;

No more unto thy shores to come,
 But, on the world's rude ocean tost,

Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But thus in shadow seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest —

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle !
And all the lovelier for thy tears —
For tho' but rare thy sunny smile,
'T is heav'n's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine —
The brightest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine !

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.*

'T was one of those dreams, that by music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm
thought —

When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle, to Glenà's wooded shore.

He listen'd — while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain
quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again !

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
“ Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame :

* Written during a visit to Lord Kenmare, at Killarney.

"Even so, tho' thy memory should now die away,
"T will be caught up again in some happier day,
"And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
"Through the answering Future, thy name and thy
song."

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE

FAIREST! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset hover
O'er scenes so full of bloom,
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With only tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning,
Like some bold warrior's brows
That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them.

But from his course thro' air
 He hath been won down by them ; — *
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,†
 And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
 Bright as the tears thy lid
 Lets fall in lonely weeping.
 Glens,‡ where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
 And Harbours, worthiest homes
 Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,

* In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth) Dr. Keating says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

† "Nemius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears: and this we find confirmed by a present made A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm. Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls." — *O'Halloran*.

‡ Glengariff.

Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious —
Thinking how man hath curst
What Heaven had made so glorious!

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

QUICK! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
For oh, not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again.
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip
Shame, oh shame unto thee,
If ever thou see'st that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!

Then, quick ! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may ;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away !

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends,
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away —
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day ?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing — what then ?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long !
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng,
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through

Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
 Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
 And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once
 more.*

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
 And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
 For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
 Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
 For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.†

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
 The more we should welcome and bless them the
 more;

* Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
 Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
 Et mon cœur, enchanté sur sa rive fleurie,
 Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.

† The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Bracebridge Hall*, vol. i. p. 213. The sincere pleasure which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is much enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American, to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth, have been long such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

They're ours, when we meet, — they are lost when
we part,

Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth whose moments had calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As once by moonlight he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight —
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite !

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled ! — and the youth but heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A voice, low whisp'ring by his side,
"Now turn and see," — here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there's none like thee,
"And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
"In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"



AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
"Where mortal eye may shun you;
"Lie hid — the stain of manly hearts,
"That bled for me, is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain, —
As Time too well hath taught her —

Each year the Fiend returns again,
 And dives into that water ;
 And brings, triumphant, from beneath
 His shafts of desolation,
 And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
 Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
 Ev'n now, beside that river —
 Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
 And stored is still his quiver.
 When will this end, ye Powers of Good ?
 She weeping asks for ever ;
 But only hears, from out that flood,
 The Demon answer, " Never ! "



DESMOND'S SONG.*

By the Feal's wave benighted,
 No star in the skies,
 To thy door by Love lighted,
 I first saw those eyes.

* " Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family." — *Leland*, vol. ii.

Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I crost,
There was ruin before me,
If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again.
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No — Man for his glory
To ancestry flies;
But Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces
Thro' mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee ;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,
I could harm what I love, — as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No — beaming with light as those young features
are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far :
It is not that cheek — 'tis the soul dawning clear
Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear ;
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there !

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

I WISH I was by that dim Lake,*
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.

* These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegal (says Dr. Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and

There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be ;
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round ;
The dry leaves quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead !
These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom,
Like willows, downward tow'rd's the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
Unmoved by either joy or woe,

intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe."

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is, from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes." — *Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.



SHE SANG OF LOVE.

SHE sang of Love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew ;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame ;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.*

* The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in
Mr. Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning —

“ Now, in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly.”

I would quote the entire passage, did I not fear to put my own
humble imitation of it out of countenance.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
The fading image to my heart —
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
"Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
"Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
"And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

SING — SING — MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

SING — sing — Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lips his true archery wings;
And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she
sings.

Then sing — sing — Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,

"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
"Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him"
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
Then sing — sing — Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

THOUGH humble the banquet to which I invite
thee,
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can com-
mand:
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round, to
light thee,
And Love serve the feast with his own willing
hand.

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from
the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excel-
ling,
Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar domin-
ion
Can turn from the path a pure conscience ap-
proves ;
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the
pinion,
Holds upwards its course to the light which it
loves.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
And, with this, though of all other treasures be-
reaved,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

Then, come, — if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine ;
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy
bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with
mine.



SING, SWEET HARP.

SING, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise ; —

Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone ;
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone. —
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me ;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by ; —
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame ;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name. —
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh ;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

Could'st thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sate listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mouldering all ; —
But, no ; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery ;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least, are free ! —

Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day ;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME — THE NINTH CENTURY.

TO-MORROW, comrade, we
On the battle-plain must be,
There to conquer, or both lie low !
The morning star is up, —
But there's wine still in the cup,
And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy
go ;
We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
A passing tear will rise,
When we think of the friends we leave lone ;
But what can wailing do ?
See, our goblet's weeping too !
With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy,
our own ;
With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on ; —
The last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us play ;

The next — ah ! where shall we
And those rosy urchins be ?

But — no matter — grasp thy sword and away,
boy, away ;

No matter — grasp thy sword and away !

Let those, who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,

Ignobly by their fire-sides stay ;

One sigh to home be given,

One heartfelt prayer to heaven,

Then for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra ' hurra '
hurra !

Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra !



THE WANDERING BARD.

WHAT life like that of the bard can be, —

The wandering bard, who roams as free

As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,

And, like that lark, a music brings

Within him, where'er he comes or goes, —

A fount that for ever flows !

The world's to him like some play-ground,

Where fairies dance their moonlight round ; —

If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,

The elves but seek some greener sod :

So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he !

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom ?
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found ;
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
In the poet's lay live on. —
Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim ?
You've only to give them all to him,
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond,
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky, —
Young stars that never die !

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes, —
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You've only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here are given, —
And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he's wanting on earth !

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone
Which voices dear and eyes beloved
Shed round us once, where'er we roved —
This, this the doom must be
Of all who've loved, and lived to see
The few bright things they thought would stay
For ever near them, die away.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice — where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
No, no, — her spell is vain, —
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I'VE a secret to tell thee, but hush ! not here, —
Oh ! not where the world its vigil keeps :
I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps ;
Where summer's wave un murmuring dies,
Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush ;
Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
The rose saith, chidingly, " Hush, sweet, hush ! "

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip :
Like him, the boy,* who born among
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
Sits ever thus, — his only song
To earth and heaven, " Hush, all, hush ! "



SONG OF INNISFAIL.

THEY came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.

* The God of Silence thus pictur'd by the Egyptians.

"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
"Our destin'd home or grave?"*
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light thro' the wave was seen.
"Tis Innisfail † — 'tis Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

* "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit." — *Keating*.

† The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

THE NIGHT DANCE.

STRIKE the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
Obey the mute call, and heave into motion.
Then, sound notes — the gayest, the lightest,
That ever took wing, when heav'n look'd brightest!
Again! Again!

Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard
In that City of Statues described by romancers,
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,
And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before
us, —

While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
And list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?
Again, that strain! — to hear it thus sounding
Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding —
Again! Again!

Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a
feather,
Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,
And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

THERE are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown ;
While voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say " Come," in every tone.
Ah ! once how light in Life's young season,
My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay ;
Nor paus'd to ask of greybeard Reason
Should I the syren call obey.

And, see — the lamps still livelier glitter,
The syren lips more fondly sound ;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
Could bend to tyranny's rude controul,
Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his freeborn soul ?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
And, — their laughing eyes, the while, concealing, —
Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.
For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,*
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power could n't cast from its base.

* The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations.

OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE

OH! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore,
I wander'd young and free.
Full many a path I've tried, since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs,
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing; — *

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene, —
Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen.

* "The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories." — *Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland*.

Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth !
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
 As sunny and as vain !

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

LAY his sword by his side,* — it hath served him
 too well

Not to rest near his pillow below ;
 To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
 Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
 Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death,
 Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave, —
 That sword which he loved still unbroke in its
 sheath,
 And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause — for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
 As if breathed from his brave heart's remains ; —
 Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
 Once sounded the war-word, " Burst your chains !"
 And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies
 deep,
 " Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath
 set,

* It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their heroes along with them.

"Oh leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep, —
"It hath victory's life in it yet!

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
"Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
"Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
"Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
"But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the
proud use
"Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain, —
"Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
"Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"



OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF
OURS.

OH, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing thro' air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
Whenever they wish to use it;

So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hovering near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted : —
Unless they're like that graceful one,
Which, when thou 'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath fitted !

THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

THE wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall,*
And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,
Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
Where his sword hangs idly shining.

* The Palace of Fin Mao-Cumhal, (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allan, in the county of Kildare. The Fenians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

When, hark ! that shout
From the vale without, —
“Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh !”
Ev’ry Chief starts up,
From his foaming cup,
And “To battle, to battle !” is the Finian’s cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers, —
’Tis like the voice of the Brave, of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumbers !
Spear to buckler rang,
As the minstrels sang,
And the Sun-burst * o’er them floated wide ;
While rememb’ring the yoke
Which their fathers broke,
“On for liberty, for liberty !” the Finians cried

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O’er the valley of Almhin lowering ;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.
With the mingling shock
Rung cliff and rock,
While, rank on rank, the invaders die :
And the shout, that last
O’er the dying pass’d,
Was “victory ! victory !” — the Finian’s cry.

* The name given to the banner of the Irish.

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

THE dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,
Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows
then wore ;

And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er
thy chains,

Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, tho' chainless
thou art ;

And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long
burn'd,

Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd ?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy
tread !

Ah, better thou ne'er had'st liv'd that summit to gain
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.



FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

FROM this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine :
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.

When the proud and great stood by thee,
 None dared thy rights to spurn;
 And if now they're false and fly thee,
 Shall I, too, basely turn?
 No; — whate'er the fires that try thee,
 In the same this heart shall burn.

Tho' the sea, where thou embarkest,
 Offers now no friendly shore,
 Light may come where all looks darkest,
 Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
 And, of those past ages dreaming,
 When glory deck'd thy brow,
 Oft I fondly think, though seeming
 So fall'n and clouded now,
 Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming, —
 None so bright, so blest as thou!



SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.*

SILENCE is in our festal halls, —
 Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er;
 In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
 Her minstrel's voice responds no more; —

* It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader, that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.

All silent as th' Eolian shell
Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise ;
For, name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies :
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting lay,
His skillless voice with thine allied ;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame, —
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

NATIONAL AIRS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is Cicero, I believe, who says "*naturâ ad modos ducimur*;" and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting kind of music, are here presented with the first number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none, — or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers, — is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National Melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estray* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

* * * * *

T. M.

NATIONAL AIRS.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.*

(SPANISH AIR.)

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted

"I'll build in this garden,—the thought is divine!

Her temple was built, and she now only wanted

An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.

She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her

A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent;

But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer

Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining

"An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim;—

"But yon little god, upon roses reclining,

"We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little god lader

She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove:

* The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amitié."

"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first
maiden

"Who came but for Friendship and took away
Love."



FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

- **Flow** on, thou shining river ;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there ;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

(INDIAN AIR.)

ALL that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall; —
The flower that drops in springing; —
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light and ~~see~~
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

SO WARMLY WE MET.

(HUNGARIAN AIR.)

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not
tell, —
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion, which bless'd our farewell.
To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another, —
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
Oh! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like daybreak, new, sudden, delicious, —
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet;
The last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow
To think that such happiness could not remain;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that
to-morrow
Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting
again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

(AIR. — THE BELLS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.)

THOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !
 How many a tale their music tells,
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away ;
 And many a heart, that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone ;
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.



SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,*
 Which now so sweetly thy heart employ ;

* This is one of the many instances among my lyrical poems, — though the above, it must be owned, is an extreme case, — where the metre has been necessarily sacrificed to the structure of the air.

Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy ;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou would'st
banish

Him who once thought thy young heart his own.
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone ; —

Oh ! 'tis then that he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.
Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round,
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
On our threshold a welcome still found.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

(ITALIAN AIR.)

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day :
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rung merrily out ;
While Reason took
To his sermon-book —
Oh ! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,

Till Folly said,

"Look here, sweet maid!" —

The sight of his cap brought her back to herself

While Reason read

His leaves of lead,

With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

No, — no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;

Had he that on, he her heart might entrap —

"There it is,"

Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"

(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said,)

"Under the sun

"There's no such fun,

"As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,

"Reason with my cap and bells on his head!"

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,

That Beauty now liked him still less than before

While Folly took

Old Reason's book,

And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,

That Beauty vow'd

(Though not aloud),

She liked him still better in that than his own,

Yes, — liked him still better in that than his own

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

(SICILIAN AIR.)

FARE thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived;
But eyes that acted truth so well
Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light;
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
Of blushing always bright.
'Tis only on my changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies;
Love lives in every other part,
And there, alas! he dies.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more,
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us — never, never more to part!

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest*
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest, —
“My life, my only life!” among the rest;
In those sweet accents that still inthral me,
Thou saidst, “Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?”
“Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best;
“For life soon passes, — but how bless'd to be
“That Soul which never, never parts from thee!”

* The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Oh, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet! like thee and me;
When all's so calm below, above,
In Heav'n and o'er the sea.
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,*
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.

* Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers à Venise. — *Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique.*

So, come to me when daylight sets ;
Sweet ! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

(SCOTCH AIR.)

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;

I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.



HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

(RUSSIAN AIR.)

HARK! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear ;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now bursts upon the ear :
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear :
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along ;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song :
Jubilate, Amen.

Hush ! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along :
Jubilate, Amen.

LOVE AND HOPE.

(SWISS AIR.)

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined ;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
"Across this sunny main ;"
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dreamt of guile,
Believed he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay ;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream.
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves !
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,

His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah ! it is not Love's.

Another sail — 'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea ;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd ;
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas ! was he ?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain ;
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er, —
Love never came again !



THERE COMES A TIME.

(GERMAN AIR.)

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.
'Tis when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright, so fond ;
Oh ! then's the time to die at once,
For life has nought beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night ;

And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light ; —
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone,
Of fire long pass'd away.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

MY harp has one unchanging theme,
One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 't were a dream
Of joy that's now no more.
In vain I try, with livelier air,
To wake the breathing string ;
That voice of other times is there,
And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
Henceforth be all my own ;
Though thou art oft so full of pain
Few hearts can bear thy tone.
Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
The breath that Pleasure's wings
Gave out when last they wanton'd by,
Were still upon thy strings.

OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOVED

(CASHMIRIAN AIR.)

OH, no — not ev'n when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
And, though I then might love thee *more*,
Trust me, I love thee *better* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.



PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

(SCOTCH AIR.)

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou rovt'st;
May life be for thee one summer's day.

And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way !
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.
As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances !

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

(FRENCH AIR.)

WHILE I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral.
Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols.
Went out by moonlight,
With Genius, on his rambles.
While I touch the string, etc.

.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying ;
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er raised
From the path before him ;
To other idly gazed
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, etc.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river ;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe, as he doth ever ;
While the boy, whose look
Was in Heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it !
While I touch the string, etc.

How the Wise One smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current !
Sense went home to bed ;
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 't is said,
Died of that cold river !
While I touch the string, etc.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

(OLD ENGLISH AIR.)

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus,
Dear love !
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this,
Dear love !
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away,
Dear love !
And chased it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart,
Dear love !
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets;
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear love!
Like them in tears it sets.

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

(MALTESE AIR.)

GAILY sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh, then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Led by light from eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh, then, how sweet to say
Into some loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm at home we stray,

How sweet to see the dawning sun
 O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
 Then, too, the farewell kiss —
 The words, whose parting tone
 Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
 That haunt young hearts alone.



LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.

(LANGUEDOCIAN AIR.)

LOVE is a hunter-boy,
 Who makes young hearts his prey;
 And, in his nets of joy,
 Ensnares them night and day.
 In vain conceal'd they lie —
 Love tracks them every where;
 In vain aloft they fly —
 Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
 At early dawn to trace
 The print of Beauty's feet,
 And give the trembler chase.
 And if, through virgin snow
 He tracks her footsteps fair,
 How sweet for Love to know
 None went before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.**(FRENCH AIR.)**

COME, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs ;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.
Like sun-set gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate —
The brightest, and the last.
Then, chase that starting tear, etc.

To gild the deepening gloom, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh, think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour, now.
Let's live it out — then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
Then lost for evermore !
Come, chase that starting tear, etc.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us ;
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us,
Hearts beating,
At meeting ;
Tears starting,
At parting ;
Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades !
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting !

Wand'rings far away from home,
With life all new before us ;
Greetings warm, when home we come,
From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er us.
Tears starting,
At parting ;
Hearts beating,
At meeting ;
Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some !
To some, how bright and fleeting !

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

(FRENCH AIR.)

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
In which our Love lies cold and dead,
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave
Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?
Hear me but once, etc.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath ; —
T was Pleasure that hung up the flow'rets there ;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love did'nt know — and, at *his* weak years,
What urchin was likely to know? —
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath — but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do —
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day ;
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.



SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY!

(SICILIAN AIR.)

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day?
There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay
For spirits like mine to dare!
'T is like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas, gone by,
When I loved, each hour — I scarce knew whom —
And was bless'd — I scarce knew why.

Ay — those were days when life had wings,
And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,

That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'T was giddy with too much light.
And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

(WELSH AIR.)

BRIGHT be thy dreams — may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.
May those by death or seas removed,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee
All, thou hast ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee !

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest ;
Still as she was — no charm forgot —
No lustre lost that life had given ;
Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven !

GO, THEN — 'TIS VAIN.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

Go, then — 'tis vain to hover
Thus round a hope that's dead ;
At length my dream is over ;
'T was sweet — 't was false — 'tis fled !
Farewell ! since nought it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see —
Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed ;
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead.
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh —
One who, though far less tender,
May be more bless'd than I.



THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

(SWISS AIR.)

O'ER mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;

While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song;
And, when we meet with store of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While grotts and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant,
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains bright, etc.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;

While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Row gently here,
My gondolier,
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear,
On earth, may hear,
But hers to whom we glide.
Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well
As starry eyes to see,
Oh, think what tales 't would have to tell
Of wand'ring youths like me!

Now rest thee here,
My gondolier;
Hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light
Balcony's height,
While thou keep'st watch below.
Ah! did we take for Heaven above
But half such pains as we
Take day and night, for woman's love,
What Angels we should be!

OH, DAYS OF YOUTH.

(FRENCH AIR.)

OH, days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not Memory die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Telling of joys that yet remain —
No, never more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth! that once fell o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'Tis not that then no pain could sting me;
'Tis not that now no joys remain;
Oh, 'tis that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

When first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my
sight,
Oh what a vision then came o'er me!

Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
Ne'er did the peasant dream of summer skies,
Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,
With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly-promised hours?
Ah! woman's faith is like her brightness —
Fading as fast as rainbows, or day-flowers,
Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.
Short as the Persian's prayer, at close of day,
Should be each vow of Love's repeating;
Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray —
Even while he kneels, that ray is fleeting!

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS!

(CATALONIAN AIR.)

PEACE to the slumberers!
They lie on the battle-plain,
With no shroud to cover them;
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep over them.
Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their bravery! —
The fallen oak lies where it lay,

Across the wintry river ;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas ! for ever.
Vain was their bravery !

Woe to the conqueror !
Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us !
Woe to the conqueror !

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

WHEN thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We used to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright,
Ere I could doubt or thou deceive —
Oh, then, rememb'ring how swift went by
Those hours of transport, even *thou* may'st sigh.

Yes, proud one ! even thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown
Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat ;
And wish in vain to know again
Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling:
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.

“Who'll buy my love-knots?

“Who'll buy my love-knots?”

Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;—

“Who'll buy my love-knots?

“Who'll buy my love-knots?”—

All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

“Here are knots,” said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, “of Love's own making;
“Here are gold ones — you may trust 'em” —
(These, of course, found ready custom).

“Come, buy my love-knots!

“Come, buy my love-knots!

"Some are labell'd 'Knots to tie men —
"Love the maker — Bought of Hymen.'"

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, "We're cheated!
"See these flowers — they're drooping sadly;
"This gold-knot, too, ties but badly —
"Who'd buy such love-knots?
"Who'd buy such love-knots?
"Even this tie, with Love's name round it —
"All a sham — He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good breeding;
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to —
"Take back our love-knots!
"Take back our love-knots!"
Coolly said, "There's no returning
"Wares on Hymen's hands — Good morning!"

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

(TO AN AIR SUNG AT ROME, ON CHRISTMAS EVE.)

SEE, the dawn from Heaven is breaking
O'er our sight,
And Earth, from sin awaking,
Hails the light!

See those groups of angels, winging
From the realms above,
On their brows, from Eden, bringing
Wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark, their hymns of glory pealing
Through the air,
To mortal ears revealing
Who lies there !
In that dwelling, dark and lowly,
Sleeps the Heavenly Son,
He, whose home's above, — the Holy,
Ever Holy One !

NETS AND CAGES.*

(SWEDISH AIR.)

Come, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply ;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.

* Suggested by the following remark of Swift's: "The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages."

Then listen, maids, come listen, while
Your needle's task you ply ;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game :
But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
While Cloe's nets were taking
Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
One little Love-cage making.
Come, listen, maids, etc.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task ;
But mark how things went on :
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone !
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
That, though she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come, listen, maids, etc.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there for ever ;

instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That, though 't is pleasant weaving Nets,
'T is wiser to make Cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply. —
May all who hear like Susan smile,
And not, like Cloe, sigh !

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

WHEN through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
"Our bark, love, is near :
"Now, now, while there hover
"Those clouds o'er the moon,

"'Twill waft thee safe over
"Yon silent Lagoon."

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber —
Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.
Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour ne'er flies,
While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies.
Go, then, and dream, etc.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splend-
did,
Often will shine again, bright as she then did —
But, never more will the beam she saw burn
In those happy eyes, at your meeting, return.
Go, then, and dream, etc.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

TAKE hence the bowl; — though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh, it but sets me dreaming
Of happy days now gone.

There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some scene of bliss gone by ;—
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die.
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Alas, the wine before me
Seems turning all to tears !

FAREWELL, THERESA !

(VENETIAN AIR.)

FAREWELL, Theresa ! yon cloud that over
Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring we see,
Will scarce from that pure orb have pass'd, ere thy
lover
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow ;
With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found
thee ;
Oh, think how changed, love, how changed art
thou now !

But here I free thee : like one awaking
From fearful slumber, thou break'st the spell ;
'Tis over—the moon, too, her bondage is breaking—
Past are the dark clouds ; Theresa, farewell !

HOW OFT, WHEN WATCHING STARS.

(SAVOYARD AIR.)

OFT, when the watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.
“Come, come, my love!” each note then seems to say
“Oh, come, my love! the night wears fast away!”
Never to mortal ear
Could words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me !

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell ;
And, though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.
“I come, my love!” each note then seems to say,
“I come, my love! — thine, thine till break of day.”
Oh, weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compared to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him !

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

(GERMAN AIR.)

WHEN the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
I'll come to thee.
He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim —
What a meeting, what a meeting for me and for
him!
When the first summer bee, etc.

Then, to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wander;
While I, oh, much fonder,
Will stay with thee.
In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll
run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.
Then, to every bright tree, etc

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

(FRENCH AIR.)

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still, when happiest, soonest o'er,

Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes
With earliest hopes,
The soonest finds those hopes untrue ;
As flowers that first
In spring-time burst
The earliest wither too !
Ay — 'tis all but a dream, etc.

Though by friendship we oft are deceived,
And find love's sunshine soon o'ercast,
Yet friendship will still be believed,
And love trusted on to the last.
The web 'mong the leaves
The spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men ;
Though often she sees
'Tis broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay — 'tis all but a dream, etc.

WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING.

(ITALIAN AIR.)

WHEN the wine-cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy
true,

Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus;
For *him* but *two* bright eyes were shining —
See, what numbers are sparkling for us!

When on *one* side the grape-juice is dancing,
While on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb ev'n a saint from his dreams.
Yet, though life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
So the grape on its bank is still growing,
And Love lights the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

WHERE shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves!—
Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,
Do you not, ev'n in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS

(MAHEATTA AIR.)

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools;
Give me the sage who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the study of the table;—
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute!

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water;
While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter.
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh, none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her!

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

(HIGHLAND AIR.)

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell ;
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.
Sleep, sleep, mute bard ; alike unheeded now
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow ; —
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay ;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away !

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,
Or that hope's sweet day is set ;
While I've thee and love remaining,
Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
Though thy roses fade and fall ;
Beauty hath a grace undying,
Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
That on other cheeks may shine,

Would I change the least, the slightest,
That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

THE GAZELLE.

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
Thro' yonder lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
To me her love thoughts bringing, —
All the while that silver bell
Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,
My love hath kist in tying;
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
Those silent flowers are lying, —
Hid within the mystic wreath,
My love hath kist in tying!

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest,
Who thus hath breathed her soul to me,
In every leaf thou bearest;
Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest!

Hail ye living, speaking flowers,
That breathe of her who bound ye;

Oh, 't was not in fields, or bowers,
'T was on her lips, she found ye ; —
Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
'T was on her lips she found ye.

NO — LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

No — leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.
Could'st thou, when summer hours are fled,
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
No — leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.

Oh, had I met thee then, when life was bright,
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light :
But now thou com'st like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies !
No — leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
Since youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS

* WHERE are the visions that round me once hover'd,
“ Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone

Looks fresh as light from a star just discovered,
"And voices that Music might take for her own?"

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
Heard me say, "Where are those visions, oh
where?"

And pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There."

Fondly I looked, when the wizard had spoken,
And there, mid the dim-shining ruins of day,
Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,
The last golden fragments of hope melt away.



WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

WIND thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs;
Hunting is the hero's joy,
Till war his nobler game supplies.
Hark! the hound-bells ringing sweet,
While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till echo, faint with answering, dies:
Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
And lead us where the wild boar lies.

Hark! the cry, "He's found, he's found,"
While hill and valley our shouts resound,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

Oh, guard our affection, nor e'er let it feel
The blight that this world o'er the warmest will steal:
While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to the last.

Far safer for Love 'tis to wake and to weep,
As he used in his prime, than go smiling to sleep;
For death on his slumber, cold death follows fast,
While the love that is wakeful lives on to the last.

And tho', as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,
A shade somewhat darker o'er life they may spread,
Transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,
So that Love's soften'd light may shine through to
the last.

SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.

"SLUMBER, oh slumber; if sleeping thou mak'st
"My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou wak'st"

Thus sung I to a maiden,
Who slept one summer's day,
And, like a flower o'erladen
With too much sunshine, lay.
Slumber, oh slumber, etc.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o'er her
cheeks ;

"If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost when she
speaks."

Thus sing I, while, awaking,
She murmurs words that seem
As if her lips were taking
Farewell of some sweet dream.
Breathe not, oh breathe not, etc.



BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.

BRING the bright garlands hither,
Ere yet a leaf is dying ;
If so soon they must wither,
Ours be their last sweet sighing.
Hark, that low dismal chime !
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, bring beauty, bring roses,
Bring all that yet is ours ;
Let life's day, as it closes,
Shine to the last thro' flowers.

Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
Drink of it now or never ;
Now, while Beauty is shining,
Love, or she's lost for ever.
Hark ! again that dull chime,
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, if life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,
Like this cup be its current,
Bright to the last drop flowing !

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

If in loving, singing, night and day
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms dancing in the beam,
Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,
Or summer blossoms, born to sigh
Their sweetness out, and die —
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes glide !
No atoms ever glanced so bright,
No day-flies ever danced so light,
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,
So close, as thou and I !

THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.

Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken,
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er;
Thy heart is changed, thy vow is broken,
Thou lov'st no more — thou lov'st no more.

Tho' kindly still those eyes behold me,
The smile is gone, which once they wore;
Tho' fondly still those arms enfold me,
'Tis not the same — thou lov'st no more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I've thought thee all thou wert before;
But now — alas! there's no deceiving,
'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,
As lost affection's life restore,
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring back him who loves no more.



WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

WHEN abroad in the world thou appearest,
And the young and the lovely are there,

To my heart while of all thou'rt the dearest,
To my eyes thou'rt of all the most fair.
They pass, one by one,
Like waves of the sea,
That say to the Sun,
"See, how fair we can be."
But where's the light like thine,
In sun or shade to shine?
No — no, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

Of, of old, without farewell or warning,
Beauty's self used to steal from the skies;
Fling a mist round her head, some fine morning,
And post down to earth in disguise;
But, no matter what shroud
Around her might be,
Men peep'd through the cloud,
And whisper'd, "T is She."
So thou, where thousands are,
Shin'st forth the only star, —
Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

KEEP those eyes still purely mine,
Tho' far off I be
When on others most they shine,
Then think they're turn'd on me.

Should those lips as now respond
To sweet minstrelsy,
When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they're breathed for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.



HOPE COMES AGAIN.

HOPE comes again, to this heart long a stranger,
Once more she sings me her flattering strain;
But hush, gentle syren — for, ah, there's less danger
In still suff'ring on, than in hoping again.

Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain;
And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but
pain.

Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would shed o'er me
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
But, ah — in forgetting how once I was blest.

O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

O SAY, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he, whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath past,
Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who lived to love thee,
And dying loved thee still?

If when, that hour recalling
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows:
But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, "This heart, when living,
"With all its faults, was mine."

WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

WHEN night brings the hour
Of starlight and joy,
There comes to my bower
A fairy-wing'd boy ;

With eyes so bright,
So full of wild arts,
Like nets of light,
To tangle young hearts ;
With lips, in whose keeping
Love's secret may dwell,
Like Zephyr asleep in
Some rosy sea-shell.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.
Where'er o'er the ground
He prints his light feet,
The flow'rs there are found
Most shining and sweet :
His looks, as soft
As lightning in May,
Though dangerous oft,
Ne'er wound but in play :
And oh, when his wings
Have brush'd o'er my lyre,
You'd fancy its strings
Were turning to fire.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.

LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure;

His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
That shore to which he hasted;
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted!

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas, I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What years were given to cherish.



FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE

FEAR not that, while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
Whose smile thou seek'st no more.

No, dead and cold for ever
Let our past love remain ;
Once gone, its spirit never
Shall haunt thy rest again.

May the new ties that bind thee
Far sweeter, happier prove,
Nor e'er of me remind thee,
But by their truth and love.
Think how, asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet ;
But, how this heart is breaking
For thy own peace forget.



WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

WHEN Love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things —
Love may go hang !

If Love can sigh
For one alone,

Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love giv'n to rove
To two or three,
Then — good-by, Love!

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
Young Love may go,
For aught I care —
To Jericho.

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

THE Garland I send thee was cull'd from those
bowers
Where thou and I wander'd in long vanish'd hours ;
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays,
But bears some remembrance of those happy days.

The roses were gathered by that garden gate,
Where our meetings, tho' early, seem'd always too
late ;

Where ling'ring full oft through a summer-night's
moon,

Our partings, tho' late, appear'd always too soon.

The rest were all call'd from the banks of that
glade,

Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,
And mourn'd, as the time went, that Love had no
power

To bind in his chain even one happy hour.



HOW SHALL I WOO ?

If I speak to thee in friendship's name,

Thou think'st I speak too coldly ;

If I mention Love's devoted flame,

Thou say'st I speak too boldly.

Between these two unequal fires,

Why doom me thus to hover ?

I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,

If more thou seek'st, a lover.

Which shall it be ? How shall I woo ?

Fair one, choose between the two.

Tho' the wings of Love will brightly play,

When first he comes to woo thee,

There's a chance that he may fly away

As fast as he flies to thee.

While Friendship, tho' on foot she come,
No flights of fancy trying,
Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
When Love abroad is flying.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
Let's see, to please thee, whether
We may not learn some precious art
To mix their charms together;
One feeling, still more sweet, to form
From two so sweet already —
A friendship that like love is warm,
A love like friendship steady.
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

EVERY season hath its pleasures;
Spring may boast her flowery prime
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
So Life's year begins and closes;
Days, tho' short'ning, still can shine;
What tho' youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phillis, when she might have caught me,
All the Spring looked coy and shy,
Yet herself in Autumn sought me,
When the flowers were all gone by.
Ah, too late ; — she found her lover
Calm and free beneath his vine,
Drinking to the Spring-time over,
In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
To their flight our pleasures suit,
Nor regret the blossoms dying,
While we still may taste the fruit.
Oh, while days like this are ours,
Where's the lip that dares repine ?
Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,
So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

LOVE ALONE.

If thou would'st have thy charms enchant our eyes,
First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies :
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth ?
Maidens, unloved, like flowers in darkness thrown,
Wait but that light, which comes from Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from year to
year:
Would'st thou they still should shine as first they
shone,
Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.

S A C R E D S O N G S .

TO
EDWARD TUTE DALTON, ESQ.

THIS FIRST NUMBER OF
SACRED SONGS

IS INSCRIBED,
BY HIS SINCERE AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE

*Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
May, 1816.*

SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, O GOD.

(AIR. — UNKNOWN.)*

"The day is thine; the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter." — *Psalms* lxxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, O GOD, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven —
Those hues, that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD! are Thine.

* I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes —
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, LORD ! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.



THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

(AIR. — BEETHOVEN.)

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,*
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

* The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee!
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My Soul, as home she springs;—
 Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy Freedom in her wings!



FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

(AIR. — MARTINI.)

FALL'N is thy Throne, oh Israel!
 Silence is o'er thy plains;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore?
 That fire from Heaven which led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

LORD! thou didst love Jerusalem—
 Once she was all thy own;
 Her love thy fairest heritage,*
 Her power thy glory's throne.†

* "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly-beloved
 my soul into the hand of her enemies." — *Jeremiah* xii. 7.

† "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory." — *Jer.* xiv. 21.

Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-lov'd olive-tree ;— *
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma —
 Then pass'd her glory's day,
 Like heath that, in the wilderness,†
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 While Baal reign'd as God.

“Go”—said the Lord — “Ye Conquerors !
 “Steep in her blood your swords,
 “And raze to earth her battlements,‡
 “For they are not the LORD's.
 “Till Zion's mournful daughter
 “O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 “And Hinnom's vale of slaughter §
 “Shall hide but half her dead !”

* “The LORD called thy name a green olive-tree; fair and of goodly fruit,” etc.—*Jer.* xi. 16.

† “For he shall be like the heath in the desert.”—*Jer.* xvii. 6

‡ “Take away her battlements; for they are not the LORD's.”—*Jer.* v. 10.

§ “therefore, behold, the days come, saith the LORD, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place.”—*Jer.* vii. 32.

WHO IS THE MAID?

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.*

(AIR. — BEETHOVEN.)

WHO is the Maid my spirit seeks,
 Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
 Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
 Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
 No — wan and sunk with midnight prayer
 Are the pale looks of her I love;
 Or if, at times, a light be there,
 Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my heart's elect,
 From those who seek their Maker's shrine
 In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
 As if themselves were things divine.
 No — Heaven but faintly warms the breast,
 That beats beneath a broider'd veil;

* These lines were suggested by a passage in one of St. Jerome's Letters, replying to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated respecting his intimacy with the matron Paula: — "*Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata.*" — *Epist.* "*Si tibi putem.*"

And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.*

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone ;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away.



THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

(AIR.— STEVENSON.)

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even ;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb —
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

* Οὐ γὰρ ἀνισσοφρενὴν τὴν δακρυνοῦσαν δεῖ. — *Th yscot. Homil.*
‡ in *Epist. ad Tim.*

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way —
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

OH THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." —
Psalms cxlvii. 3.

OH Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from that wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,

Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

(AIR. — AVISON.)

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the
skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had
stain'd it;
'T was frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has un-
chain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the
skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,*
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her
brow.
Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was un-
known —
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in
dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.
Weep not for her — in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are un-
furl'd ;
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

* This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after: the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection, (particularly "There's nothing bright but Heaven,") which this very interesting girl had often heard me sing during the summer.

**THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT
SHRINE.**

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, LORD ! that Arch of thine ;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.*

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee !

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne ;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;

* Pii orant tacitè

Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity :

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !



SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

(AIR. — AVISON.)*

* And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances." — *Exod. xv. 20.*

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
JEHOVAH has triumph'd — his people are free.
Sing — for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
brave —

* I have so much altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned cencertos that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognized.

How vain was their boast, for the LORD hath but
spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
wave.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
JEHOVAH has triumph'd — his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the LORD!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.—

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of
glory,*

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the
tide.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
JEHOVAH has triumph'd — his people are free!



GO, LET ME WEEP.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

Go, let me weep — there's bliss in tears,

When he who sheds them inly feels

Some lingering stain of early years

Effaced by every drop that steals.

* "And it came to pass, that, in the morning watch, the LORD looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."

— *Exod* xiv. 24.

The fruitless showers of worldly woe
 Fall dark to earth and never rise;
 While tears that from repentance flow,
 In bright exhalament reach the skies
 Go, let me weep.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind. —
 The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
 Is cold, is faint to those that swell
 The heart, where pure repentance grieves
 O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well.
 Leave me to sigh.



COME NOT, OH LORD.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

COME not, oh LORD, in the dread robe of splendour
 Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
 Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
 Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

LORD, thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Nation *
 Stood fronting her Foe by the red-rolling stream;

* "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these." — *Ezod.* xiv. 20.

O'er Egypt thy pillar shed dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee
Oh, turn upon us the mild light of thy Love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When, o'er the faults of former years,
She wept — and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious odours pour'd; —

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone;
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for GOD alone!

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed —
That hair — those weeping eyes —

And the sunk heart, that inly bled —
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, would'st thou wake in Heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much" * and be forgiven!



AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My GOD! silent, to Thee —
Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My GOD! trembling, to Thee —
True, fond, trembling, to Thee.

* 'Her sins, which are many are forgiven; for she loved much.' — *St. Luke*, vii. 47

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

BUT who shall see the glorious day
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The LORD shall rend that veil away
 Which hides the nations now? *
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie; †
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye. ‡

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain;
 Thy days of splendour shall return,
 And all be new again. §
 The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
 In peace, by all who come; ||
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home.

* "And he will destroy, in this mountain, the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations." — *Isaiah* xxv. 7.

† "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off the earth." — *Isaiah* xxv. 8.

‡ "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; neither shall there be any more pain." — *Rev.* xxi. 4.

§ "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." — *Rev.* xxi. 5.

|| "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." — *Rev.* xxii. 17.

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

(AIR. — MOZART.)

ALMIGHTY GOD! when round thy shrine
 The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,*
 (Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
 And Love that "fadeth not away,")
 We bless the flowers, expanded all,†
 We bless the leaves that never fall,
 And trembling say, — "In Eden thus
 "The Tree of Life may flower for us!"

When round thy Cherubs — smiling calm,
 Without their flames ‡ — we wreath the Palm,

* "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the gospel." — *Observations on the Palm, as a sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

† "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and *open flowers*," — 1 *Kings*, vi. 29.

‡ "When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great lawgiver in the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which JEHOVAH confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind." — *Observations on the Palm*.

Oh God! we feel the emblem true —
 Thy Mercy is eternal too.
 Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
 That crown of Palm which never dies,
 Are but the types of Thee above —
 Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!



OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.*

(AIR. — MOORE.)

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
 That flies alone to some sunny grove,
 And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
 All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
 There, if the hovering hawk be near,
 That limpid spring in its mirror clear
 Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,
 And warns the timorous bird away.

* In St. Augustine's Treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which, the reader will perceive, the thought of this song was taken: "Te, soror, nunquam nolo esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare rivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpidissimo sapientiæ fonte profuentes," etc. etc.—*De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem.*

Be thou this dove ;
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of GOD's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray ;—
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly ;

Be thou that dove ;
Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.



ANGEL OF CHARITY.

(AIR. — HANDEL.)

ANGEL of Charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And Pity's soul is in thy tear.
When on the shrine of GOD were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever bloom'd in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky ;

Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.*
But, long as Love, Almighty Love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shalt dwell above,
Smiling for ever by His side !

BEHOLD THE SUN.

(AIR. — LORD MORNINGTON.)

BEHOLD the Sun, how bright
From yonder East he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

So bright the Gospel broke
Upon the souls of men ;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In Truth's full radiance then.

Before yon Sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky —
But oh how dim, how pale were those,
To His one burning eye !

* "Then Faith shall fail, and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy." *Prior*

So Truth lent many a ray,
 To bless the Pagan's night —
 But, LORD, how weak, how cold were they
 To Thy One glorious Light!



LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY.

(AIR. — DR. BOYCE.)

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
 When we shall see thy Angel, hov'ring o'er
 This sinful world, with hand to heav'n extended,
 And hear him swear by Thee that Time's no
 more? *

When Earth shall feel thy fast consuming ray —
 Who, Mighty GOD, oh who shall bear that day?

When through the world thy awful call hath sound-
 ed —

“Wake, all ye Dead, to judgment wake, ye
 Dead!” †

And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
 The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head; ‡

* “And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon
 the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by Him that
 liveth for ever and ever, . . . , that there should be time no
 longer.” — *Rev. x. 5, 6.*

† “Awake, ye Dead, and come to judgment.”

‡ “They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of
 heaven — and all the angels with him.” — *Matt. xxiv. 30, and
 xxv. 31.*

While Earth and Heav'n before Him pass away * —
Who, Mighty GOD, oh who shall bear that day?

When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge shall sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
And say to *those*, "Depart from me for ever!"
To *these*, "Come, dwell with me in endless light!"†
When each and all in silence take their way —
Who, Mighty GOD, oh who shall bear that day?



OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

OH, teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

* "From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away." —
Rev. xx. 11.

† "And before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall
separate them one from another. . . .

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come,
ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for
you, etc.

"Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart
from me, ye cursed, etc.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but
the righteous into life eternal" — *Matt. xxv. 32, et seq.*

in joy and in sorrow, through praise and through
 blame,
 Thus still let me, living and dying the same,
 In *Thy* service bloom and decay —
 Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
 In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
 To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
 On Thee let my spirit rely —
 Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
 Still looks for its light from the sky.



WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

WEEP, weep for him, the Man of GOD — *
 In yonder vale he sunk to rest;
 But none of earth can point the sod †
 That flowers above his sacred breast.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain, ‡
 His words refresh'd like Heaven's dew —

* "And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab." — *Deut.* xxxiv. 8.

† "And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab: . . . but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." — *Ibid.* ver. 6.

‡ "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew." — *Moses' Song Deut.* xxxii. 2.

Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
A Chief, to GOD and her so true.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
When, full of glory and of days,
He saw the promised land — and died.*
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,
Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
But, changed to spirit, like a wink
Of summer lightning, pass'd away.†
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

* "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."— *Deut.* xxxiv. 4.

† "As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the Holy Books that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue, he went to God."— *Josephus*, book iv. chap. viii.

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.

(AIR. — BEETHOVEN.)

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in those furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light —

Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er¹
The Spirit, dark and lost before,
And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare
For Truth divine to enter there.

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Ev'n Angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O LORD,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord —
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies !

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

(AIR. — GERMAN.)

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish —
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in GOD'S name saying —
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us —
"Earth has no sorrow that GOD cannot heal."



AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come; *
The nations, that before outshone thee,

* "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the
LORD is risen upon thee."— *Isaiah*, lx.

Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb —
The glory of the LORD is on thee!

Arise — the Gentiles to thy ray,
From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.*

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daughters.†

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before thee;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air, and sparkle o'er thee.‡

See, who are these that, like a cloud,§
Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

* "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." — *Isaiah* lx.

† "Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side." — *Ib.*

‡ "The multitude of camels shall cover thee; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold and incense." — *Ib.*

§ "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" — *Ib.*

Surely the isles shall wait for me,*
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace † —
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways, ‡
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation ;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright, §
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee ;
But GOD, Himself, shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

* "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them." — *Isaiah* ix.

† "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary: and I will make the place of my feet glorious." — *Ib.*

‡ "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise." — *Ib.*

§ "Thy sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the LORD shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy GOD thy glory." — *Ib.*

Thy sun shall never more go down ;
 A ray, from heav'n itself descended,
 Shall light thy everlasting crown —
 Thy days of mourning all are ended.*

My own, elect, and righteous Land !
 The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
 Which I have planted with this hand —
 Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.†



THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

(AIR. — CRESCENTINI.)

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows
 weary

Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary —

What may that Desert be ?

'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that come
 Are lost, like that daylight, for 't is not their home.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
 The water he pants for but sparkles and flies —

Who may that Pilgrim be ?

'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on
 By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

* "Thy sun shall no more go down ; . . . for the LORD shall
 be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be
 ended." — *Isaiah lx.*

† "Thy people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit
 the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my
 hands." — *ib.*

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert
stealing
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing —
What may that Fountain be?
'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under
ground,
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.*

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell —
Who may that Spirit be?
'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd that,
where'er
Her wand bends to worship, the Truth must be
there !



SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

(AIR. — NICHOLAS FREEMAN.)

SINCE first Thy Word awaked my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,
All light and love before me.
Nought else I feel, or hear or see —
All bonds of earth I sever —

* In singing, the following line had better be adopted, —
"Can but by the gifted of Heaven be found."

Thee, O GOD, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away
When light shone o'er his prison,*
My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
Hath from her chains arisen.
And shall a soul Thou bidst be free,
Return to bondage? — never!
Thee, O GOD, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

HARK! 'TIS THE BREEZE.

(AIR. — ROUSSEAU.)

HARK! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling
Earth's weary children to repose;
While, round the couch of Nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.
Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining
From out the veils that hid the Ark.

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,
Thou who, in silence throned above,

* "And, behold, the angel of the LORD came upon him, and a light shined in the prison. . . . And his chains fell off from his hands." — *Acts* xii. 7

Throughout all time, unwearied, keepst
Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.
Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING, YE SAINTED!

(AIR. — HASSE.)

WHERE is your dwelling, ye Sainted?
Through what Elysium more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
Walk ye in glory and light?
Who the same kingdom inherits?
Breathes there a soul that may dare
Look to that world of Spirits,
Or hope to dwell with you there?

Sages! who, ev'n in exploring
Nature through all her bright ways,
Went, like the Seraphs, adoring,
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze —
Martyrs! who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood —
Sinners! whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good —

Maidens ! who, like the young Crescent,
Turning away your pale brows
From earth, and the light of the Present,
Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse —
Say, through what region enchanted
Walk ye, in Heaven's sweet air?
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted,
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S WING.

(AIR.— ANONYMOUS.)

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,
Whose theme is in the skies —
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
The nearer Heav'n they rise.

Though Love his magic lyre may tune,
Yet ah, the flow'rs he round it wreathes
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
Whose madness in their odour breathes.

How purer far the sacred lute,
Round which Devotion ties
Sweet flow'rs that turn to heav'nly fruit,
And palm that never dies.

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
 Most welcome to the hero's ears,
 Alas, his chords of victory
 Are wet, all o'er, with human tears.

How far more sweet their numbers run,
 Who hymn, like Saints above,
 No victor, but th' Eternal One,
 No trophies but of Love!



GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch
 home,*
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!
 From that time,† when the moon upon Ajalon's vale,
 Looking motionless down,‡ saw the kings of the
 earth,
 In the presence of God's mighty Champion, grow
 pale—
 Oh, never had Judah an hour of such mirth!

* "And that they should publish and proclaim in all their cities, and in Jerusalem, saying, Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive-branches," etc. etc. — *Neh.* viii. 15.

† "For since the days of Joshua the son of Nun unto that day had not the children of Israel done so: and there was very great gladness." — *Ib.* 17.

‡ "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." — *Josh.* x. 12.

Go forth to the Mount — bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

Bring myrtle and palm — bring the boughs of each
tree

That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.*

From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,

With a light not their own, through the Jordan's
deep tide,

Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided on — †

Oh, never had Judah an hour of such pride!

Go forth to the Mount — bring the olive-branch
home,

And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!



IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,

When the Spirit leaves this sphere,

Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her

To those she long hath mourn'd for here?

* "Fetch olive-branches, and pine-branches, and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths." — *Neh.* viii. 15.

* "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the LORD stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground." — *Josh.* iii. 17.

Hearts, from which 't was death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heav'n, where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay?

Hope still lifts her radiant finger
Pointing to th' eternal Home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Alas, alas — doth Hope deceive us?
Shall friendship — love — shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?

Oh, if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a Heaven
Where all we love shall live again?

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

(AIR. — NOVELLO.)

"WAR against Babylon!" shout we around,*
 Be our banners through earth unfurl'd;
 Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound — †
 "War against Babylon!" shout through the world!
 Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters, ‡
 Thy day of pride is ended now;
 And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
 Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!
 War, war, war against Babylon!

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields, §
 Set the standard of God on high;
 Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
 "Zion" our watchword, and "vengeance" our
 cry!
 Woe! woe! — the time of thy visitation ||

* "Shout against her round about." — *Jer.* i. 15.

† "Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms," etc. etc. — *Ib.* li. 27.

‡ "Oh thou that dwellest upon many waters, . . . thine end is come." — *Ib.* 18.

§ "Make bright the arrows; gather the shields . . . set up the standard upon the walls of Babylon." — *Jer.* i. 11, 12.

|| "Woe unto them! for their day is come, the time of their visitation!" — *Jer.* i. 27.

Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast —
And the black surge of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!
War, war, war against Babylon!

SET OF GLEES.

MUSIC BY MOORE.

SET OF GLEES.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

WHEN o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
While answering back the sounds we hear,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?"

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends and home;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

Come, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him

Here's the girl that each loves, be her eye of what
hue,

Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true.

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come charge high, again, boy, nor let the full wine
Leave a space in the brimmer, where daylight may
shine;

Here's "the friends of our youth — tho' of some
we're bereft,

May the links that are lost but endear what are
left!"

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Once more fill a bumper — ne'er talk of the hour;
On hearts thus united old Time has no pow'r.
May our lives, tho', alas! like the wine of to-night,
They must soon have an end, to the last flow as
bright.

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass
will run

Ev'n faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one;
Here's the poet who sings — here's the warrior who
fights —

Here's the statesman who speaks, in the cause of
men's rights!

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper! — then drink as you
please,
Tho', *who* could fill half-way to toast such as these?
Here's our next joyous meeting — and oh when we
meet,
May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet
Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

HUSH, HUSH!

"HUSH, hush!" — how well
That sweet word sounds,
When Love, the little sentinel,
Walks his night-rounds;
Then, if a foot but dare
One rose-leaf crush,
Myriads of voices in the air
Whisper, "Hush, hush!"

"Hark, hark, 'tis he!"
The night elves cry,
And hush their fairy harmony,
While he steals by;
But if his silv'ry feet
One dew-drop brush,
Voices are heard in chorus sweet,
Whispering, "Hush, hush!"

THE PARTING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HE.

ON to the field, our doom is seal'd,
To conquer or be slaves:
This sun shall see our nation free,
Or set upon our graves.

SHE.

Farewell, oh farewell, my love,
May Heaven thy guardian be,
And send bright angels from above
To bring thee back to me.

HE.

On to the field, the battle-field,
Where freedom's standard waves,
This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
Or shine upon our graves.



THE WATCHMAN.

A TRIO.

WATCHMAN.

PAST twelve o'clock — past twelve.
Good night, good night, my dearest —
How fast the moments fly!

'Tis time to part, thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock — past one.
Yet stay a moment longer —
Alas! why is it so,
The wish to stay grows stronger,
The more 'tis time to go?

WATCHMAN.

Past two o'clock — past two.
Now wrap thy cloak about thee —
The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they're past without thee,
They're, oh, ten times as long.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock — past three.
Again that dreadful warning!
Had ever time such flight?
And see the sky, 'tis morning —
So now, *indeed*, good night.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock — past three.
Good night, good night.

SAY, WHAT SHALL WE DANCE?

SAY, what shall we dance?

Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,
To music of Italy, Greece, or Spain?

Say, what shall we dance?

Shall we, like those who rove
Through bright Grenada's grove,
To the light Bolero's measures move?
Or choose the Guaracia's languishing lay,
And thus to its sound die away?

Strike the gay chords,

Let us hear each strain from ev'ry shore
That music haunts, or young feet wander o'er.
Hark! 'tis the light march, to whose measured time,
The Polish lady, by her lover led,
Delights through gay saloons with step untired to
tread.

Or sweeter still through moonlight walks
Whose shadows serve to hide
The blush that's raised by him who talks
Of love the while by her side,
Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose floating
sound
Like dreams we go gliding around,
Say, which shall we dance? which shall we dance?

THE EVENING GUN.

REMEMBER'ST thou that setting sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the evening gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?
Boom! — the sounds appear'd to sweep
Far o'er the verge of day,
Till, into realms beyond the deep,
They seem'd to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that evening gun,
Peal o'er the stormy sea.
Boom! — and while, o'er billows curl'd,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep and wish, from this rough world
Like them to die away.

**BALLADS, SONGS,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, ETC.**

BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

TO-DAY, DEAREST ! IS OURS.

TO-DAY, dearest ! is ours ;

Why should Love carelessly lose it ?

This life shines or low'rs

Just as we, weak mortals, use it.

'Tis time enough, when its flow'rs decay,

To think of the thorns of Sorrow ;

And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,

May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest ! so long

Let the sweet moments fly over ?

Though now, blooming and young,

Thou hast me devoutly thy lover,

Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,

Some treasure may steal or borrow ;

Thy charms may be less in bloom, perhaps,

Or I less in love to-morrow.

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.

WHEN on the lip the sigh delays,
As if 't would linger there for ever ;
When eyes would give the world to gaze,
Yet still look down, and venture never ;
When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
There 's one we dream of more than any —
If all this is not real love,
'Tis something wond'rous like it, Fanny !

To think and ponder, when apart,
On all we've got to say at meeting ;
And yet when near, with heart to heart,
Sit mute, and listen to their beating :
To see but one bright object move,
The only moon, where stars are many —
If all this is not downright love,
I prithee say what is, my Fanny !

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,
Though Reason on the darkest reckons ;
When Passion drives us to the west,
Though Prudence to the eastward beckons ;
When all turns round, below, above,
And our own heads the most of any —
If this is not stark, staring love,
Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

HERE, take my heart — 't will be safe in thy keeping,

While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea ;

Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,

What need I care, so my heart is with thee ?

If, in the race we are destined to run, love,

They who have light hearts the happiest be,

Then, happier still must be they who have none, love,

And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee.

It matters not where I may now be a rover,

I care not how many bright eyes I may see ;

Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,

I'd tell her I could n't — my heart is with thee.

And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder —

For, even should Fortune turn truant to me,

Why, let her go — I've a treasure beyond her,

As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee !



OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

OH, call it by some better name,

For Friendship sounds too cold,

While Love is now a worldly flame,

Whose shrine must be of gold ;

And Passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon —
Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they :
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name !

POOR WOUNDED HEART.

Poor wounded heart, farewell !
Thy hour of rest is come ;
Thou soon wilt reach thy home :
Poor wounded heart, farewell !
The pain thou 'lt feel in breaking
Less bitter far will be,
Than that long, deadly aching,
This life has been to thee.

There — broken heart, farewell !
The pang is o'er —

The parting pang is o'er;
Thou now wilt bleed no more,
Poor broken heart, farewell!
No rest for thee but dying —
Like waves, whose strife is past,
On death's cold shore thus lying,
Thou sleep'st in peace at last —
Poor broken heart, farewell!

THE EAST INDIAN.

COME, May, with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
Thy cooling ev'ning showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morn:
When May-flies haunt the willow,
When May-buds tempt the bee,
Then o'er the shining billow
My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she's winging
Through wat'ry wilds her way,
And on her cheek is bringing
The bright sun's orient ray:
Oh, come and court her hither,
Ye breezes mild and warm —
One winter's gale would wither
So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
Are blest with endless light,
With zephyrs always playing
Through gardens always bright.
Then now, sweet May ! be sweeter
Than e'er thou'st been before ;
Let sighs from roses meet her
When she comes near our shore.

POOR BROKEN FLOWER.

POOR broken flow'r ! what art can now recover thee ?
Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath —
In vain the sun-beams seek
To warm that faded cheek ;
The dews of heav'n, that once like balm fell over thee,
Now are but tears, to weep thy early death.

So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her, —
Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou ;
In vain the smiles of all
Like sun-beams round her fall ;
The only smile that could from death awaken her,
That smile, alas ! is gone to others now.

THE PRETTY ROSE-TREE.

BEING weary of love,
I flew to the grove,
And chose me a tree of the fairest ;
Saying, " Pretty Rose-tree,
" Thou my mistress shalt be,
" And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.
" For the hearts of this world are hollow,
" And fickle the smiles we follow ;
" And 't is sweet, when all
" Their witch'ries pall
" To have a pure love to fly to :
" So, my pretty Rose-tree,
" Thou my mistress shalt be,
" And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue
Of thy cheek through the dew
Of morning is bashfully peeping,
" Sweet tears," I shall say
(As I brush them away),
" At least there's no art in this weeping."
Although thou shouldst die to-morrow,
"T will not be from pain or sorrow ;
And the thorns of thy stem
Are not like them
With which men wound each other :

So my pretty Rose-tree,
Thou my mistress shalt be,
And I'll ne'er again sigh to another.

SHINE OUT, STARS!

SHINE out, Stars! let Heav'n assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
All to grace this Eve of May.
Let the flow'r-beds all lie waking,
And the odours shut up there,
From their downy prisons breaking,
Fly abroad through sea and air.

And would Love, too, bring his sweetness,
With our other joys to weave,
Oh what glory, what completeness,
Then would crown this bright May Eve!
Shine out, Stars! let night assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
To adorn this Eve of May.

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA

OH, the joys of our ev'ning posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Sit and sing the sunshine away;
So merry, that even the slumbers,
That round us hung, seem gone;
Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers
Again beguile them on.
Oh the joys, etc.

Then as each to his lov'd sultana
In sleep still breathes the sigh,
The name of some black-eyed Tirana
Escapes our lips as we lie.
Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,
Again we're up and gone —
While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle
Beguiles the rough way on.
Oh the joys of our merry posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Thus sing the gay moments away.

TELL HER, OH, TELL HER.

TELL her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying
Beneath the green arbour, is still lying there;
And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
But not a soft whisper replies to their pray'r.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in going,
Beside the green arbour she playfully set,
As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from it yet.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,
The maiden is wandering, still let her be
As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,
And blooming for ever, unchanged as the tree!



NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,
Lost too soon, remember'd long,
When we went by moonlight roving,
Hearts all love and lips all song.
When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee;
And that smile the song rewarded —
Worth whole years of fame to me!

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
Fill'd with joys too sweet to last —
Joys that, like the star-light, tender,
While they shone, no shadow cast.
Though all other happy hours
From my fading mem'ry fly,
Of that star-light, of those bowers,
Not a beam, a leaf shall die !

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

Our first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April's earliest day.
And not all life before us,
Howe'er its lights may play,
Can shed a lustre o'er us
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
A blaze serener, grander ;
Our autumn beam
May, like a dream
Of heav'n, die calm away ;
But, no — let life before us
Bring all the light it may,
'Twill ne'er shed lustre o'er us
Like that first youthful ray.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em ;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em —
Dear Fanny !
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
“ Come and worship my ray —
“ By adoring, perhaps you may move me ! ”
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
“ I love, and am yours, if you love me ! ”
Yes, Fanny !
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
“ I love, and am yours if you love me ! ”

Come tell me, then, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover ;
Oh why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said “ No ” to a lover ?

Dear Fanny!
 Oh, why should you wear
 The only blue pair
 That ever said "No" to a lover?



DEAR FANNY.

"SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your
 heart cool;
 "She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so:"
 Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
 And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
 Dear Fanny,
 'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

"She is lovely; then love her, nor let the bliss fly;
 "'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:"
 Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
 That Love reasons much better than Reason,
 Dear Fanny?
 Love reasons much better than Reason.



FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, say, who would not fly?
 For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?

Hark! — hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the
brave,

The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding — haste, haste to her aid;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains —
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.
On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh, ev'n if Freedom from *this* world be driven,
Despair not — at least we shall find her in heaven.



HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bower she loved so much,
And the trees she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch —
Oh, how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh;
Where's the hand to wreath them?
Songs around neglected lie;
Where's the lip to breathe them?
Here's the bower, etc.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness;
Time, that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.

Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her;
Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer!
Here's the bower, etc.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I SAW the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
Yet quick he bounded forth;
For well my rein-deer knew
I've but one path on earth —
The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast
How soon the heart forgets,
When Summer brings, at last,
Her sun that never sets!
So dawn'd my love for you;
So, fix'd through joy and pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'T will never set again.

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam play'd;
"Why thus in darkness lie?" whisper'd young Love,
"Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine should move."
"I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,
"So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
And placed her where Heav'n's beam warmly play'd.
There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
While, mark'd all with sunshine, her hours flew by
"Oh, how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
"That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours, —
Then left the remainder to darkness and showers!

LOVE AND TIME.

'Tis said — but whether true or not
Let bards declare who've seen 'em —
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.

In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full oft can spare 'em;
So, loitering in his lady's bower,
He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.
Then is Time's hour of play;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah! Time and Love, your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And t'other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears 'em,
This is Time's holyday;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us —

Youth may wither, but feeling will last ;

All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us

Love's light summer-cloud only shall cast.

Oh, if to love thee more

Each hour I number o'er —

If this a passion be

Worthy of thee,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :

All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,

Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,

Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal ;

Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,

Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.

Oh, if there be a charm

In love, to banish harm —

If pleasure's truest spell

Be to love well,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :

All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,

Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

**LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN
MAZE.**

LOVE, wand'ring through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.
And soon he found 't were vain to fly;
His heart was close confined,
For, every ringlet was a tie —
A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.**THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.**

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh!
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender;
Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh !
Where the bond of slavery twineth
Wearily, oh !
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness ;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness —
Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily, oh ! wearily, oh !

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh !
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh !
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of Freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh ! cheerily, oh !

REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

REMEMBER the time, in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew ;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you ;

When I taught you to warble the gay segundille,
And to dance to the light castanet;
Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
That is fondest and truest in love.

OH, SOON RETURN.

OUR white sail caught the evening ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all the weeping maid could say
Was, "Oh, soon return!"
Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunn'd in summer's zone:
And still, where'er we bent our way,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I fancied still I heard her say,
"Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
'Twas when the combat raged around,
And brave men look'd to me.
But though the war-field's wild alarm
For gentle Love was all unmeet,
He lent to Glory's brow the charm,
Which made even danger sweet.
And still, when victory's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
Those parting words I heard once more,
"Oh, soon return! — Oh, soon return!"

LOVE THEE?

Love thee? — so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.
Though brimm'd with blessings, pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.
Love thee? — so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.

Without thy smile, the monarch's lot
To me were dark and lone,
While, *with* it, ev'n the humblest cot
Were brighter than his throne.
Those worlds, for which the conqueror sighs,
For me would have no charms ;
My only world thy gentle eyes —
My throne thy circling arms !
Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Whole realms of light and liberty
Were worthless without thee.

ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDST thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee ;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breath'd thee then,
Oh, how blissful life would be !
Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
Joys, that lie in slumber cold —
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

No — there's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past ;
Vain was every ardent vow —
Never yet did Heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.

Not even hope could now deceive me —
Life itself looks dark and cold :
Oh, thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old.

YES, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

Yes, yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er
He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay ;
And, though Time may take from him the wings he
once wore,
The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That Friendship our last happy moments will
crown :
Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,
While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

THE beam of morning trembling
Stole o'er the mountain brook,
With timid ray resembling
Affection's early look.
Thus love begins — sweet morn of love !

The noon-tide ray ascended,
 And o'er the valley's stream
 Diffused a glow as splendid
 As passion's riper dream.
 Thus love expands — warm noon of love !

But evening came, o'ershading
 The glories of the sky,
 Like faith and fondness fading
 From passion's alter'd eye.
 Thus love declines — cold eve of love !



LUSITANIAN WAR-SONG.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till not one hateful link remains
 Of slavery's lingering chains ;
 Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
 Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
 No ! never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
 " Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
 " And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
 " To gild your vines and light your fountains."

Oh, never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose I give thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee ;
For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN 'midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine :
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.

Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile in many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But, when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou too, on that orb so dear,
Dost often gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy that's gone with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here
May turn to smiles in heaven.

YOUNG JESSICA.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining;
Her needle bright beside her lay,
So active once! — now idly shining.
Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

The child, who with a magnet plays,
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
The tempter near a needle lays,
And laughing says, "We'll steal it slily."
The needle, having nought to do,
Is pleased to let the magnet wheedle;
Till closer, closer come the two,
And — off, at length, elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

HOW HAPPY, ONCE.

How happy, once, tho' wing'd with sighs,
My moments flew along,
While looking on those smiling eyes,
And list'ning to thy magic song!
But vanish'd now, like summer dreams,
Those moments smile no more;
For me that eye no longer beams,
That song for me is o'er.
Mine the cold brow,
That speaks thy alter'd vow,
While others feel thy sunshine now.

Oh, could I change my love like thee,
One hope might yet be mine —
Some other eyes as bright to see,
And hear a voice as sweet as thine:
But never, never can this heart
Be waked to life again;

With thee it lost its vital part,
And wither'd then !
Cold its pulse lies,
And mute are ev'n its sighs,
All other grief it now defies.

I LOVE BUT THEE.

If, after all, you still will doubt and fear me,
And think this heart to other loves will stray,
If I must swear, then, lovely doubter, hear me ;
By ev'ry dream I have when thou'rt away,
By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art near me,
I love but thee — I love but thee !

By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,
Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,
And by those lips, which give whate'er thou'rt
saying,
Or grave or gay, a music of its own,
A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,
I love but thee — I love but thee !

By that fair brow, where Innocence reposes,
As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow,
And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses
A hue too bright to bless this world below
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
I love but thee — I love but thee !

LET JOY ALONE BE REMEMBER'D NOW.

LET thy joys alone be remember'd now,
Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.
For thus to meet, and thus to find,
That Time, whose touch can chill
Each flower of form, each grace of mind,
Hath left thee blooming still, —
Oh, joy alone should be thought of now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or, should thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.

When the flowers of life's sweet garden fade,
If but *one* bright leaf remain,
Of the many that once its glory made,
It is not for us to complain.
But thus to meet and thus to wake
In all Love's early bliss ;
Oh, Time all other gifts may take,
So he but leaves us this !
Then let joy alone be remember'd now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er the brow,
Let Love light it up with a smile !

LOVE THEE, DEAREST! LOVE THEE!

LOVE thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
Which thro' tears above thee
Shines so sadly fair;
Though often dim,
With tears, like him,
Like him my truth will shine,
And — love thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, that star is not more true;
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine —
But — leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, till death I'm thine.



MY HEART AND LUTE.

I GIVE thee all — I can no more —
Tho' poor the off'ring be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.

A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well ;
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute could tell.

Tho' love and song may fail, alas !
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass
Or gild them if they stay.
And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings
A discord o'er life's happy strain,
Let Love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again !

PEACE. PEACE TO HIM THAT'S GONE!

WHEN I am dead,
Then lay my head
In some lone, distant dell,
Where voices ne'er
Shall stir the air,
Or break its silent spell.

If any sound
Be heard around,
Let the sweet bird alone,
That weeps in song,
Sing all night long,
"Peace, peace to him that's gone!"

Yet, oh, were mine
One sigh of thine,
One pitying word from thee,
Like gleams of heaven,
To sinners given,
Would be that word to me.

Howe'er unblest,
My shade would rest
While list'ning to that tone ; —
Enough 't would be
To hear from thee,
“Peace, peace to him that's gone !”

ROSE OF THE DESERT.

ROSE of the Desert ! thou, whose blushing ray,
Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away ;
No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh, —
In vestal silence left to live and die, —
Rose of the Desert ! thus should woman be,
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom !
Destined for others, not thyself, to bloom :
Cull'd e'er thy beauty lives through half its day ;
A moment cherish'd, and then cast away ;
Rose of the Garden ! such is woman's lot, —
Worshipp'd, while blooming — when she fades, forgot.

'TIS ALL FOR THEE.

If life for me hath joy or light,
 'Tis all from thee,
My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
 Are but of thee, of only thee.
Whate'er of hope or peace I know,
My zest in joy, my balm in woe,
To those dear eyes of thine I owe,
 'Tis all from thee.

My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,
 Seem'd doom'd to thee ;
Kept pure till then from other ties,
 'Twas all for thee, for only thee.
Like plants that sleep, till sunny May
Calls forth their life, my spirit lay,
Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning ray,
 It lived for thee, it lived for thee.

When fame would call me to her heights,
 She speaks by thee ;
And dim would shine her proudest lights,
 Unshared by thee, unshared by thee.
Whene'er I seek the Muse's shrine,
Where Bards have hung their wreaths divine,
And wish those wreaths of glory mine,
 'Tis all for thee, for only thee.

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

THERE's a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.
And ev'n amidst the grand and gay,
When Music tries her gentlest art,
I never hear so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart,
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.

And when all of this life is gone, —
Ev'n the hope, ling'ring now,
Like the last of the leaves left on
Autumn's sere and faded bough, —
'T will seem as still those friends were near,
Who loved me in youth's early day,
If in that parting hour I hear
The same sweet notes, and die away, —

* In this song, which is one of the many set to music by myself, the occasional lawlessness of the metre arises, I need hardly say, from the peculiar structure of the air.

To that song of the olden time,
Breath'd, like Hope's farewell strain,
To say, in some brighter clime,
Life and youth will shine again!



WAKE THEE, MY DEAR.

WAKE thee, my dear — thy dreaming
Till darker hours will keep;
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

Moments there are we number,
Moments of pain and care,
Which to oblivious slumber
Gladly the wretch would spare.
But now, — who'd think of dreaming
When Love his watch should keep?
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heaven to sleep.

If e'er the fates should sever
My life and hopes from thee, love,
The sleep that lasts for ever
Would then be sweet to me, love;
But now, — away with dreaming!
Till darker hours 'twill keep;
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heaven to sleep.

THE BOY OF THE ALPS.

LIGHTLY, Alpine rover,
Tread the mountains over ;
Rude is the path thou 'st yet to go ;
 Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,
 Fields of ice before thee,
While the hid torrent moans below.
Hark, the deep thunder,
Through the vales yonder !
'Tis the huge av'lanche downward cast ;
 From rock to rock
 Rebounds the shock.
But courage, boy ! the danger's past.
 Onward, youthful rover,
 Tread the glacier over,
Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.
On, ere light forsake thee,
Soon will dusk o'ertake thee :
O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way !
 Now, for the risk prepare thee ;
 Safe it yet may bear thee,
Though 'twill melt in morning's ray.

Hark, that dread howling !
'Tis the wolf prowling, —
Scent of thy track the foe hath got ;
 And cliff and shore
 Resound his roar.

But courage, boy, — the danger's past !
Watching eyes have found thee,
Loving arms are round thee,
Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot.

FOR THEE ALONE.

FOR thee alone I brave the boundless deep,
Those eyes my light through ev'ry distant sea ;
My waking thoughts, the dream that gilds my sleep,
The noon-tide rev'rie, all are given to thee,
To thee alone, to thee alone.

Though future scenes present to Fancy's eye
Fair forms of light that crowd the distant air,
When nearer view'd, the fairy phantoms fly,
The crowds dissolve, and thou alone art there,
Thou, thou alone.

To win thy smile, I speed from shore to shore,
While Hope's sweet voice is heard in every blast,
Still whisp'ring on, that when some years are o'er,
One bright reward shall crown my toil at last,
Thy smile alone, thy smile alone.

Oh place beside the transport of that hour
All earth can boast of fair, of rich, and bright,
Wealth's radiant mines, the lofty thrones of power, —
Then ask where first thy lover's choice would
light?
On thee alone, on thee alone.

HER LAST WORDS, AT PARTING.

HER last words, at parting, how *can* I forget?

Deep treasured through life, in my heart they
shall stay ;

Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
When its sounds from the ear have long melted
away.

Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings are vain ;
Those still-breathing words shall my talisman be, —
“Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
“There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for
thee.”

From the desert's sweet well tho' the pilgrim must
hie,

Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to
taste,

He hath still of its bright drops a treasured supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the
waste.

So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be, —
“Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
“There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for
thee.”

LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE
SCENE.

LET's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail, but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thou and I must float ;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay :
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the show'r ;
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall
Down which life's currents all must go, —
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below.
Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms
If, side by side, still fond we keep,
And calmly, in each other's arms
Together link'd, go down the steep.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

SING to Love — for, oh, 't was he
Who won the glorious day ;
Strew the wreaths of victory
Along the conqu'ror's way.
Yoke the Muses to his car,
Let them sing each trophy won ;
While his mother's joyous star
Shall light the triumph on.

Hail to Love, to mighty Love,
Let spirits sing around ;
While the hill, the dale, and grove,
With " mighty Love " resound ;
Or, should a sigh of sorrow steal
Amid the sounds thus echo'd o'er,
'T will but teach the god to feel
His victories the more.

See his wings, like amethyst
Of sunny Ind their hue ;
Bright as when, by Psyche kist,
They trembled through and through.
Flowers spring beneath his feet ;
Angel forms beside him run ;
While unnumber'd lips repeat
" Love's victory is won !
Hail to Love, to mighty Love," etc.

SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER.*

"I've been, oh, sweet daughter,
"To fountain and sea,
"To seek in their water
"Some bright gem for thee.
"Where diamonds were sleeping,
"Their sparkle I sought,
"Where crystal was weeping,
"Its tears I have caught.

"The sea-nymph I've courted
"In rich coral halls;
"With Naiads have sported
"By bright waterfalls.
"But sportive or tender,
"Still sought I around
"That gem, with whose splendour
"Thou yet shalt be crown'd.

"And see, while I'm speaking,
"Yon soft light afar;—
"The pearl I've been seeking
"There floats like a star!

* Founded on the fable reported by Arrian (in *Indicis*) of Hercules having searched the Indian Ocean, to find the pearl with which he adorned his daughter Pandæa.

"In the deep Indian Ocean
"I see the gem shine,
"And quick as light's motion
"Its wealth shall be thine."

Then eastward, like lightning,
The hero-god flew,
His sunny looks bright'ning
The air he went through.
And sweet was the duty,
And hallow'd the hour,
Which saw thus young Beauty
Embellish'd by Power.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most, when ev'ning's star
Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.

Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come ;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE FAVOUR'D
GUEST.*

THEY tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest
Of every fair and brilliant throng ;
No wit like thine to wake the jest,
No voice like thine to breathe the song ;
And none could guess, so gay thou art,
That thou and I are far apart.

Alas ! alas ! how different flows
With thee and me the time away !
Not that I wish thee sad — heav'n knows —
Still if thou can'st, be light and gay ;
I only know, that without thee
The sun himself is dark to me.

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,
Among the proud and gay to shine ?

* Part of a translation of some Latin verses, supposed to have been addressed by Hippolyta Taurella to her husband, during his absence at the gay court of Leo the Tenth. The verses may be found in the Appendix to Roscoe's Work.

Or deck my hair with gem and flower,
To flatter other eyes than thine?
Ah, no, with me love's smiles are past,
Thou had'st the first, thou had'st the last.

THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.

THERE came a nymph dancing
Gracefully, gracefully,
Her eye a light glancing
Like the blue sea ;
And while all this gladness
Around her steps hung,
Such sweet notes of sadness
Her gentle lips sung,
That ne'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

Her zone of bells ringing
Cheerily, cheerily,
Chimed to her singing
Light echoes of glee ;
But in vain did she borrow
Of mirth the gay tone,
Her voice spoke of sorrow,
And sorrow alone.
Nor e'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid

THE HOMEWARD MARCH

Be still my heart: I hear them come:
Those sounds announce my lover near:
The march that brings our warriors home
Proclaims he'll soon be here.

Hark, the distant tread,
O'er the mountain's head,
While hills and dales repeat the sound;
And the forest deer
Stand still to hear,
As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still my heart, I hear them come,
Those sounds that speak my soldier near;
Those joyous steps seem'd wing'd for home, —
Rest, rest, he'll soon be here.

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,
And now they wind to distant glades;
Not here their home, — alas, they go
To gladden happier maids!

Like sounds in a dream,
The footsteps seem,
As down the hills they die away;
And the march, whose song
So peal'd along,
Now fades like a funeral lay.

'Tis past, 'tis o'er, — hush, heart, my pain!
And though not here, alas, they come,
Rejoice for those, to whom that strain
Brings sons and lovers home.

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.

WAKE up, sweet melody!
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy power.
One note of music, by moonlight's soft ray —
Oh, 'tis worth thousands heard coldly by day.
Then wake up, sweet melody!
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy power.

Ask the fond nightingale,
When his sweet flower
Loves most to hear his song,
In her green bower?
Oh, he will tell thee, through summer-nights long,
Fondest she lends her whole soul to his song.
Then wake up, sweet melody!
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy power.

CALM BE THY SLEEP.

CALM be thy sleep as infants' slumbers !
Pure as angel thoughts thy dreams !
May every joy this bright world numbers
Shed o'er thee their mingled beams !
Or if, where Pleasure's wing hath glided,
There ever must some pang remain,
Still be thy lot with me divided, —
Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain !

Day and night my thoughts shall hover
Round thy steps where'er they stray ;
As, ev'n when clouds his idol cover,
Fondly the Persian tracks its ray.
If this be wrong, if Heav'n offended
By worship to its creature be,
Then let my vows to both be blended,
Half breathed to Heav'n and half to thee.



THE EXILE.

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star
Saddens with light the glimm'ring sea,
Whose waves shall soon to realms afar
Waft me from hope, from love, and thee.

Coldly the beam from yonder sky
Looks o'er the waves that onward stray;
But colder still the stranger's eye
To him whose home is far away.

Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,
Let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast;
But of the lost one think and speak,
When summer suns sink calm to rest.
So, as I wander, Fancy's dream
Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,
Thy look, in every melting beam.
Thy whisper, in each dying breeze.

THE FANCY FAIR.

Come, maids and youths, for here we sell
All wond'rous things of earth and air;
Whatever wild romancers tell,
Or poets sing, or lovers swear,
You'll find at this our Fancy Fair.

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,
And kept, for years, in such repair,
That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nine,
They'll hardly look the worse for wear,
If bought at this our Fancy Fair.

We've lots of tears for bards to shower,
 And hearts that such ill usage bear,
 That, though they're broken ev'ry hour,
 They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking bear,
 If purchased at our Fancy Fair.

As fashions change in ev'ry thing,
 We've goods to suit each season's air,
 Eternal friendships for the spring,
 And endless loves for summer wear, —
 All sold at this our Fancy Fair.

We've reputations white as snow,
 That long will last, if used with care,
 Nay, safe through all life's journey go,
 If pack'd and mark'd as "brittle ware," —
 Just purchased at the Fancy Fair.



IF THOU WOULD'ST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY.

If thou would'st have me sing and play,
 As once I play'd and sing,
 First take this time-worn lute away,
 And bring one freshly strung.
 Call back the time when pleasure's sigh
 First breathed among the strings;
 And Time himself, in fitting by,
 Made music with his wings.

But how is this? though new the lute,
And shining fresh the chords,
Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
Or speak but dreamy words.
In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
Within that once sweet shell,
Which told so warmly what it felt,
And felt what nought could tell.

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,
From lyre so coldly strung;
With this I ne'er can sing or play,
As once I play'd and sung.
No, bring that long-loved lute again, —
Though chill'd by years it be,
If *thou* wilt call the slumb'ring strain,
'T will wake again for thee.

Tho' time have froz'n the tuneful stream
Of thoughts that gush'd along,
One look from thee, like summer's beam,
Will thaw them into song.
Then give, oh give, that wakening ray,
And once more blithe and young,
Thy bard again will sing and play,
As once he play'd and sung.

STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT.

STILL when daylight o'er the wave
Bright and soft its farewell gave,
I used to hear, while light was falling,
O'er the wave a sweet voice calling,
Mournfully at distance calling.

Ah ! once how blest that maid would come,
To meet her sea-boy hast'ning home ;
And through the night those sounds repeating,
Hail his bark with joyous greeting,
Joyously his light bark greeting.

But, one sad night, when winds were high,
Nor earth, nor heaven, could hear her cry,
She saw his boat come tossing over
Midnight's wave, — but not her lover !
No, never more her lover.

And still that sad dream loth to leave,
She comes with wand'ring mind at eve,
And oft we hear, when night is falling,
Faint her voice through twilight calling,
Mournfully at twilight calling.

THE SUMMER WEBS.

THE summer webs that float and shine,
The summer dewes that fall,
Tho' light they be, this heart of mine
Is lighter still than all.
It tells me every cloud is past
Which lately seem'd to lour;
That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,
And now's their nuptial hour!

With light thus round, within, above,
With nought to wake one sigh,
Except the wish, that all we love
Were at this moment nigh,—
It seems as if life's brilliant sun
Had stopp'd in full career,
To make this hour its brightest one,
And rest in radiance here.

MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT.

MIND not though daylight around us is breaking, —
Who'd think now of sleeping when morn's but just
waking?
Sound the merry viol, and daylight or not,
Be all for one hour in the gay dance forgot.

See young Aurora, up heav'n's hill advancing,
Tho' fresh from her pillow, ev'n she too is dancing;
While thus all creation, earth, heaven, and sea,
Are dancing around us, oh, why should not we?

Who 'll say that moments we use thus are wasted?
Such sweet drops of time only flow to be tasted;
While hearts are high beating, and harps full in tune,
The fault is all morning's for coming so soon.



THEY MET BUT ONCE.

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
And never since that day
Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r
To chase that dream away.
They've seen the suns of other skies,
On other shores have sought delight;
But never more, to bless their eyes,
Can come a dream so bright!
They met but once, — a day was all
Of Love's young hopes they knew;
And still their hearts that day recall,
As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth! oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

For, Youth, the spell was only thine ;
From thee alone th' enchantment flows,
That makes the world around thee shine
With light thyself bestows.
They met but once, — oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.

With moonlight beaming
Thus o'er the deep,
Who'd linger dreaming
In idle sleep?
Leave joyless souls to live by day, —
Our life begins with yonder ray ;
And while thus brightly
The moments flee,
Our barks skim lightly
The shining sea.

To halls of splendour
Let great ones hie ;
Through light more tender
Our pathways lie.
While round, from banks of brook or lake,
Our company blithe echoes make ;

And, as we lend 'em
 Sweet word or strain,
 Still back they send 'em,
 More sweet, again.



CHILD'S SONG. FROM A MASQUE.

I HAVE a garden of my own,
 Shining with flowers of every hue;
 I loved it dearly while alone,
 But I shall love it more with you:
 And there the golden bees shall come,
 In summer-time at break of morn,
 And wake us with their busy hum
 Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
 On leafy buds and berries nurst,
 And you shall feed him from your hand,
 Though he may start with fear at first.
 And I will lead you where he lies
 For shelter in the noon-tide heat;
 And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
 And feel his little silv'ry feet.

THE HALCYON HANGS O'ER OCEAN.

THE halcyon hangs o'er ocean,
The sea-lark skims the brine ;
This bright world's all in motion,
No heart seems sad but mine.

To walk through sun-bright places,
With heart all cold the while ;
To look in smiling faces,
When we no more can smile ;

To feel, while earth and heaven
Around thee shine with bliss,
To thee no light is given, —
Oh, what a doom is this !



THE WORLD WAS HUSH'D.

THE world was hush'd, the moon above
Sail'd through ether slowly,
When, near the casement of my love,
Thus I whisper'd lowly, —
“Awake, awake, how canst thou sleep ?
“The field I seek to-morrow
“Is one where man hath fame to reap,
“And woman gleans but sorrow.”

"Let battle's field be what it may,"
Thus spoke a voice replying,
"Think not thy love, while thou'rt away,
"Will here sit idly sighing.
"No — woman's soul, if not for fame,
"For love can brave all danger!"
Then forth from out the casement came
A plumed and armed stranger.

A stranger? No; 'twas she, the maid,
Herself before me beaming,
With casque array'd, and falchion blade
Beneath her girdle gleaming!
Close side by side, in freedom's fight,
That blessed morning found us;
In Vict'ry's light we stood ere night,
And Love, the morrow, crown'd us!

THE TWO LOVES.

THERE are two Loves, the poet sings,
Both born of Beauty at a birth:
The one, akin to heaven, hath wings,
The other, earthly, walks on earth.
With *this* through bowers below we play,
With *that* through clouds above we soar;
With both, perchance, may lose our way:—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore?

The one, when tempted down from air,
At Pleasure's fount to lave his lip,
Nor lingers long, nor oft will dare
His wing within the wave to dip.
While, plunging deep and long beneath,
The other bathes him o'er and o'er
In that sweet current, ev'n to death :—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The boy of heav'n, even while he lies
In Beauty's lap, recalls his home ;
And when most happy, inly sighs
For something happier still to come.
While he of earth, too fully blest
With this bright world to dream of more,
Sees all his heav'n on Beauty's breast :—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The maid who heard the poet sing
These twin-desires of earth and sky,
And saw, while one inspired his string,
The other glisten'd in his eye, —
To name the earthlier boy ashamed,
To choose the other fondly loath,
At length, all blushing, she exclaim'd, —
“ Ask not which,
“ Oh, ask not which — we 'll worship both.

"Th' extremes of each thus taught to shun,
"With hearts and souls between them given,
"When weary of this earth with one,
"We'll with the other wing to heaven."
Thus pledged the maid her vow of bliss;
And while *one* Love wrote down the oath,
The other seal'd it with a kiss;
And Heav'n look'd on,
Heav'n look'd on, and hallow'd both.

THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

WOULD'ST know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,
Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,
Who wing through air from the camp to the court,
From king to clown, and of all make sport;
Singing, I am the Sprite
Of the merry midnight,
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moon-
light.

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
And dreamt of his cash, I slily crept;
Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,
And he waked to catch — but away I sprang,
Singing, I am the Sprite, etc.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,
She was waiting her love at that starlight hour:

"Hist — hist!" quoth I, with an amorous sigh,
And she flew to the door, but away flew I,
Singing, I am the Sprite, etc.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,
Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from above,
And he swoon'd — for he thought 'twas the ghost,
poor man!
Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
Singing, I am the Sprite, etc.

BEAUTY AND SONG.

Down in yon summer vale,
Where the rill flows,
Thus said a Nightingale
To his loved Rose:—
"Though rich the pleasures
"Of song's sweet measures,
"Vain were its melody,
"Rose, without thee."

Then from the green recess
Of her night-bow'r,
Beaming with bashfulness,
Spoke the bright flow'r:—
"Though morn should lend her
"Its sunniest splendour,
"What would the Rose be,
"Unsung by thee?"

Thus still let Song attend
 Woman's bright way ;
Thus still let woman lend
 Light to the lay.
Like stars, through heaven's sea,
Floating in harmony,
Beauty should glide along,
Circled by Song.

WHEN THOU ART NIGH.

WHEN thou art nigh, it seems
 A new creation round ;
The sun hath fairer beams,
 The lute a softer sound.
Though thee alone I see,
 And hear alone thy sigh,
'Tis light, 'tis song to me,
 'Tis all — when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh, no thought
 Of grief comes o'er my heart ;
I only think — could aught
 But joy be where thou art ?
Life seems a waste of breath,
 When far from thee I sigh ;
And death — ay, even death
 Were sweet, if thou wert nigh.

SONG OF A HYPERBOREAN

I COME from a land in the sun-bright deep,
 Where golden gardens grow ;
 Where the winds of the north, becalm'd in sleep
 Their conch-shells never blow.*
 Haste to that holy Isle with me,
 Haste — haste !

So near the track of the stars are we,†
 That oft, on night's pale beams,
 The distant sounds of their harmony
 Come to our ear, like dreams.
 Then, haste to that holy Isle with me, etc. etc.

The Moon, too, brings her world so nigh,‡
 That when the night-seer looks
 To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky,
 He can number its hills and brooks.
 Then, haste, etc. etc.

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres §
 By day, by night, belong ;

* On the Tower of the Winds, at Athens, there is a conch-shell placed in the hands of Boreas. — See *Stuart's Antiquities*. "The north wind," says Herodotus, in speaking of the Hyperboreans, "never blows with them."

† "Sub ipso siderum cardine jacent." — POMPON. MELA.

‡ "They can shew the moon very near." — DIODOR. SICUL.

§ Hecataeus tells us, that this Hyperborean island was dedicat

And the breath we draw from his living fires,
We give him back in song.

Then, haste, etc. etc.

From us descends the maid who brings
To Delos gifts divine ;
And our wild bees lend their rainbow wings
To glitter on Delphi's shrine.*
Then, haste to that holy Isle with me,
Haste — haste !



THOU BIDST ME SING.

THOU bidst me sing the lay I sung to thee
In other days, ere joy had left this brow ;
But think, though still unchanged the notes may be,
How diff'rent feels the heart that breathes them
now !

The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same
We saw this morning on its stem so gay ;
But, ah ! that dew of dawn, that breath which came
Like life o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd away.

Since first that music touch'd thy heart and mine,
How many a joy and pain o'er both have past, —
'The joy, a light too precious long to shine.
The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last.

ed to Apollo; and most of the inhabitants were either priests or
vongsters.

* Pausan.

And though that lay would like the voice of home
Breathe o'er our ear, 't would waken now a sigh —
Ah! not, as then, for fancied woes to come,
But, sadder far, for real bliss gone by.

CUPID ARMED.

PLACE the helm on thy brow,
In thy hand take the spear; —
Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,
And thy battle-hour is near.
March on! march on! thy shaft and bow
Were weak against such charms;
March on! march on! so proud a foe
Scorns all but martial arms.

See the darts in her eyes,
Tipt with scorn, how they shine!
Ev'ry shaft, as it flies,
Mocking proudly at thine.
March on! march on! thy feather'd darts
Soft bosoms soon might move;
But ruder arms to ruder hearts
Must teach what 'tis to love.

Place the helm on thy brow;
In thy hand take the spear. —
Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,
And thy battle-hour is near.

ROUND THE WORLD GOES.

ROUND the world goes, by day and night,
 While with it also round go we ;
 And in the flight of one day's light
 An image of all life's course we see.
 Round, round, while thus we go round,
 The best thing a man can do,
 Is to make it, at least, a *merry-go-round*,
 By — sending the wine round too.

Our first gay stage of life is when
 Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye —
 Season of bliss ! Oh, who would n't then
 Wish to cry, " Stop ! " to earth and sky ?
 But, round, round, both boy and girl
 Are whisk'd through that sky of blue ;
 And much would their hearts enjoy the whirl,
 If — their heads did n't whirl round too.

Next, we enjoy our glorious noon,
 Thinking all life a life of light ;
 But shadows come on, 'tis evening soon,
 And, ere we can say, " How short ! " — 'tis night.
 Round, round, still all goes round,
 Ev'n while I'm thus singing to you ;
 And the best way to make it a *merry-go-round*,
 Is to — chorus my song round too.

OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT AND BLEST

OH, do not look so bright and blest,
For still there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.
There lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns us then to fear their flight,
When most we wish their stay.
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah ! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things
The soonest fleet and die ? —
That when most light is on their wings,
They're then but spread to fly !
And, sadder still, the pain will stay —
The bliss no more appears ;
As rainbows take their light away,
And leave us but the tears !
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah ! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

"Look here," said Rose, with laughing eyes,
 "Within this box, by magic hid,
"A tuneful Sprite imprison'd lies,
 "Who sings to me whene'er he's bid.
"Though roving once his voice and wing,
 "He'll now lie still the whole day long;
"Till thus I touch the magic spring—
 "Then hark, how sweet and blithe his song!"
 (*A symphony.*)

"Ah, Rose," I cried, "the poet's lay
 "Must ne'er ev'n Beauty's slave become;
"Through earth and air his song may stray,
 "If all the while his heart's at home.
"And though in freedom's air he dwell,
 "Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,
"Touch but the spring thou know'st so well,
 "And—hark, how sweet the love-song flows!"
 (*A symphony.*)

Thus pleaded I for freedom's right;
 But when young Beauty takes the field,
And wise men seek defence in flight,
 The doom of poets is to yield.
No more my heart th' enchantress braves,
 I'm now in Beauty's prison hid;
The Sprite and I are fellow-slaves,
 And I, too, sing whene'er I'm bid.

WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN

WHEN to sad Music silent you listen,
And tears on those eyelids tremble like dew,
Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as they glisten
A sweet holy charm that mirth never knew.
But when some lively strain resounding
Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,
Then the young rein-deer o'er the hills bounding
Was ne'er in its mirth so graceful as thou.

When on the skies at midnight thou gazest,
A lustre so pure thy features then wear,
That, when to some star that bright eye thou raisest,
We feel 'tis thy home thou'rt looking for there.
But, when the word for the gay dance is given,
So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,
Oh then we exclaim, "Ne'er leave earth for heaven,
"But linger still here, to make heaven of earth."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

FLY swift, my light gazelle,
To her who now lies waking,
To hear thy silver bell
The midnight silence breaking.

And, when thou com'st, with gladsome feet,
 Beneath her lattice springing,
 Ah, well she'll know how sweet
 The words of love thou'rt bringing.

Yet, no — not words, for they
 But half can tell love's feeling;
 Sweet flowers alone can say
 What passion fears revealing.
 A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,
 A tow'ring lily broken, —
 Oh these may paint a grief
 No words could e'er have spoken.

Not such, my gay gazelle,
 The wreath thou speedest over
 Yon moonlight dale, to tell
 My lady how I love her.
 And, what to her will sweeter be
 Than gems the richest, rarest, —
 From Truth's immortal tree *
 One fadeless leaf thou bearest.



THE DAWN IS BREAKING O'ER US

THE dawn is breaking o'er us,
 See, heaven hath caught its hue!
 We've day's long light before us,
 What sport shall we pursue?

* The tree called in the East Amrita, or the Immortal.

The hunt o'er hill and lea?
The sail o'er summer sea?
Oh let not hour so sweet
Unwing'd by pleasure fleet.
The dawn is breaking o'er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue!
We've day's long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue?

But see, while we're deciding,
What morning sport to play,
The dial's hand is gliding,
And morn hath pass'd away!
Ah! who'd have thought that noon
Would o'er us steal so soon, —
That morn's sweet hour of prime
Would last so short a time?
But come, we've day before us,
Still heaven looks bright and blue;
Quick, quick, ere eve comes o'er us,
What sport shall we pursue?

Alas! why thus delaying?
We're now at evening's hour;
Its farewell beam is playing
O'er hill and wave and bower.
That light we thought would last,
Behold, ev'n now, 'tis past;
And all our morning dreams
Have vanish'd with its beams!

But come! 'twere vain to borrow
Sad lessons from this lay,
For man will be to-morrow —
Just what he's been to-day.

1875

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